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THE GRAND TOUR
IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

(Page 396)

A MACARONI

THE GRAND TOUR

IN THE

Eighteenth Century

BY

WILLIAM EDWARD MEAD

With illustrations
from contemporary prints

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TO

K. C. M.

Who makes every journey a joy

PREFACE

THE subject presented in the following pages has been strangely neglected; for until recent years there has been little attempt to treat comprehensively and in detail one of the most significant chapters in the social history of England in the eighteenth and earlier centuries — the tour in foreign countries for the sake of education. The materials are abundant, — indeed, embarrassingly so, — but they have never been systematically utilized. As a rule, the whole matter has been disposed of by historians in a paragraph or two. The more detailed studies have mainly dealt with the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries. M. Babeau's delightful sketch of *Les Voyageurs en France* covers about three centuries, but is limited to a discussion of travel in one country. Yet few things had a more far-reaching influence upon the life and thought of Englishmen than the grand tour, which permitted them in the most impressionable period of their lives to survey other lands, other types of society and government, and to carry home something of the best — and too often of the worst — that the Continent had to offer.

In a subject so limitless in its possible range there is obviously much for which we cannot afford the space. The original intention was to trace the growth of English travel on the Continent from the time of the Revival of Learning to the outbreak of the French Revolution. But owing to the appearance of Mr. Bates's *Touring in 1600* this extensive programme was modified to deal, in the main, with the grand tour in the latter half of the eighteenth century, with an occasional glance at the travel of an earlier generation. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to remark that the present book is in no sense a systematic guide to eighteenth-century Europe, and that it attempts no extended account of any of

the countries visited on the grand tour. In so far as places are mentioned or described, they are included because they mark important points on the routes commonly followed and illustrate what eighteenth-century tourists saw, but of course not all that they saw.

To write about the grand tour is, indeed, very much like writing about things in general, since there is an endless multitude of possible topics to be included. Practical necessity compels the exclusion of material which is in itself both interesting and suggestive, but which, if presented in detail, would obscure the features essential to a comprehensive survey. For this reason we must limit our view to the regions chiefly visited on the grand tour — France, Italy, Germany, and the Low Countries, with a mere glance at Spain and Switzerland and other parts of Europe. But Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, Hungary, Greece, Turkey do not come into our plan, not because they were in themselves unimportant in the eighteenth century, but because they were less commonly visited by English tourists than some other parts of Europe. There is, moreover, in this rapid sketch little attempt to dwell upon places of secondary interest, but emphasis is laid upon the most representative cities on the great routes. For our purpose the towns of the Continent are significant only in proportion as they attracted English tourists.

As for the materials used in the preparation of this book, some of them are enumerated in a bibliographical note. But it may not be improper to remark that in repeated journeys and a residence of several years on the Continent I have become familiar with practically every important place visited on the grand tour and have endeavored by actual observation of old roads and mountain passes to realize the conditions under which one traveled in the generation preceding the French Revolution. Amid the wilderness of error that abounds in the older books of travel, I cannot safely pretend in every case to have hit upon the exact truth, but at all events I have not deliberately aimed to increase the mass of misinformation already in print.

In conclusion, I offer my sincere thanks to the officials of libraries in this country and abroad for the facilities which they have generously placed at my disposal, and without which this book would be far more imperfect than it now is. To my colleague, Professor George M. Dutcher, I am much indebted for a revision of the second chapter; to Mr. Archibald Cattell, of Chicago, for a careful reading of the proof sheets; and to my wife for proof-reading and aid in preparing the index.

In view of the great war that is now devastating Europe, it is important to note that the corrected page proofs of the present book were returned to the printers a few days before the outbreak of hostilities.

W. E. M.

October 1, 1914.

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THE GRAND TOUR
IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE GRAND TOUR IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

It is hardly necessary to remark that extensive foreign travel was nothing new to Englishmen of the eighteenth century. Journeys to Rome were not uncommon in the time of Bede, and, as Chaucer incidentally remarks, the long and hazardous pilgrimage to Jerusalem was thrice accomplished by the Wife of Bath, who unquestionably had no lack of companions. Many women before the fourteenth century had actually made that journey. The pilgrimage to Compostella in Spain was made by vast throngs in the Middle Ages. Voyages of discovery in all parts of the world had already become common in the reign of Elizabeth. Migration to America took tens of thousands of colonists across the Atlantic in the seventeenth century.

In comparison with these perilous ocean voyages the tour of the Continent of Europe, though by no means easy or entirely free from danger, was a mere pleasure trip, and Englishmen of rank had long been accustomed to make it. Mr. Sidney Lee well says: "The value of foreign travel as a means of education was never better understood, in spite of rudimentary means of locomotion, than by the upper classes of Elizabethan England. All who drank deep of the new culture had seen the wonders of the world abroad."[1] In another place he remarks: "Throughout the century young Englishmen of good family invariably completed their education in foreign travel and by attendance at a foreign university. In many quarters the practice was deemed to be perilous to the students'

religion and morals. The foundation of Trinity College, Dublin, in 1592, was justified on the ground 'that many of our people have usually heretofore used to travel into France, Italy, and Spain, to get learning in such foreign universities, whereby they have been infected with popery and other ill qualities.'[1] But the usage of youthful peregrination was barely affected by such suspicions. The young Englishman's educational tour often extended to Italy and Germany as well as to France, but France was rarely omitted, and many youths confined their excursions to French territory."[2]

After the reign of Elizabeth the stream of travel to foreign parts, in spite of occasional interruption by Continental wars, continued to flow; and what came to be known as "the grand tour"[3] attained in the eighteenth century a more widely diffused popularity than it had ever before known. Ever since the Renaissance the tide of travel — particularly to Italy — from various countries of Europe had ebbed and flowed. But in the eighteenth century what had been a few generations earlier a matter of extreme difficulty, and even danger, became relatively easy. Annoyance and privation might still be expected here and there, but not in sufficient measure to deter one in tolerable health from the undertaking.

This growing interest of Englishmen in foreign countries, especially France and Italy and the Low Countries, and, to some degree, Germany, was due to a multitude of causes: to the centering of attention upon the Continent by the War of the Spanish Succession and other conflicts, to the popularity of French fashions notwithstanding the traditional hostility to France, to the greater perfection of means of transportation, to the increase of foreign commerce, to the rapidly growing wealth and broadening outlook of Englishmen, and to the multitudinous attractions of the Continent — social, artistic, architectural, literary, historical — which were sufficient to draw tourists of every taste, whether for enlarging their stock of knowledge or for mere pleasure.

INTRODUCTORY

The grand tour was, at least in intention, not merely a pleasurable round of travel, but an indispensable form of education for young men in the higher ranks of society. When made in approved fashion, in the company of a competent tutor, the grand tour meant a carefully planned journey through France and Italy and a return journey through Germany and the Low Countries. It was commonly necessary, on the way to or from Italy, to cross a portion of Switzerland, or at least some of the mountains belonging to the Alpine chains, but this part of the journey, in so far as the mountains were concerned, was regarded as a disagreeable necessity. Such a tour usually required three years. Multitudes of independent travelers, unhampered by a tutor or by anything besides their ignorance, of course visited the Continent without attempting the conventional round, and many pupils traveling with a tutor spent no more than a year or two abroad, but the allowance of three years was not too long for a leisurely survey of the principal countries and for getting some practical acquaintance with foreign languages.

Those who traveled abroad belonged, as a rule, just as was the case in the sixteenth century, to a picked class, and with their aristocratic temper, their wealth, and their insular characteristics, they presented, along with marked individual differences, a well-defined tourist type. The traits of successive generations of English travelers upon the Continent were early combined to form the well-known Englishman of the Continental stage — a caricature, indeed, but one reproducing many features drawn from life. Even in our time the old type is not altogether extinct, and may be occasionally encountered in a railway carriage or at a mountain inn, but it is daily becoming more rare.

Our main theme is, then, the touring of Englishmen upon the Continent of Europe in the eighteenth century. Practical considerations of space, as well as the actual practice of all but an insignificant fraction of tourists, compel us to limit our view to France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany,

the Low Countries. But this limitation has the advantage of permitting us to view in more detail the field that we undertake to survey.

We must not forget in any part of this discussion that not merely in England but throughout Europe the tutorial system was the generally approved method for the education of young men of quality, and that what was in all essentials the grand tour was made under the guidance of a traveling tutor by the scions of noble families of France, Germany, Holland, and other countries of Europe. Travel was regarded as an essential finish of one's education, whether one traveled alone or with a tutor. The fashion of travel once established, it often tempted men, and even women, of mature years to undertake extended journeys. The itinerary, of course, varied somewhat according to personal tastes and special needs, but in general the regions visited by tourists born on the Continent were substantially the same as those that attracted Englishmen.

We see, then, that wide travel for education or for pleasure was in no sense peculiar to Englishmen, — although as a class they were best able to afford the expense, — but rather a conformity on their part to a practice that had become traditional among the upper classes of Europe — "that noble and ancient custom of traveling, a custom so visibly tending to enrich the mind with knowledge, to rectify the judgment, to remove the prejudices of education, to compose the outward manners, and in a word to form the complete gentleman." [1]

CHAPTER II

EUROPE BEFORE THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

I

From what has already been said, it is clear that the grand tour, with all that it implies, forms an important chapter in the history of European culture, and that it must be studied from that point of view if it is to be more than a merely curious record of travel in foreign countries. Taken in the broadest sense, the grand tour includes everything that one might see or hear in the course of long-continued travel. But as such an extension of the meaning would lay upon us an impossible task, we must in the study before us impose some well-defined limitations.

It is obviously no part of our duty to review in detail the complicated history of Europe in the eighteenth century. We are concerned with the course of events on the Continent only in so far as they affected the tourist. But a clear understanding of a few fundamental facts is imperative. Most important is it to bear in mind that participation by the common people in the work of government was relatively slight in nearly every country of the Continent, and only to a moderate degree permitted in England. Minor offices might be filled by persons of no importance, and in some cases men of humble origin rose to positions of great influence, but the policy of the government, the final decision in every matter that might affect the welfare of the ruling class as well as of the uncounted multitude, was commonly reserved for the supreme ruler. It is true that despotism became less harsh with each succeeding generation, but in theory it was hampered by few restrictions. The ruler, with his broad vision of the needs of his people, was expected to govern as a wise father governs his family.

Their interests were supposed to be his. If the ruler was both wise and good, the people prospered; but in any case they were expected to accept without murmuring the decisions of their betters.

As may be inferred, the mass of the population throughout Europe was made up of plain and simple folk. For the most part they were occupied with agriculture and lived a very humble life. Cities were relatively, as well as actually, far smaller than they are to-day.[1] Manufacturing was attempted on a small scale, particularly after the Seven Years' War, but at best it was insignificant and in general not greatly encouraged. As a result, trade and commerce lacked incentive, and, moreover, suffered under the burden of numberless regulations due to narrow prejudice and imperfect knowledge of the laws governing national wealth. Widespread poverty characterized the greater part of Europe.

Particularly notable, too, as a result of the universal acceptance of the doctrine of the "Balance of Power," was the division of large portions of Europe among nations that had nothing to do with the organic historical development of the regions they appropriated. Such was especially the case in Italy.

Into the life of the eighteenth century came the fearful upheaval of the French Revolution, which marks a turning-point in the history of every country of western Europe. The minds of men were themselves transformed — that was the Revolution. A thousand conceptions, social and political, that had seemed established for ever were at length shattered under the long-continued assaults of philosophers and political theorists, and systems of government that under manifold differences in externals were alike in exalting the personal will of the ruler were sooner or later greatly modified. In some cases, as in France, the change in institutions was immediate and sweeping; in others, as in Germany and Italy, the transformation was more gradual; but in all, the old state of things was doomed.

The thirty years or so just preceding the Revolution are

those that most concern us in this study, though we shall often have occasion to look back to the early eighteenth century — and sometimes to the seventeenth.

To realize the conditions under which men lived in the eighteenth century is not easy. There are, indeed, only three or four generations between us and the gay throngs that crowded the salons of Paris before the Revolution. But the eighteenth century, notwithstanding its nearness in time, and the immense mass of information that we have about it, appears strangely remote, separated from us as it is by the great gulf of the French Revolution. The century of which men still vigorous have known many living representatives impresses us as markedly different in temper and point of view from our own. In a thousand ways the difference forces itself upon even the most careless observer — in the forms of government, in the rigid structure of society, in the fashions of dress, in the popular amusements, in the lack of facilities for travel and communication — in short, in all those particulars which distinguish the old, unprogressive régime with its numberless feudal survivals from our own bustling, democratic age.

Looking at the matter from one point of view we may say that there is no side of eighteenth-century life that might not in some way affect the tourist, but for our purpose the problem is much simpler. We need to know something of the political systems of the countries visited on the grand tour, for to those systems were due many of the restrictions laid upon the tourist. We need to know the times when peace prevailed, for, obviously, while there is war the average man will not undertake a tour, but will remain safely at home. We need to know of the means of travel, of the state of the roads and where they ran, of the inns and how one fared in them, of fashionable society and how it impressed the tourist, as well as the impression the tourist made upon society: in short, in so far as is possible in a book that must touch many things lightly if at all, we must endeavor to follow the tourist from place to place and see with him some of the sights that most interested

him. In this way we may be able in some degree to estimate the value of the grand tour as a means of culture.

Besides all this, it is worth while to note that the eighteenth century, particularly during the first half, was a time of depression in poetry and art and architecture, and that for a time it appeared to be at a standstill in all moral and religious progress. But there was, nevertheless, in almost every field of human activity a new spirit stirring which wrought an amazing change before the century came to an end.

In view of the immensity of the field, it is obvious that to trace in any considerable detail the differences between the old time and the new would involve a review of the social history of Europe from the time of Louis XIV to the present, and to do that here is, of course, out of the question. We can, however, glance at the three or four countries that most attracted the English tourist and form some conception of the general conditions under which one traveled in the eighteenth century.

Of all these countries we must in some measure reshape our modern notions if we are to understand what the grand tour a hundred and fifty years ago really meant. Obviously, each country presented some features not exactly paralleled elsewhere, and the most characteristic of these we must try to realize. But we must remember that, owing to the complexity and variety of the facts and the frequent changes in details of administration, a general statement must ignore many minor details, and in some cases must be taken as a mere approximation to the truth.

II

As a preliminary to our later study we may well glance for a moment at eighteenth-century England, and then at the countries commonly visited on the grand tour. Until the last decade or two England has been a synonym for conservatism. But how different in a thousand ways is the England of our time from that of a century and a half

ago! In comparison with the England that we know, eighteenth-century England was markedly provincial and insular. Until far beyond the middle of the century, Englishmen, though always ambitious and aggressive, had not enlarged their conceptions to the point of making England the center of a world-power. But they felt with reason that their country was the most favored land in Europe, and everywhere they went they instinctively claimed preëminence.

One inestimable advantage they had enjoyed for nearly three centuries. Although since the close of the Middle Ages almost every part of the Continent had been a battlefield, England, with the exception of the Puritan uprising and the futile attempts to restore the line of the Stuarts, had been free from war upon her own soil. And by her fortunate insular situation she was practically secure against attack from the Continent. The period since the Revolution of 1688 had been marked by increasing material prosperity, which had diffused habits of expensive living and stimulated the desire to see life in other lands. Not everything was perfect in eighteenth-century England. Great inequalities prevailed. Parliament was unreformed. Social conditions among the lower classes were pitiful. But while there were vice and brutality and misery in eighteenth-century England, as everywhere else, nowhere in Europe was a man freer to live his own life and to express his own views on society, politics, or religion.

Another fact worthy of note is that the country was not overpopulated. In 1750, England and Wales counted 6,400,000 inhabitants, and not until the end of the century did the population rise to 9,000,000. London in the middle of the eighteenth century had something like 600,000 inhabitants, — no insignificant number, it is true, but not so large as to preclude a man in society from the possibility of knowing almost everybody of importance. Naturally, then, society was more a unit than it is to-day. Men of the upper social class had about the same education — not too thorough, but including a tolerable acquaintance

with Latin and some knowledge of Greek. Every one who wished to shine in society spent a part of his time in London, usually gamed a little at one of the fashionable clubs, and from the men of his own class took in the opinions generally accepted on politics, morals, and religion.

A man in such a circle who had not seen Paris, to say nothing of The Hague, the Rhine, and, above all, Venice and Florence and Rome, could not aspire to be a leader of fashionable society. Something provincial, some lack of *savoir-faire*, would inevitably betray him. Sooner or later the spell of Italy or France would be upon him, and would lead him to the places that he must himself see if he would be in a real sense a man of the world and in keeping with the society in which he moved.

III

Nearest to England in point of distance was France, the leader of the fashions of Europe and the greatest rival of England in every part of the world. English commercial and colonial expansion more than once brought the two nations into conflict in the course of the century. Eighteenth-century France, just before the Revolution, occupied a slightly larger territory than the present Republic.[1] She had not yet gained Savoy and Nice, but she had not yet lost Alsace and she had acquired Lorraine in 1766.

Of the condition of France before the Revolution there is so much that might be said that any brief generalization is hazardous, for there had come down from the Middle Ages multitudes of anomalous special privileges reserved for the upper classes, and in this rapid summary we can touch only on matters that are most typical and characteristic.[2] But a rapid glance at the main features is imperative.

France presented a striking contrast to England in government, in religion, in the structure of society, in habits of living, in manners, in dress, — in short, in a thousand details that make up the greater part of everyday existence. Moreover, France, taken by herself, was full of contradictory ele-

ments. Standing as she did in the forefront of civilization, boasting the most brilliant philosophers and men of letters in Europe, her life was throttled by a system of government that was daily becoming more inadequate to the demands of the time.

Notable, indeed, were the differences between the government of France and that of England. The centralizing policy of Louis XIV had gradually brought France under a system of administration that deprived the provinces of political power and made the king's will supreme.[1] A powerful minister might relieve the king of the burden of multiplied administrative detail, and even usurp authority, but in effect the king was responsible. Yet, though nominally absolute, he was in practice restrained by a host of precedents and usages, surviving from the days of feudalism.

This centralized authority was in many particulars sadly inefficient and could not be bettered without a radical reform from top to bottom. The regulation of the finances was subject to continual alteration, but the sporadic change resulted chiefly in making administration more difficult. No head of government, however honest his intentions, could bring harmony and justice out of the tangled confusion of laws that had accumulated in France. Bureaucratic and cumbrous in its machinery, the government was at the same time lavish and niggardly. It poured out money like water at Versailles and often begrudged the most necessary expenditures in the provinces. Between 1763 and 1789 the national debt enormously increased. Dishonesty in handling public money was common. Too often, not merit but favor brought advancement.

Moreover, the administration of government was meddlesome in the extreme and constantly interfering in the smallest matters. This officiousness was the more exasperating because apparently irrational and, in any case, not applied to all classes alike. Under the old régime France was doubtless in many respects a paradise, but only for the chosen few.[2]

Next to the king stood at the head of the social order the clergy and the nobility. They formed the privileged classes and were in the main exempt from public burdens,[1] though they owned two fifths of all the land in France. In fact, if we exclude the public domain from the estimate, their possessions amounted to "one half of the Kingdom." [2] The clergy and the nobles numbered but a thirtieth part of the twenty-six millions in France, but they enjoyed an enormous proportion of the income of the nation. Not only did the clergy hold vast estates, but they also exacted tithes, as was their right, and received, moreover, a considerable annual income from voluntary offerings and bequests. Without question, the Church of France in the eighteenth century was, all in all, an institution of incalculable beneficence as well as of great splendor. But luxury had deadened the zeal of earlier days, and too often the Church served as a convenient means of providing well-paid sinecures for the younger sons of noble families.

In many parts of France the Church had estranged its natural adherents and even embittered its own servants. Although it possessed vast estates and enabled the great dignitaries to live like princes, the minor clergy were sadly underpaid, and in many cases lived little better than the impoverished and starving people that they served. In eighteenth-century England there was, before the great religious awakening of the middle of the century, a prevailing indifference to spiritual things. But there was no such popular hostility to the clergy as was common in France; for, particularly after the great religious revival, the English clergy took a genuine interest in the welfare of the poor; whereas in France the higher clergy appeared chiefly concerned to exact their tithes and to turn over their routine duties to ill-paid curates.

As for the French nobility, they had long since lost most of the political power they once possessed as a natural right in their own districts; and unless kept at home by poverty, they had, with few exceptions, given up living upon their estates for the greater part of the year and

yielded to the attraction that drew all France to Paris and the court of the king at Versailles.[1] In their absence their estates were managed by agents, who too often were unscrupulous and merciless.

But although as a class they had lost political power, the nobility enjoyed many special privileges and had vast influence at court and on the administration of government. Theirs was an unquestioned social position. They secured in the army and in the fleet the choicest places, which gave them large revenues and little to do. Some of the higher nobles had vast incomes from their estates and lived in extravagant luxury. But the nobility almost wholly escaped taxation.[2] They were free from the burden of the *corvées*, of compulsory military service, and of having soldiers quartered upon them. They had the privilege of selling their wine in the market thirty or forty days before the peasant; they could pasture their cattle in the meadows of the peasant; they could keep a host of pigeons that devoured the peasant's grain while he dared not kill or take them; they could claim a certain proportion of the peasant's grain or wine or fruit; and they could compel him to use the seignorial oven for baking his bread.[3] These survivals in the eighteenth century appeared increasingly irrational, since what had given rise to the privileges was no longer in existence. In short, as De Tocqueville remarks: "France was the only country in which the feudal system had preserved its injurious and irritating characteristics, while it had lost all those which were beneficial or useful."[4]

Moreover, admission to the ranks and privileges of the nobility could be secured by men of wealth who had no ancestral claims. This upstart aristocracy was despised by the ancient *noblesse* and doubly hated by the toiling masses. In England the aristocracy was one of the strongest bulwarks of the constitution and of the social order: in France it was a constant source of irritation and dislike and an invitation to revolution.

Below the privileged classes was the great third estate,

comprising the merchants, the members of the learned professions, multitudes of men of letters, and, of course, all the peasantry, as well as all the working-classes in the towns. The members of the third estate were in many cases as wealthy, as learned, as polished in manners, as the members of the favored classes, but they were not permitted to share in the privileges and exemptions reserved by law for the clergy and the nobility. And as for the peasants and artisans, they were, in the main, simply ignored, even by multitudes of those who themselves were counted as belonging to the third estate.

Upon the poorer classes of France the burdens of existence pressed heavily. Throughout the country the lot of the peasantry was pitiful, even though the serfdom of central and eastern Europe was practically unknown. Upon them fell the duty of keeping themselves and their families alive, while at the same time they carried the load of taxation from which the privileged upper classes were mainly exempt. With no opportunity for self-improvement they became sodden and hopeless. It is true that many French peasants, by thrift and incessant toil, had accumulated considerable wealth, particularly in land, but they were none the less subjected to trivial yet exasperating annoyances that reminded them of their lack of legal equality with their titled neighbors, who were sometimes poorer than themselves. The country districts were shamefully neglected by the government, which drained them of money and of men and gave little or nothing in return.

Many of the towns, we may note, were relatively prosperous, particularly in the generation just preceding the Revolution, but the small villages and rural hamlets were too often wretched collections of filthy hovels occupied by half-starved peasants, brutalized by want and by excessive toil.[1]

How all this affected the tourist is obvious. He found little to attract him to the country districts, where the miserable condition of the peasantry made comfort difficult

to secure, and he moved from town to town with as little delay as possible along the route. And whether in town or country he could not help realizing that something was out of joint. Keen observers, like Chesterfield, already foresaw revolution.

Yet the thirty or forty years before 1789 — the very years that most concern us — were far more prosperous than the first half of the century, and had there been a more efficient administration of government and a more equitable distribution of the burdens of public life, it is possible that France would have escaped the horrors of the Revolution, as England herself did.

But the average English tourist was no prophet nor a very competent judge of the significance of what he saw. With the less attractive sides of French life and official administration he inevitably came more or less in contact as he journeyed across country, but, unless he was a trained observer like Arthur Young, he noted only incidental defects, and those mainly as they affected his personal comfort. Of the deep discontent that smouldered in every part of France he hardly suspected the existence, and he regarded the schemes for social reform, so popular in the salons, chiefly as entertaining speculations that must not be taken too seriously. The glitter and the gayety of French society blinded his eyes. But most of the world was blind in those days, and he was but a passing stranger.

IV

Of all the countries visited on the grand tour, the condition of Italy was, from many points of view, the least enviable. Her decline was the favorite topic of eighteenth-century tourists and poets. There had, indeed, been a sad falling-off since her days of ancient greatness. In the time of the Roman Empire Italy had been the recognized leader of the world, but when the barbarian invasions overwhelmed the Empire the country became the successive prey of the strongest. The brilliant period of the Renais-

sance made Italy for a time the chief center of European culture and art. But war from without and dissension from within had long before the eighteenth century impoverished the land and left it weak and divided. Says the historian of Piedmont: "What Italy really attained during the latter end of the eighteenth century was not happiness, but cessation from suffering; there was not actual progress in Italy, but only a stay in her decline." [1] Spain and France and Austria for generations regarded Italy as a mere pawn upon the chessboard — a mere make-weight to aid in adjusting the "Balance of Power."

After the middle of the sixteenth century, France in her own name figured little in Italian affairs in comparison with Spain, but the so-called Spanish Bourbons, who ruled a large part of Italy in the eighteenth century, were of course really French; and French ideas and French fashions never ceased to exert a marked influence in the peninsula. Throughout the seventeenth century the greatest power in Italy was Spain, which, indeed, maintained peace, but hampered industry and individual initiative by narrow-minded and absurd interference. Early in the eighteenth century, as a result of the war of the Spanish Succession, Austria forged to the front in Italy and assumed the leading political rôle.

It is needless to remark that as yet Italian unity was hardly a dream, and that Italy as such had no voice in the councils that parceled out her territory among foreign rulers. This very fact makes difficult a clear understanding of political conditions below the surface in Italy in the eighteenth century, since the changes in boundaries and in masters were made without reference to the desires of the people and the interests of the country, and hence without reference to the organic development of the national life. Whereas in French or English history the sequence of events can be traced in something like logical order, the thread of Italian history is so tangled that one has difficulty in following any line for a great distance. Where unity is lacking, there can be no strict sequence.

Into the details of history we cannot here enter, but we must glance for a moment at the most important territorial readjustments that were made in the course of the first half of the eighteenth century, though we must remember that it is not easy to make a compact statement covering all the details.

The one fact of greatest moment is that the Italian peninsula, with its population of fourteen millions,[1] had no central dominating government, but was split up among many different sovereignties. Between 1700 and 1750 four treaties were made which transferred large portions of Italian territory from one European power to another. The first treaty was that of Utrecht in 1713, at the close of the War of the Spanish Succession. This transferred the Kingdom of Naples, which had been Spanish since 1504, from Spain to Austria; Sardinia from Spain to Austria; Sicily from Spain to Savoy; and the Duchy of Milan from Spain to Austria. In 1720 a partial readjustment was made by an agreement between Savoy and Austria to exchange Sicily and Sardinia. This had for Austria the advantage of giving her sovereignty over the adjacent regions of Naples and Sicily. In 1738 the Peace of Vienna brought about extensive changes. Austria relinquished the Kingdom of Naples and Sicily and other bits of Italian territory to the Spanish Bourbons and in her turn received Parma and Piacenza, whose last Farnese duke had died in 1731. At the same time, the Grand Duchy of Tuscany was confirmed to Francis Stephen, Duke of Lorraine. He had married Maria Theresa of Austria in 1736; and hence Tuscany became to all intents an Austrian possession. But in 1765 their son Peter Leopold was made Grand Duke of Tuscany, and he ruled here with practical independency of Austria until his election as Emperor in 1790. As a minor matter we may add that early in the eighteenth century the Duchy of Mantua became a dependency of Austria and was made a part of Austrian Lombardy. Lastly, we note that, in 1748, at the close of the War of the Austrian Succession, Parma and Piacenza were given to a Bourbon

prince, and some portions of the Duchy of Milan were ceded to the Kingdom of Sardinia.

Besides the states under foreign domination there were others that maintained their independence. The States of the Church stretched from the Republic of Venice to the Kingdom of Naples and recognized no master but the Holy Father. The Duchy of Modena had little power, but it was undisturbed by outside aggression. In the midst of the Papal domain the tiny medieval Republic of San Marino preserved its liberty in its mountain nest. The little oligarchy of Lucca kept its autonomy as it had long done. The two republics of Genoa and Venice had sadly declined, but in their decrepitude they still cherished their great past and continued to drag out a sluggish existence. In the extreme northwest, Savoy and Piedmont had succeeded for centuries in making headway against the powers that had taken possession of much of the peninsula. When Sardinia was exchanged for Sicily in 1720, the Kingdom of Sardinia was founded, and included the island of Sardinia, the Duchy of Savoy, and the Principality of Piedmont. Later additions of territory slightly increased the strength of the kingdom, which was destined in the course of time to become the dominant power in the Kingdom of Italy and to bring about the union of all the scattered sovereignties in the Italian peninsula. The French Revolution, followed by Bonaparte's invasion in 1796, brought an end to many of the complicated arrangements here outlined, but with the later history we cannot now deal.

In the forty years before the French Revolution Italy was in the main free from commotions, though neighboring states had "an aversion for each other . . . often increased to a marked hatred and contempt. The Genoese, Florentines, Neapolitans, and Romans," we read, "foster so great an odium against each other as was never manifested between the English and French."[1] The rulers of the separate states were despotic, as was the case all over the Continent, but some of them made considerable effort to improve agriculture and industry, particularly in the north-

ern half of the peninsula, and to put the public finances upon a sounder basis. Notably in Milan and in Tuscany the incoming of Austrian rule brought a far greater prosperity than had been known for generations. But, as a result of the excessive subdivision of the territory of Italy, we can easily see that foreign trade and international intercourse of every sort would be greatly hampered by the ordinary and inevitable eighteenth-century formalities at the frontiers and at city gates. Moreover, it is obvious that a country so divided could have no collective national life or spirit. Throughout the greater part of Italy, participation in political life was for most men, of whatever rank, an impossibility. Practically all that was left was to take up with some occupation of an obviously harmless type.

Under the conditions existing everywhere in Italy no man could take pride in the name of Italian. He might be a member of an ancient and wealthy family, but, shut out as he was from an active career and disdaining any useful occupation, he was likely to become an amateur in art or music — to spend his days and his nights in dancing attendance upon some woman who could never be his wife, and to fritter away his energy in inane social follies. Civilization in some parts of Italy, particularly in the southern half, seems to have been a thin veneer over ill-concealed barbarism, due to causes of remote origin. Even in the middle of the nineteenth century, "in Romagna and the Marches . . . the blood-feud was custom of the country, greatly enhanced by long years of Papal misrule." [1]

Still, in spite of all drawbacks, portions of the northern half of Italy, particularly Tuscany [2] and Lombardy, were measurably prosperous. In comparison with these regions the southern half of the peninsula presented a marked contrast. Speaking broadly, poverty increased in proportion as one proceeded down through the States of the Church into the regions of the extreme South. A sober investigator like Tivaroni says [3] that in the Roman territory there were no manufactures and no agriculturists. The

poor of Rome lived upon the fragments that fell from the tables of fifteen or twenty thousand rich foreigners who spent the winter there, — upon the cardinals, the Papal court and the Roman princes.[1] Says an English traveler in 1741: "Viterbo, Montefiascone, Ronciglione, and the rest of the towns we passed through are all in the same miserable condition, tho' in a pleasant and fruitful country: We saw ruinous houses and poor people, with fine churches, rich clergy, and fat convents." [2] Of Rome itself the same writer says: "This City, which was once the mistress of all the riches of the then known world, is now so poor, that, to change a pistole in a shop, you must buy half the value in goods, and take the rest in several bank notes, each of the value of half a crown sterling." [3] He adds, with some extravagance, "It is very probable that in a few years both the town itself and all the neighborhood may be perfectly void of inhabitants, and, like the former Babylon, only a haunt of monsters and beasts of prey." [4]

In the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, the great minister Tanucci had brought about notable reforms, but the social conditions throughout the country districts were substantially those of feudal times. The peasantry were not only desperately poor, but they were illiterate, superstitious, hopeless, and such they continued to be throughout the eighteenth century, and even long after. More than one fourth of the population were ecclesiastics, who had gathered up a large proportion of the wealth of the country into their own hands.

Even in the middle of the nineteenth century a brilliant historian points out in enumerating the reforms that were urgently needed: "In no country of Europe was this triple revolution more lamentably overdue than in Naples, where the tyranny, uncontrolled through long centuries, of priest, of noble, and latterly of king, had left marks of devastation not only on the welfare of a few passing generations, but deep in the national character itself. . . ." Referring to "the hill towns of southern Italy," he continues, "In those miserable abodes of fear, poverty, and superstí-

tion, the Dark Ages were prolonged down to the end of the eighteenth century, and it was there that the character of the Neapolitan people was moulded." [1]

Other features of Italian life will receive attention in the proper place, but this rapid sketch is sufficient to make clear the general condition of the country that the tourist had to traverse.

V

Very different from France, and yet in all ranks of polite society the persistent imitator of everything French, was Germany. The well-informed man of to-day naturally thinks of Germany as the greatest military power in the world, as the home of the most advanced scholarship, and as the formidable commercial rival of England. Far lower in the eighteenth century was the international reputation of Germany. All through the period we are examining, Germany was not a compact nation, but a bewildering congeries of disunited kingdoms and electorates and principalities and free cities, with one portion — the Electorate of Brandenburg — gradually rising to preëminence as the new Kingdom of Prussia.

There is, indeed, no more confused and complicated history when taken in detail than that of Germany, for where there is no unity there can be no clearly defined policy and no general continuity of growth. With the historical development of Germany we cannot here deal. We have rather to endeavor to form some conception of what was connoted by the term "Germany" in the eighteenth century and to indicate the type of civilization it presented.

In the Middle Ages, Germany held a commanding position among the nations of Europe, with wealthy cities like Lübeck and Hamburg and Cologne and Nuremberg and Augsburg and Frankfort and Mainz and Strassburg and Breslau. But Germany at the beginning of the eighteenth century had long been declining. The Reformation and the animosities it engendered rent the Empire in twain

and left a heritage of strife that made Germany a battlefield for a generation. Since the Middle Ages no greater calamity fell upon any European nation than came to Germany with the Thirty Years' War. The ruin of great and flourishing cities, the destruction of ancient festivals and quaint customs, the brutalizing of the rural population throughout a generation of strife, all this left its mark upon the Germany that travelers visited in the eighteenth century.

Following the Thirty Years' War came the ravaging of the Palatinate in 1688, the War of the Spanish Succession, and the Seven Years' War. In these wars much of the earlier brutality continued. Prosperous and beautiful German cities were laid in ashes and countless villages made uninhabitable.

Already in the seventeenth century progress was sadly arrested. Public spirit and public opinion almost died out. Bureaucrats and pedants held full sway. It was the day of small men and small things. Great centers of present-day industry, like Solingen, Essen, Krefeld, Elberfeld, Barmen, were in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries too insignificant to deserve mention.

Even late in the eighteenth century a semi-medieval character pervaded the atmosphere of Germany. The nobles, particularly in the Rhine districts, were too poor to keep up their ancient splendor, but they cherished all their surviving privileges and looked with contempt upon the peasantry. Throughout the Empire the laboring classes were in a far worse condition than in France. "The dwellers on the estates of the Prussian nobility in Silesia and Brandenburg were treated no better than negro slaves in America and the West Indies. They were not allowed to leave their villages, or to marry without their lords' consent; their children had to serve in the lords' families for several years at a nominal wage, and they themselves had to labour at least three days, and often six days, a week on their lords' estate. These *corvées* or forced labours occupied so much of the peasant's time that he could only

cultivate his own farm by moonlight. This state of absolute serfdom was general in Central and Eastern Europe, in the greater part of Germany, in Poland and in Russia, and where it existed the artisan class was equally depressed, for no man was allowed to learn a trade without his lord's permission, and an escaped serf had no chance of admission into the trade-guilds of the cities. Towards the west a more advanced civilization improved the condition of the labourers; the Italian peasant and the German peasant on the Rhine had obtained freedom to marry without his lord's interference; but, nevertheless, it was a prince of western Germany, the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, who sold his subjects to England to serve as mercenaries in the American War of Independence. In France the peasant was far better off." [1]

Besides all this, there was everywhere prevalent in Germany a narrow spirit of particularism, an inability to see the world from any other point of view than that of one's own limited district. Taken as a whole, Germany was inert and unprogressive, feudal in spirit and practice, and everywhere divided against itself. Even where neighboring states lived peaceably side by side, as for the most part they did, there was marked lack of interest in one another's welfare, and a lack of concerted effort toward a common end.

And this contracted, illiberal spirit is precisely what might have been expected from the rulers and the subjects of the petty states that constituted the moribund German Empire. Already, before the dawn of the eighteenth century, the Empire, with its ten circles, — including some three hundred separate states, of which fifty-one were free cities, — was little more than a name. "Properly, indeed, it was no longer an Empire at all, but a Confederation, and that of the lowest sort. For it had no common treasury, inefficient common tribunals, no means of coercing a refractory member; its states were of different religions, were governed according to different forms, were administered judicially and financially without any regard to each other." [2]

Since the Thirty Years' War the Empire had so lost all directive power that it left the rulers of diminutive states to govern unchecked by imperial restraint. These minor despots were in some cases well disposed and capable, but too often they were destitute of German spirit and were chiefly bent upon making their courts tawdry copies of the splendors of Versailles.

Out of this crowd of feeble little states, long overshadowed by the great House of Hapsburg, Prussia emerged in the eighteenth century, and from being merely the Electorate of Brandenburg became the powerful Kingdom of Prussia. But although the genius of Frederick the Great had won for Prussia a foremost place in Europe, Germany as a whole counted for little beside France and England. The greatest rival of Prussia was Austria. For generations the House of Hapsburg, while ruling Austria, had at the same time stood at the head of the German Empire. For a brief interval (1742–45) the Elector of Bavaria had held the dignity of Emperor, but at his death it was immediately given to Francis I, the husband of Maria Theresa, and after him to Joseph II. With the enfeebled German Empire, however, we need not longer concern ourselves, for its days of usefulness were past and its end was near. But the Austrian monarchy had a vigorous though troubled life, and ranked as one of the greatest powers of the eighteenth century. In the course of the eighteenth century Austria lost and gained territory, but she gained more than she lost. In 1772, Austria shared with Russia and Prussia in the dismemberment of Poland. In Italy Austria held the Duchies of Milan and Mantua and the Principality of Castiglione; and a member of the Lorraine branch of the House of Austria was the ruler of Tuscany. In the Low Countries the Catholic provinces — substantially the modern Belgium, — were under Austrian sovereignty.

Beyond question these were great and important possessions. But the most marked characteristic of Austria as contrasted with France was that it was not a compact and homogeneous country inhabited by a people speaking the

same language. France, indeed, harbored in Brittany a picturesque race that cherished its ancient speech and traditions, but the Bretons were among the most loyal supporters of the throne. Austria, on the other hand, consisted of a group of provinces with little in common except dependence upon the ruling Hapsburg monarch. The dominant German element cherished ideals very different from those of the Magyars, the Slavonians, the Rumanians, the Italians, who were continually struggling to advance their own interests. Various languages, various political institutions, various customs, various religions, made real unity impossible and engendered constant jealousies and sometimes open strife. So slight was the bond uniting the Austrian provinces that, as is still the case, the personal qualities of the ruler were of great importance in holding together the disparate elements.

It is to be noted, too, that far more than in France and the Rhine region of Germany had the spirit of medievalism survived in Austria. The aristocracy still enjoyed many odious class privileges and raised their heads high above the miserable common people. The peasants were bound to the soil and forced to labor for the aristocratic landowners as a compensation for the privilege of being allowed to exist. They were not even free to marry without the approval of their masters. In Hungary, in Bohemia, in Silesia, in Moravia there was, throughout the eighteenth century, a growing discontent and a more insistent longing for a diminution of the heavy feudal burdens.

Maria Theresa, and far more in his turn the restless Joseph II, had to some extent succeeded in carrying through the most pressing social reforms, such, for example, as the abolition of serfdom, and the imposition of taxes upon the nobles. The zeal of Joseph II would have forced a host of sweeping changes upon his people, but he could not overcome the inertia of centuries, and at length, prematurely worn out and bitterly disappointed by his many failures, he died in 1790.

Everything considered, Austria in the eighteenth century was in a very backward state. Education was sadly neglected. Illiteracy was general among the lower classes. Manners were brutal. Immorality was rife in all ranks of society. Free-thinking was popular in the upper classes and superstition pervaded the untutored peasantry. For the tourist there was in Austria little that was attractive outside the cities. These were united by an extensive system of roads, which, on the great lines of travel, were maintained by the centralized government in condition far better than was the case in the petty states of what we now call Germany.

VI

Upon the other portions of Europe we need not long delay. Switzerland, securely placed in the center of the Continent, took no recognized part in the affairs of Europe, and was permitted to work out its destiny undisturbed. Great wealth was unknown, and simplicity of living was the rule. Some of the mountain districts afforded a very scanty subsistence, but the country as a whole was reasonably well-to-do and contented, and some cities, such as Basel and Geneva, enjoyed remarkable prosperity.

In the northwest corner of the Continent were situated the Low Countries — the seven Dutch provinces that we collectively call Holland, from the name of the most important, and the Austrian Netherlands. The story of the rise of the Dutch Republic is one of the marvels of the history of Europe. Throughout the seventeenth century the little republic was extraordinarily prosperous, and her merchant vessels brought her untold wealth from every part of the world. Despite her diminutive size she stood up against the aggressive policy of France, for a moment humiliated England, and took an active part in the War of the Spanish Succession. The long strain of this and previous wars was, however, too severe, and except for the War of the Austrian Succession (1740–48) and the brief but unfortunate naval war with England just at the close

of the American Revolution, the Dutch Republic as a political power played throughout the eighteenth century little or no part in shaping the destiny of Europe. But her merchants and her bankers, her florists, and her seamen made her everywhere respected for her wealth and her trade. Dutch comfort and Dutch cleanliness were proverbial. Dutch freedom was the envy of the downtrodden in every part of Europe.

Between Holland and France were the Catholic Low Countries, which we know as Belgium. These provinces had long been under Spanish rule, but at the close of the War of the Spanish Succession they had fallen to Austria. They were governed by an Austrian viceroy and, particularly during the reign of Maria Theresa, enjoyed a measure of prosperity. But the grasping policy of Holland and of England blocked the navigation of the Scheldt and prevented commercial expansion. From the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht to the French Revolution Holland overshadowed the Austrian Netherlands and prevented them from seriously rivaling her commercial supremacy.

We have now completed our survey of the portions of Europe that particularly concern us. With Denmark and Norway and Sweden and Russia and Poland and Turkey and Greece the majority of tourists had little to do, and our plan does not permit us to follow the steps of the occasional travelers. To Spain we must, however, give a word. In the eighteenth century Spain was in full decadence. An intolerant religious policy had rooted out and banished the most prosperous elements in the population of Spain. Vast wealth was in the hands of the Church, but poverty and superstition pervaded the country. Travel was attended with great discomfort. Roads were few and in bad repair. Inns throughout the country were of the most primitive character. Spanish misgovernment, moreover, had left its mark on more than one part of Europe. Spanish princes still held portions of Italy, and Spanish possessions were scattered all over the world; but the energy

that had marked Spanish administration in the sixteenth century had given place to pretentious weakness; and to the increase of the power of Spain in any part of the world England in the eighteenth century was sternly opposed, as she had been in the days of the Invincible Armada.

With Portugal, on the other hand, the relations of England were intimate and amicable. A good part of the country was dominated by English capital, and the commerce of her greatest ports was wholly in the hands of the English. The very food and clothing of the people came in large measure from England and in English bottoms; on the other hand, the wine imported from Lisbon and Oporto into England, on the easy terms of the Methuen Treaty, and freely consumed in every well-to-do English household, made gout a disease almost inevitable to an Englishman of recognized social position.

In a country like Portugal, where English interests were paramount, there were naturally a good many representatives of English families not actively engaged in trade, but attracted by the genial climate and the beauty of the country. The lack of roads and accommodations for tourists compelled strangers for the most part, however, to sojourn in one of the coast towns, such as Oporto, Lisbon, Cintra, since touring in the interior for mere pleasure was hardly practicable. At all events, a voyage to Portugal was not counted as an essential part of the conventional grand tour, but rather as an interesting excursion for one who sought a change of scene and air.

CHAPTER III

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY WATER TRAVEL

I

The English Channel

THE real troubles of the tourist began with the crossing of the English Channel.[1] Even now, in luxurious steamers that make the run in less than an hour, the experience is for many no unmixed delight. But a century and a half ago, when the vessels were small, dirty, and ill-appointed, the passage was a torment, and, if strong head-winds blew, impossible. Some travelers went all the way by water from London to the Continent. "Upon Change every day is to be met with the master of a French trader; whose price to Calais, Dunkirk, or Boulogne is only a guinea each passenger: the passage is commonly made in sixteen or twenty hours: this scheme is much more commendable than going to Dover; where, should you chance to be wind-bound, it will cost you at least half a guinea a day." [2]

Several routes were open to the traveler from England to the Continent. He might go from Harwich to the Briel in Holland by packet boat,[3] from Yarmouth to Cuxhaven, from London to Hamburg, from Brighton to Dieppe, from Dover to Calais or Boulogne, and so on. By landing at Boulogne one saved some miles of travel by coach on the way to Paris. A sailing vessel left London every week for Amsterdam, from which place there was also a return service.[4]

But the ordinary route to the Continent by way of Dover and Calais was the shortest and most popular. Yet, if we may trust the genial Smollett, the trip by coach to Dover was not entirely agreeable, though possibly not much worse than the trip to other seaports. "I need not tell you this

is the worst road in England, with respect to the conveniences of travelling, and must certainly impress foreigners with an unfavorable opinion of the nation in general. The chambers are in general cold and comfortless, the beds paultry, the cookery execrable, the wine poison, the attendance bad, the publicans insolent, and the bills extortion;[1] there is not a drop of tolerable malt liquor to be had from London to Dover."[2]

When the winds permitted, regular packet boats carrying mail and passengers left Dover for Calais on Tuesdays and Fridays of every week, and Calais for Dover on Wednesdays and Saturdays.[3] Besides these there were three or four barques belonging to private owners in Dover or Calais in which passage, including transportation of luggage, could be had for ten or twelve livres a person.[4] The exclusive use of a small vessel cost about five guineas.[5]

Before the introduction of steam vessels travelers were entirely at the mercy of the winds, and might be delayed on land for many days. In the sixteenth century, says Bates, "a forty-eight hour passage was nothing to grumble at."[6] Coryate, on his famous journey, went from Dover to Calais in ten hours. His characteristic description would apply in some particulars to a crossing even in our day. "I arrived," says he, "about five of the clocke in the afternoone, after I had varnished the exterior parts of the ship with the excrementall ebullitions of my tumultuous stomach, as desiring to satiate the gormandizing paunches of the hungry Haddocks . . . with that wherewith I had superfluously stuffed my selfe at land, having made my rumbling belly their capacious aumbrie."[7]

In the eighteenth century five hours or more was an ordinary allowance for a crossing in a fair wind,[8] though the run was often made in three hours, or even less.[9] In 1754, the Earl of Cork and Orrery crossed from Dover to Calais in three hours and ten minutes.[10] In 1772, Dr. Charles Burney spent nine days at Calais in waiting for weather that would permit him to cross the Channel. When he finally arrived at London he suffered a severe attack of

A FRENCH PORT

illness owing to the discomforts of his journey.[1] James Essex, in August of 1773, counted four hours and a half as a good passage.[2] Arthur Young spent fourteen hours between Dover and Calais.[3] Birkbeck, in 1814, took only three hours to go from Boulogne to Dover — an exceedingly good record.[4]

Landing at Calais or Boulogne when the tide was low can have been no special pleasure, for in that case ships had to ride at anchor outside and passengers were obliged to go ashore in small open boats — if they could. Says Major Ferrier, who in 1687 landed at Calais: We "could not by reason of y^e^ lowness of y^e^ water either goe into harbour with our ship or goe ashore at seaside with y^e^ boat."[5]

Smollett and his family could not enter the harbor of Boulogne except in an open boat, as there was a wind blowing offshore. "When I objected to the trouble of shifting from one boat to another in the open sea, which (by the bye) was a little rough; he (the captain) said it was a privilege which the watermen of Boulogne had, to carry all passengers ashore, and that this privilege he durst not venture to infringe." The transfer of Smollett and his family was made to an open French boat half full of water, and the party was then rowed a league to the harbor. "From our landing place we were obliged to walk very near a mile to the inn where we purposed to lodge, attended by six or seven men and women, bare-legged, carrying our baggage. This boat cost me a guinea, besides paying exorbitantly the people who carried our things."[6]

When Carr arrived at Cherbourg "men and boys, half naked, and in wooden shoes, . . . began . . . to seize upon every trunk within their reach, which they threw into their boats lying alongside."[7] And when one had landed, there was the unpleasant possibility of being "so late as to be shut out of the town and compelled to lodge in one of the houses that stand without it."[8]

II

France

In more than one country of Europe travel by water was the cheapest and easiest way to get about. Wherever possible, the rivers were utilized for transportation, and where there were none, canals often supplied the lack. The chief means of travel in France was of course some form of wheeled carriage. But the tourist had more than one opportunity to vary his journey by resorting to water transportation. From Paris he could take at eight in the morning the clumsy *coche d'eau* or galliot from the Pont-Royal down the Seine to Sèvres or Saint-Cloud.[1] He might even make his entrance to the capital by boat. Says Northleigh, "The barge which carries you from Fountainbleau down the river to Paris, being drawn by three or four horses, runs in ten or twelve hours, sixteen of their leagues, or about forty-eight English miles."[2] For going from Rouen to Paris by boat one allowed thirty-six hours.[3]

If the tourist happened to be at Toulouse, he could go to the Mediterranean by the Languedoc Canal, nearly one hundred and fifty miles long, the greatest work of the sort in Europe.[4] Besides the river Seine, the Loire, the Gironde, and other smaller streams each in their measure enabled tourists, as well as natives, to get from place to place with reasonable comfort and tolerable expedition. But the most famous water journey in France, and one that the traveler to Italy almost invariably took, was the trip down the Rhone. He might even take a "water carriage" from Paris to Lyons, paying thirty-five livres for his passage, and spending ten days upon the way.[5] He then embarked at Lyons in the *coche d'eau* and gliding "down the river with great velocity" arrived with little trouble or expense at Marseilles. For dinners and suppers he resorted to the ordinaries in the towns and villages on each side of the river. His chief anxiety was to get safely past the dangerous Pont Saint-Esprit, where more than one vessel was

shattered and sunk by striking the piers while attempting to shoot the arches. To avoid the risk, passengers often went ashore at this point. Says Smollett, "The boats that go up the river are drawn against the stream by oxen, which swim through one of the arches of this bridge, the driver sitting between the horns of the foremost beast." [1]

The Rhone boats were very comfortable, having decks high enough to walk under. Some were drawn by horses and some floated with the current. From Lyons to Avignon the *diligence par eau*, drifting with the current, required three days to cover forty-eight leagues and cost eight livres.[2]

III

Italy

The barrier of the Alps constrained many tourists to enter Italy by sea. Smollett followed this plan, and in his forcible way he gives his reasons: "Rome is betwixt four and five hundred miles distant from Nice, and one half of the way I was resolved to travel by water. Indeed there is no other way of going from thence to Genoa, unless you take a mule, and clamber along the mountains at the rate of two miles an hour, and at the risque of breaking your neck every minute." [3]

The felucca used in going from Nice to Genoa was an "open boat, rowed by ten or twelve stout mariners," and "large enough to take in a post-chaise." Over the stern sheets where the passengers sat was a tilt to protect them from the rain. The boat crept along the windings of the shore and stretched out the distance from ninety to one hundred and twenty miles. For the passage one paid about a louis d'or.[4] His journey to Genoa safely accomplished, Smollett got letters of credit there for Florence and Rome and hired the same boat to go as far as Lerici.[5]

Some years earlier than Smollett, the traveler Northall made the same trip in the reverse direction. At Lerici, says he, "We went on board a felucca with ten oars, and

embarked with the courier for Genoa. We paid a zechin [1] each for our passage; and paid for our baggage besides. They rowed all night; and, at ten in the morning, we arrived at the city of Genoa," [2] twenty leagues from Lerici. Thence he continued to Villafranca "in a small boat with oars and sails." [3]

The coasting trip was not always so easily accomplished. Wright wished to go from Marseilles to Leghorn, and this was his experience: "After having been detained at Marseilles a fortnight by contrary winds . . . I went on board a bark bound for Leghorn: we met with very bad weather; after six days labouring with wind and sea . . . we were glad at last to get ashore at St. Remo." [4]

The other most popular coasting trip was the run from Rome to Naples, which was inexpensive, and even in bad weather enabled the traveler to exchange one sort of discomfort for another.[5] "By water the passage is very pleasant in summer; this is generally performed in a felucca or small boat, which you hire at Rome or Ostia for eight pistoles, and keeping close to the shore, in order to have shelter in case of bad weather, you arrive at Naples in four and twenty hours, or at furthest in two days and two nights with a fair wind. Those who do not choose to hire a boat to themselves pay two crowns for their passage and four or five crowns for passage and board." [6]

One objection to travel on the Mediterranean was the danger, not wholly imaginary, of capture by Barbary pirates, who might be found lurking in some sheltered bay awaiting an opportunity to pounce upon an unprotected vessel.[7]

Once in the country the tourist in Italy found his chief opportunity for water travel in the great plain between the Apennines and the Alps. Here, where the roads were none too good, the tourist often saved trouble and expense by taking a water route. This was, indeed, the favorite way of going from Ferrara to Venice. Between Ferrara and Bologna one could go by post-route or by canal.[8] Ray, who made the journey in the seventeenth century, de-

scribes the journey to Venice in detail: "Taking the Florentine Procaccio's boat to Venice, we passed through nine sostegni or locks to Mal Albergo, where we shifted our boat, going from a higher to a lower channel, which brought us to Ferrara, forty-five miles distant from Bologna. From Ferrara we were tow'd by a horse through an artificial channel as far as Ponte, where ent'ring the river Po, we chang'd our boat again and were row'd down the stream twenty-seven miles to Corbola, where ent'ring the Venetian territories we were obliged once more to change in order to take a Venetian boat." [1]

James Edward Smith, who traveled in the same region more than a century later, found the accommodations on this route still sufficiently primitive: "This evening (May 8), about ten o'clock, we went on board the boat of the courier for Venice, paying thirty pauls each, not quite fifteen shillings, to be landed there free of all other expense, and fed by the way. . . . After a confused kind of supper which our good captain endeavoured to make as comfortable as possible, an arrangement of mattresses took place . . . and the company were laid, or rather piled upon them, over chests, bales, and everything that could be thought of." [2]

Mariana Starke at the end of the eighteenth century went from Ferrara to Mestre by carriage and by gondola to Venice. But she recommends invalids "to embark at Francolino, which is five miles from Ferrara, and go all the way to Venice by water, a voyage of eighty miles up the Po, the Adige, the Brenta, and the Lagoons, which is usually performed in about twenty hours. Carriages, however, must at all events go over land; but, as the road is extremely bad, they go best empty." [3]

One water journey was celebrated, and that was the passage of the Brenta in going from Padua to Venice, a distance of about twenty-five miles. On both sides of the stream rose the palaces of the Venetian nobility, "built with so great a variety of architecture that there is not one of them like another." [4] Of the richness and beauty of these

palatial villas and their grounds tourists could not say enough,[1] for the eighteenth-century traveler was a devoted admirer of closely kept hedges and formal gardens laid out in geometrical lines. One sensible Englishman, however, at the opening of the nineteenth century considerably modified the enthusiastic eulogies of his predecessors. "These banks," says he, "have without a doubt a rich, a lively, and sometimes a splendid appearance; but their splendour and beauty have been much exaggerated, or are much faded; and an Englishman accustomed to the Thames, and to the villas which grace its banks, will discover little to excite his admiration, as he descends the canal of the Brenta." [2]

The ordinary traveler made the trip on the Brenta in about eight hours [3] in a *burchio* or *burcello*, which with its mirrors and carpets and glass doors was a sufficiently luxurious conveyance. "The Burcello is a large handsome boat; the middle part of which is a pretty room, generally adorn'd with carving, gilding, and painting. 'T is drawn down the Brenta with one horse to Fusino, the entrance into the Lagune; and from thence to Venice 't is hawl'd along by another boat, which they call a Remulcio, with four or six rowers." [4]

Exclusive travelers "of a certain rank" hired a boat for their own use. This would commonly hold twenty persons or more and "with every expense included" cost "an English company about thirty-five shillings." [5]

Besides these considerable journeys on the water there was frequent occasion to cross streams, small or large, and the lack of bridges necessitated fording or the use of ferries. The fording of small watercourses was so common in hilly districts as ordinarily to excite no comment, but the traveler occasionally jotted in his notebook a comment on the gullying of mountain roads after heavy rains and the flooding of the lowlands in the spring. A river fed by glaciers might always be expected to give the traveler some difficulty. The following was an ordinary incident of travel: "After a slight examination at St. Laurent, the last town

in France, we forded the river Var, with the help of some guides, and entered the king of Sardinia's dominions." On account of the depth of the river, which is full of shifting holes, "the guides are therefore obliged to wade naked up to their waists on each side of the carriage, feeling their way with poles. If any person be lost, the guides are hanged without mercy; yet their pay, as fixed by government, is very low, three-pence for each passage. All travellers, who have the least spark of generosity, give them much more." [1]

Ferries [2] in some districts were a perpetual annoyance. Tourists often complained of being entrapped into a bargain for transportation that did not include the ferry charges, which were easily made greater for strangers ignorant of the usual rates.[3] De Brosses found the numerous ferries between Bologna and Venice very expensive and particularly annoying because of the delay they occasioned.[4]

As elsewhere observed, eighteenth-century tourists appear hardly to have discovered the Italian lakes, or at all events to have made little effort to see them. The celebrated Borromean Isles in Lake Maggiore drew admiring travelers, but the lakes in general were regarded merely as an easy means of transportation.

IV

Germany

In Germany there were three chief rivers of service to the tourist, — the Rhine, the Danube, and the Elbe. In the eighteenth century, as indeed for centuries before, the Rhine offered the most convenient route between the north and the south of Germany. So indispensable was it that from ancient days the authorities on both sides of the river exacted high tolls from all boatmen for the privilege of passing.[5] Before the eighteenth century the boatmen in their turn exacted labor from their passengers. Coryate tells us that even those who had paid their passage were com-

pelled to take their turn at the oar. On arriving at Oberwinter, says he, "We solaced ourselves, after our tedious labour of rowing, as merrily as we could." [1] This excellent form of exercise gradually ceased to be compulsory. For ascending the river horses were employed, as indeed they had been in Coryate's day. Cogan gives a view of Bonn with a vessel of two or three hundred tons drawn by three horses in single file going up the Rhine.[2] For larger craft, when heavily loaded, the number of horses was increased to ten or even twenty.[3] In shallow places such vessels had to use lighters. Says Cogan,[2] "When the water is low and the wind is against them, they are some months in making their passage."

With such cargo-boats the ordinary tourist [4] had little to do, for he could find ample accommodation in vessels designed expressly for passenger traffic. "These are of various sizes, according to the number of passengers to be accommodated. Those most commonly in use have an oblong cabin built in the centre, that will contain ten or twelve persons very commodiously; between this and the helm are benches with a canvas stretched upon hoops by way of canopy, which forms a second compartment for a lower class of passengers. The boatman is attended with one or two servants. The passage is just as you make your agreement. . . . We hired our boat for thirteen shillings English, giving the man, however, permission to take in two or three other passengers that wished to go with him." [5]

The swift current of the Rhine so aided the descent that the charge for going from Mainz to Cologne was much less than for going from Cologne to Mainz. Multitudes of craft simply floated downstream, aided a little, perhaps, by a sail and kept by the rudder or an occasional dip of the great sweeps from striking the shore or some other obstruction.

Transport on the Danube or the Elbe was much the same as on the Rhine, except that not infrequently the accommodations were more primitive. One traveler who went down

the Danube in 1792 recorded in his journal, "The seventh day of my being immured in a sty." [1] Travelers in general complain that the boats are small and dirty and overcrowded. Yet even at worst the boats were hardly inferior to the conveyances on land. The luxurious Lady Mary Montagu, who in 1716 descended the Danube from Regensburg to Vienna, found the "journey perfectly agreeable." She went "in one of those little vessels, that they very properly call wooden houses, having in them all the conveniences of a palace, stoves in the chambers, kitchens, etc. They are rowed by twelve men each, and move with such incredible swiftness, that in the same day you have the pleasure of a vast variety of prospects." [2] She obviously had a boat of the highest type.

In 1798, Mariana Starke found very good accommodations in going from Dresden to Hamburg by the Elbe. "Hearing that the road was execrably bad, and that the inns were very indifferent, we determined to dismiss our mules, and go by water, in an excellent boat, with three cabins, four beds, a place behind for men-servants, and another before for baggage." The voyage, says she, is "usually accomplished in less than a week; even though you cast anchor for a few hours every night, in order to avoid the noise which the Boatmen constantly make while going on." [3]

The trip down the Elbe from Hamburg to Cuxhaven, in boats containing beds for five or six persons and a fireplace for cooking, took eighteen hours for about sixty miles. For the boat and the three watermen the charge was seventy marks. Four marks were added as a gratuity. The passengers found provisions for themselves, but not for the watermen.[4]

V

Holland and Belgium

In the eighteenth century, as in our day, the Low Countries were a network of waterways, artificial and

natural. The service had been highly organized for generations, and guide-books published elaborate "Directions to know at what times the post-waggons, draw-boats, passage-vessels, or sailing-boats, and market-boats, set out from Amsterdam to the principal towns in the Low Countries, according to their alphabetical order." [1] Nugent's account, which follows, enables us to see precisely what we should have had to do: —

"The usual way of travelling in Holland, and most parts of the United Provinces as well as in a great many provinces of the Austrian and French Netherlands, is in Treckscoots, or Draw-boats, which are large covered boats not unlike the barges of the livery companies of London, drawn by a horse at the rate of three miles an hour; the fare of which does not amount to a penny a mile; and you have the conveniency of carrying a portmanteau, or provisions; so that you need not be at any manner of expence at a public house by the way. The rate of places in these boats, as also in their post-waggons, is fixed; therefore there is no occasion for contending about the price. The carriage of one's baggage must be paid apart, for which there does not seem to be any settled price, but is left to the discretion of the skipper or boatman, who judges generally according as his thick scull and avaricious heart directs him; for which reason you must agree upon a price for the carriage of your goods before you put them in, or you will be obliged to give him whatever he pleases to ask. . . .

"There is scarce a town in Holland but one may travel to in this manner every day; and if it be a considerable place, almost every hour, at the ringing of a bell; but they will not stay a moment afterwards for a passenger, tho' they see him coming." [2]

Another account of the canal boats by a contemporary writer completes the picture, with very little repetition: —

"These passage-boats, or *treck schuyts*, as they are called in the language of the country, go at the rate of four miles an hour, stopping only about half a quarter of an hour at certain villages, to give the passenger an opportunity of

ON A DUTCH CANAL IN WINTER

stretching himself, and taking a little refreshment in the inns. The fare is about three farthings a mile. . . .

"The boat is drawn by a horse, and contains about twenty or five and twenty passengers. It is very clean, with a deck over it which covers them from rain, etc., so that they are as much at ease as in their own houses. They talk, read, sew, knit, as each likes best; and do not know they are going by water, except they look out, and see they are moving, the motion is so insensible. . . . The boat has windows on the sides to let in the air; from which also the passengers may see the country as they travel. The boat goes off every hour of the day, on the ringing of a little bell; [1] so that one knows to a minute when he is to set out, and to a few minutes, when he shall arrive at his journey's end. Strangers are equally surprised and charmed with this way of travelling, as it is indeed far the most commodious, best regulated, and cheapest in Europe." [2]

To a modern reader the speed does not seem excessive,[3] but the boats compared favorably even in speed with the ordinary wheeled conveyances in many parts of Europe. In other particulars the comfort of the boats was incomparably greater than that of the post-wagon or the coach. Travelers grow enthusiastic over the delights of water travel in Holland and Flanders and declare that "the convenience and pleasure of it can hardly be conceived from description." [4] Misson, about a century earlier, had remarked on these boats: "You are seated as quietly in them as if you were at home, and sheltered both from rain and wind: so that you may go from one country to another, almost without perceiving that you are out of the house." [5]

One *treck-scoot* in particular, plying daily between Ghent and Bruges through a canal thirty miles long, was called "the most remarkable boat of the kind in all Europe; for it is a perfect tavern divided into several appartments, with a very good ordinary at dinner of six or seven dishes, and all sorts of wines at moderate prices. In winter they have fires in their chimneys, and the motion of the vessel

is so gentle that a person is all the way as if he were in a house." [1]

Even minor towns were well served. Note a single instance: "The boat that passes between Brussels and Villebroeck is extremely commodious: the passengers may be accommodated with meat and drink." [2]

For going from Amsterdam to Antwerp and Brussels three or four gentlemen accompanied by ladies might hire a yacht at Rotterdam for from seven to ten guilders a day and see the country with entire independence. They could take servants with them to cook their food and look after the baggage; they could sleep in good beds on the boat, and be more comfortable than at an inn. "If they have a mind, they may stop by the way to see Dort or Bergen-op-Zoom, or some of the towns of Zealand." [3] The chief inconvenience from this sort of travel arose in hot weather, when the nearly stagnant water in the canals became covered with green scum and exhaled a noisome stench.

CHAPTER IV

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY ROADS

I

The modern tourist who bowls along in his private motor-car over highways smooth as a floor through almost every part of Europe, or the sight-seer of modest means who employs the more plebeian means of transport, can little appreciate what land travel meant a century and a half ago. The Romans, with their keen practical sense and unsurpassed administrative ability, had constructed a wonderful system of paved roads radiating from the capital to all parts of the Empire.[1] It is not too much to say that in the time of the Roman Empire one could travel with more expedition and less discomfort than was the case, in the eighteenth century, throughout the greater part of Europe. With the overthrow of the imperial power the old Roman roads had fallen into decay. What had once been unbroken lines of easy communication[2] between the capital and the remotest provincial towns had often become rude and almost undistinguishable paths. Except in portions of France and of the Low Countries, the roads throughout most of Europe in the eighteenth century were a disgrace to civilized countries. One might reasonably expect that where the highways were the chief, and in many cases the only, means of communication, they would be brought to the highest perfection, but such was by no means the rule. Even in England, which was not lacking in wealth and some degree of splendor, the roads in the seventeenth century presented almost insuperable difficulties, which Macaulay depicts with his usual vigor.[3] In the eighteenth century the overturning or miring of a coach in the immediate neighborhood of London was one of the

commonest of incidents.[1] In wet weather there was in London a veritable slough between Kensington Palace and St. James's Palace.

II

France

The roads of France are generally praised by eighteenth-century travelers.[2] It is, moreover, unquestionably true that on the whole no part of Europe in the last quarter of the century, except some portions of the Low Countries, had roads so good as France,[3] but in the seventeenth century even the French roads left much to be desired, and in some cases they could hardly have failed to improve if they had remained passable at all. When Lippomano was in France in the sixteenth century he found the roads frightfully miry. Only the highway from Paris to Orléans was paved. In Poitou he could make but four leagues a day.[4] As late as the middle of the seventeenth century the roads were often ill-defined and passed through fords so deep as to let the water into the carriage through the sides.[5] Before 1700, and in many regions after that date, travel at night was deemed inadvisable.[6] Not until the reign of Louis XVI had the *corvées* so improved the highways that diligences ventured on the roads after dark.[7] More than one of the roads remained bad to a late date. The keen-eyed Abbé Barthélemy went to Italy in 1755, and he remarks:[8] "Some of our journeys have been very tiresome. The one from Auxerre to Dijon, which is two and thirty leagues, was most intolerable. The road passes through a very fine country, but in itself it is the worst I have ever seen."

The well-known traveler Breval had trouble in reaching Auxerre from the other side: "Auxerre made us some Amends for three Days very dismally spent in getting thither from Gien, thro' a barren ill-peopled Country, and impassable almost for Wheel-Carriages."[9] The distance in our time by railway is only fifty-seven miles.

Foreign tourists had little occasion to traverse the extreme west of France, — Brittany and La Vendée, — but there, too, the condition of the roads was extremely primitive. John Carr in going back to England from his tour in France passed through Caen in Normandy. "After we left Caen," says he, "the roads became very bad. Our ponderous machine [diligence] frequently rolled from one side to the other, and with many alarming crackings, threatened us with a heavy and perilous overthrow." [1]

Many highways, especially in the remoter provinces, were without question sadly out of repair. But notwithstanding bad roads, such as one too often finds in America to-day, the quality of the French roads in general was excellent. The chief alleged defect was the heavy pavement,[2] which ill-adapted them for the passage of light carriages.[3] The anonymous author of "A View of Paris" (1701), though fond of satirical comment, says nevertheless of the road from Paris to Versailles that it "is pav'd exceeding even, as indeed are most roads in France."[4] Lady Mary Montagu was not given to overpraise, but in 1739 she writes: "France is so much improved, it would not be known to be the same country we passed through, twenty years ago . . . the roads are all mended, and the greater part of them paved as well as the streets of Paris, planted on both sides like the roads in Holland; and such good care taken against robbers, that you may cross the country with your purse in your hand." [5]

The road between Calais and Saint-Omer, says Jones,[6] "seems equal to any of the best turnpike roads we have in England," being about forty feet wide and planted with willows, poplars, and elms. So good was the road between Mons and Paris that the masters of the diligences assured their patrons that on the third day after leaving Brussels one could dine at Paris.[7] And Dr. Rigby says, in 1789: "We were told to expect nothing but rough paved roads. They are paved in some places, but in others as good as English roads." [8]

III

Italy

We occasionally detect in the tourist in Italy an apparent lack of interest in notable places only a short distance off the beaten track. As a partial explanation we must observe that large districts in Italy had either no roads at all or at best mere tracks that in wet weather were sloughs and in dry weather were troughs of dust. The best roads were bad enough. In Piedmont, says Tivaroni,[1] "travel was difficult for all. On going out from many towns and from many villages one was compelled to proceed on foot or to ride on asses, mules, or horses along narrow roads that were in wretched repair or crossed by streams of water lacking bridges. . . . The bad state of the roads was and remained one of the greatest obstacles to the progress of internal commerce, the maintenance of the thoroughfares — even the royal highways — being entrusted to the communes."

This general statement about the roads of Piedmont may easily be paralleled for the greater part of Italy[2] in contemporary books of travel dating from the beginning to the end of the century. Most significant are the accounts of those travelers who write late in the eighteenth century or early in the nineteenth, for one has a right by that time to expect some improvement.

We may single out a few specimen comments, beginning with the northern districts. James Edward Smith said that the country about Genoa was so extremely hilly that the only way of traveling into the interior parts was in sedan chairs.[3] Writing in May of 1766, Sharp notes: "We are arrived at Turin; but the journey from Alexandria has been unpleasant; one night's rain has made the road almost impassable, so muddy and clayey is the soil."[4]

An earlier traveler, very fair-minded, says that the journey of ninety miles between San Remo and Genoa re-

quires three days on muleback. The road is "either very good or very bad, but much the most of the latter; generally along the brinks of vast high mountains, the path very narrow and very rugged." [1]

Some friends of Smollett were "exposed to a variety of disagreeable adventures from the impracticability of the road. The coach had been several times in the most imminent hazard of being lost with all our baggage; and at two different places it was necessary to hire a dozen of oxen and as many men, to disengage it from the holes into which it had run." [2]

A little off the main routes one might expect almost anything. Here is an account of a drive to Petrarch's last home — Arqua Petrarcha: "A little beyond the village of Cataio, we turned off from the high road, and alighting from the carriage on account of the swampiness of the country, we walked and rowed occasionally through lines of willows, or over tracts of marshy land, for two or three miles, till we began to ascend the mountain. . . .[3] We passed through the village and descended the hill. Though overturned by a blunder of the drivers, and for some time suspended over the canal with imminent danger of being precipitated into it, yet as the night was bright and warm, and all the party in high spirits, the excursion was extremely pleasant." [4]

As for Tuscany, Bishop Burnet had remarked before the close of the seventeenth century, "All the ways of Tuscany are very rugged, except on the sides of the Arno; but the uneasiness of the road is much qualified by the great care that is had of the highways, which are all in very good case." [5] De La Lande agrees with Burnet: "One travels agreeably in Tuscany, the roads being in general fine, with the exception of those between Siena and the boundary of the Grand Duchy." [6]

But of the much-traveled way between Bologna and Florence Addison says: "The way . . . runs over several ranges of mountains, and is the worst road, I believe, of any over the Apennines, for this was my third time of

crossing them." [1] In more detail Nugent comments: "This road is so incommodious for wheel-carriages that those who travel between Bologna and Florence choose either litters or mules, because of being obliged so often to alight and walk a-foot, rather than calashes, in which they travel in the plain country. The litters from Bologna to Florence usually cost two pistoles and a half, or three pistoles, the horses eighteen or twenty julios, according to the season." [2]

Roads crossing the Apennines might be expected to offer some difficulty, but even the great highways connecting the North and the South were little better. The road from Siena to Rome, one of the most traveled in Italy, had an evil reputation. Says De Brosses, "It was more than enough to dishearten travellers without mentioning broken shafts or axles, somersaults, and other little incidents of the trip." [3]

Worst of all were the roads throughout the South. In traveling in the Kingdom of Naples everything, says Tivaroni, had to be carried on the backs of mules. "It was difficult or dangerous to go on horseback in Calabria, and little less in the Abruzzi." [4] "Up to the time of Charles III, the Kingdom [of Naples] had no roads except that to Rome and perhaps in part that to Foggia. Every other trace of passable roads was lacking. 'It is impossible,' remarked Gorani, who was later at Naples, when already the roads had increased in number, 'to travel in this kingdom. The roads are extremely neglected and dangerous; because there is no police, they offer none of the conveniences that are found in the greater part of the countries of Europe. Most journeys are made on horseback, with horses or mules following for carrying baggage and provisions.'" [5]

De La Lande confirms Tivaroni by saying of the road between Rome and Naples that it was so bad in winter that one ran great risk of being swallowed up in the mud-holes.[6] "Charles III opened roads for wheeled carriages from Naples as far as Capua, Caserta, Persano, Venafro, and Bovino. They led to the kings' hunting grounds." [7] From

1778 to 1793, Ferdinand opened various carriage roads for traffic between province and province and from the interior to the sea. But these were only main thoroughfares. In fact, throughout all the rest of the kingdom cross-roads and means of intercommunication were lacking almost everywhere.

Sicily was, if possible, even worse provided with means of communication: "There were, in 1852, just 750 miles of carriage-road in the whole island. Even the two chief cities, Palermo and Messina, were not linked by any continuous highway, for the middle part of the connexion was 'a mule track 42 miles long.' Travellers, therefore, went from the east to the west of the island by sea, except a few of the richer and more adventurous English tourists, who rode over the rough tracks, taking their own tents and provisions, for the food and lodging that could be obtained from the natives appear to have been more intolerable than they are to-day." [1]

The state of the roads in Sicily may be judged by a single significant fact. In 1734, Charles of Bourbon had occasion to go from the mainland to Palermo, but he proceeded all the way by sea, "as the proposal of a land journey was frustrated by the rugged nature of the country, which was wild and almost uninhabited." [2] Obviously, the average eighteenth-century tourist could not hope to travel more easily than a prince in his own dominions.

IV

Germany

The roads of Germany were notoriously bad. Complaints about them were incessant; and although much labor was spent upon them in the later years of the eighteenth century,[3] there was so much to be done that the comments of tourists were justly severe.[4] In the eighteenth century, as in our time, Germany had great and splendid cities, but not until 1753 was the first scientifically constructed road

built. Misson found the roads between Cologne and Mainz so bad that he went by the Rhine "notwithstanding the extreme slowness of the passage." [1] In speaking of the road between Augsburg and Munich he says: "The country is extremely rough for coaches, by the straight road; they are very apt to overturn, and the passengers are often constrain'd to alight, by reason of the continual ascending and descending among the mountains." [2] From Nuremberg the roads were "very bad and woody till you come towards Ingolstadt." "Our journey along the Rhine," says Breval, "thro' the extreme badness of the ways, tho' in the midst of Summer, took us up two whole days between Shaffhouse and Augst." [3]

In the same tenor Nugent cautions travelers: "The roads in general are very indifferent, which makes it downright misery to travel in bad weather." [4] Post-wagons, he says, do not make over eighteen miles a day. The fastidious Duke of Hamilton traveled in company with Dr. Moore, who wrote an account of their journeys. In going from Frankfort to Cassel they arrived at midnight of the second day. "As the ground is quite covered with snow, the roads bad, and the posts long, we were obliged to take six horses for each chaise, which, after all, in some places, moved no faster than a couple of hearses." Moore interjects a word of comment on "the phlegm and obstinacy of German postillions, of which one who has not travelled in the extremity of the winter, and when the roads are covered with snow, through this country, can form no idea." [5]

Another tourist says that ten hours were required to go the thirty-six miles from Limburg to Frankfort-on-the-Main.[6] As late as 1826 the Englishman Russell pronounced some portions of the road from Magdeburg to Berlin "the worst in Europe," — an "unceasing pull through loose dry sand, which rises to the very nave of the wheel." [7] The same conditions obtained about Hanover. "Scarcely out of the gates of Hanover, and the wheels already drowned in sand up to the axle-tree." [8]

The roads in Austria were, in some districts, better than

in regions farther west, but a tourist seeking an impassable highway could safely count on finding one. In going, as late as 1798, from Lobositz to Aussig, writes Mariana Starke, "the lightest vehicle can scarcely escape overturning, unless held up by men. . . . Two persons who went in carriages at the same time with us broke blood-vessels, while others were over-turned, and nearly killed with fatigue." [1]

After this recital, which could be indefinitely extended, of the difficulties attending travel on German roads, we may with little hesitation agree with a tourist in Germany at the end of the eighteenth century that "the manner of travelling . . . is more inconvenient than in any other part of Europe equally civilized. Intercommunication is therefore greatly impeded and in the winter months totally interrupted." [2]

V

The Low Countries

In the Low Countries, particularly in Flanders, the roads appear to have been very good except in some of the less frequented parts.[3] The slight elevation of the land offered small obstacles to the building of thoroughfares that went with undeviating directness from one town to another. In multitudes of instances the road ran beside the canal and served both as a towpath and a highway for general traffic. Very commonly, as we may see in the pictures of Hobbema, the roads were planted with two rows of trees and maintained in excellent condition. James Essex, who toured in France and the Low Countries in 1773, went from Antwerp by way of Mechlin to Brussels and notes in his "Journal": "The Roads are worth the notice of a Traveler, being made through the most delightfull inclosed Country that can be immagined, it is paved in the middle, as well as the best streets in London, and kept in better repair." [4]

CHAPTER V

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CARRIAGES

I

France

THE means of transportation in France in the eighteenth century were often praised, even by foreigners; and we have already seen that the French highways were among the best in Europe. "Travelling," says Nugent, "is no where more convenient than in France, with respect as well to carriages as accommodations on the road. Where there is conveniency of rivers, they have water carriages, which are large boats drawn by horses. Their land carriages are of four sorts, viz. post chaises, the *carosse* or stage-coach, the *coche*, and the diligence or flying-coach." [1] He might have added the berline, a four-wheeled vehicle with a hooded seat behind, which was said to be very comfortable.[2]

Yet English travelers of all classes find much to criticize in the vehicles offered for hire in France. It must be confessed that most countries of Europe were not so well provided, but the development of facilities for travel in France had been somewhat slow. "As late as 1686 there was between Rouen and Havre but one carriage for hire, which was covered with canvas [3] and was neither decent nor comfortable." [4] An Englishman in the last quarter of the seventeenth century summarized his impression of French horses and vehicles in the following terms: "Their horses [are] little, and so strangely put together that scarce any of them can either trot or gallop, and 'tis easier to teach an English horse to dance than one of them to amble, for they can only go the pas, whence their coaches and all manner of voiture, is so slow as 'tis intolerable." [5]

And another English tourist nearly a century later ob-

serves: "The French vehicles for travelling appear very unpromising to an Englishman: their timbers seem to constitute a sufficient load without the passengers or the baggage, especially as the French horses are but small; and their springs, which are placed behind to diminish the shocks upon the stone pavements of their great roads, very much resemble the hammers of a fulling-mill." [1]

The same traveler remarks upon his journey from Saint-Omer to Lisle: "In the shafts of our chaise they place a horse of the cart breed, but below the size of our drawing horses, harnessed with ropes and a great wooden collar. By the sides of the shaft-horse are two ponies, on one of which the postilion rides, with boots, literally as big as two oyster-barrels, and armed with hoops of iron, to save his leg in case of accidents." [2]

So, too, Mrs. Piozzi says that at Calais the "postillions with greasy night-caps and vast jack-boots, driving your carriage harnessed with ropes, and adorned with sheepskins, can never fail to strike an Englishman at his first visit abroad." [3]

But notwithstanding some weak spots in the system, the public transportation service in France in the eighteenth century was fairly satisfactory. Dr. Rigby, in 1789, remarks in a letter from Chantilly: "Yesterday we travelled more than ninety miles with perfect ease; the roads are most excellent; the horses are good for travelling, I really think better than the English, but they are all rough, with long manes and tails, and no trimmed or cropped ears, which I believe makes the English abuse them." [4] One could with little difficulty find a conveyance making regular trips from most places of any size and connecting with all parts of the kingdom, and one could at most posting-houses find a chaise for one's personal use. For long journeys, as, for instance, between Calais and Paris or Paris and Lyons, unless the traveler could afford his own carriage, he commonly went in the diligence,[5] "so called from its expedition." "This," says Nugent, "differs from the *carosse* or ordinary stage-coach in little else but in moving with greater

velocity," [1] and in making from "seventy to a hundred miles a day." [2] "But," objects Smollett, "the inconveniences attending this way of travelling are these. You are crowded into the carriage to the number of eight persons so as to sit very uneasy, and sometimes run the risk of being stifled among very indifferent company. You are hurried out of bed at four, three, nay often at two in the morning.[3] You are obliged to eat in the French way, which is very disagreeable to an English palate." [4] Arthur Young, too, notes in his "Travels in France": [5] "This is the first French diligence I have been in, and shall be the last; they are detestable."

Well on in the nineteenth century Bayard Taylor, though not particularly fastidious, agrees perfectly with Young. "After waiting an hour in a hotel beside the rushing Yonne, a lumbering diligence was got ready, and we were offered places to Paris for seven francs. As the distance is one hundred and ten miles, this would be considered cheap fare, but I should not want to travel it again and be paid for doing so. Twelve persons were packed into a box not large enough for a cow." [6] For many travelers, however, the advantages of a system of transportation that was inexpensive and relieved them of all responsibility outweighed the discomfort.

More than one tourist has left us a striking picture of this mountainous and unwieldy vehicle, — "a huge, rickety, shabby, yellow argosy, all over dried, dirty mud splashes." [7] Edward Wright, who traveled in France toward the end of the first quarter of the century, says of it: "The diligence, a great coach that holds eight persons, is a machine that has not its name for nothing; what it wants in quickness it makes up in assiduity; though by the help of eight mules which drew it, we sometimes went at a brisk pace too; having pass'd from Lyons to Marseilles, which they call a hundred leagues, in three days and a half." [8]

"The stage-coach or diligence used in this country," says Nugent, "is much more convenient than those in England. It has eight chairs, neither of which touch one another, for

A DILIGENCE

the passengers to sit in; and each chair has a sash-window to put up and take the air, or shut, as the passenger pleases. No body rides with their face backwards, but turned toward the horses. They change horses every twelve miles,[1] and go sometimes ninety or one hundred miles a day." [2]

The diligence grew in bulk and in massiveness until it was as large as an ordinary load of hay, carried twenty or thirty passengers, and weighed five tons.[3] The equipment of this huge machine always included a conductor and a postilion. At the opening of the nineteenth century John Carr pictures the overgrown vehicle of his day going between Cherbourg and Rouen: "At daybreak we seated ourselves in the diligence. All the carriages of this description have the appearance of being the result of the earliest efforts in the art of coach building. A more uncouth clumsy machine can scarcely be imagined.[4] In the front is a cabriolet fixed to the body of the coach, for the accommodation of three passengers, who are protected from the rain above by the projecting roof of the coach, and in front by two heavy curtains of leather, well oiled, and smelling somewhat offensively, fastened to the roof. The inside, which is capacious and lofty, and will hold six people with great comfort, is lined with leather padded, and surrounded with little pockets, in which the travellers deposit their bread, snuff, night caps and pocket handkerchiefs, which generally enjoy each others' company in the same delicate depositary. From the roof depends a large net work, which is generally crowded with hats, swords, and band-boxes; the whole is convenient, and when all parties are seated and arranged, the accommodations are by no means unpleasant. Upon the roof, on the outside, is the imperial, which is generally filled with six or seven persons more, and a heap of luggage, which latter also occupies the basket, and generally presents a pile, half as high again as the coach, which is secured by ropes and chains, tightened by a large iron windlass, which also constitutes another appendage of this moving mass. The body of the carriage rests upon large thongs of leather, fastened to heavy blocks of

wood, instead of springs, and the whole is drawn by seven horses." [1]

The charge for transportation in the diligence often included all the expenses of the traveler on the way.[2]

Besides the diligence, we note as public conveyances the *carosse* and the *coche*. "The *carosse*," says Nugent, "is not unlike our stage-coach, containing room for six passengers, but does not move so quick, and is more embarrassed with goods and baggage. The *coche* is a large heavy machine, which serves the use both of waggon and coach; it is long-shaped, and provided with windows at the sides, containing generally sixteen passengers, viz., twelve in the body of the coach, sitting two abreast, and two each side at the door of the entrance, a seat being provided there for that purpose. It is furnished with two large conveniencies, one before and another behind, which are made of basket wicker, and are therefore called baskets. Into these baskets they put large quantities of goods, which makes it very heavy in drawing. Sometimes both the baskets are filled with goods, and sometimes the fore one is left empty for passengers, in which the fare is less than in the coach, and they have a covering overhead to preserve them from the injury of the weather. Its motion is but slow, seldom exceeding that of a brisk walk, and as the roads are generally paved with large stone, this kind of vehicle is generally very jumbling and disagreeable.[3] The expence of travelling with the *carosse* or stage-coach is less than half the sum of riding post, but then you are to make an allowance for being longer upon the road. As for the particular fares of stage-coaches, we shall mention them in each journey; only we are to observe here that the expence of baggage is paid apart, and is generally three sols for every pound above fourteen or fifteen pound weight, which is free. With regard to provisions on the road, your safest way, if you travel post, is to know the price of everything before you order it; but with the stage-coach, your meals are generally regulated at fixed prices, as with us;

your entertainment is exceeding good, and the whole expence seldom exceeds five or six livres a day." [1]

But as the route of the diligence and the stage-coach was fixed, there was sometimes an advantage in being able to direct one's own course, and to make use of a *voiturin*, who represented in France the familiar *vetturino* system of Italy. "These voiturins," says Smith, "are to be met with throughout Italy and the south of France. They undertake the conveyance of a traveller, for a certain sum, in a fixed time, to the place of his destination; and, if desired, will pay all his expenses at the inns by the way; which we afterwards found is the best method. This mode is much cheaper, and infinitely less embarrassing, than travelling post. It requires, indeed, very early rising, and is very slow; but the latter was no objection to us, as we could alight at pleasure to botanize, and walk full as fast as our horses or mules, till we were tired." [2]

But a great number of tourists elected to go by post. From "Calais to this place, Lyons," writes the Earl of Cork and Orrery, "we have passed most of our time in post-chaises." [3] All the main roads throughout the kingdom were minutely divided by the government into posting-stages.[4] At the posting-houses one might expect to find horses, and usually carriages, for hire at a fixed rate.[5] Wealthy travelers of the nobility or of some importance used to be preceded by an *avant-courier* who would order horses to be in waiting for them.[6] But at Mirepoix, a town of fifteen thousand inhabitants, Arthur Young could find no carriages at all for hire.[7]

As the posting-service was strictly regulated, the guide-books gave minute directions to the tourist, just landed at Calais, as to what he should do: "At the post house, which is the Silver Lion, kept by Mr. Grandsire, you bargain for a chaise to go to Paris; if there be only one person, he will let you have a pretty good one for two guineas and a half; and if two, he will have three guineas. You have the privilege of carrying a great weight of portmanteaus and trunks behind your post-chaise; but their horses are

very indifferent, so that it is not advisable to encumber yourself with too much baggage, but rather to send it by the stage-coach, which sets out twice a week from Calais to Paris, and is seven days upon the road; the fare is thirty livres for each passenger, and three sols per pound for his baggage. The coach from Paris to Calais and Dunkirk sets up at the Grand Cerf, rue S. Denis. The roads from Calais to Paris are pretty good; and you go with any of their post-horses very near a post an hour. . . . From Calais to Paris are thirty-two posts. . . . Upon the whole, for the thirty-two posts you pay, if you are two in company, 164 livres, two sols, which is about 6*l.* 16*s.* 6*d.* But if you are single, the whole cost will be, horses and boys only 99 livres, two sols, which is about 4*l.* 6*s.* 9½*d.* English." [1]

On the matter of posting Smollett gives also his experience, and adds that posting in England is pleasanter, with less imposition and expense: [2] "The post is farmed from the king, who lays travellers under contribution for his own benefit, and has published a set of oppressive ordinances, which no stranger nor native dares transgress. The postmaster finds nothing but horses and guides: the carriage you yourself must provide. If there are four persons within the carriage, you are obliged to have six horses and two postillions; and if your servant sits on the outside, either before or behind, you must pay for a seventh. You pay double for the first stage from Paris, and twice double for passing through Fontainebleau when the court is there, as well as at coming to Lyons, and at leaving this city." [3]

Of posting in 1739 we have a sketch by the poet Gray, who was going from Calais to Boulogne: "In the afternoon we took a post-chaise (it still snowing very hard) for Boulogne, which was only eighteen miles farther. This chaise is a strange sort of conveyance, of much greater use than beauty, resembling an ill-shaped chariot, only with the door opening before instead of the side; three horses draw it, one between the shafts, and the other two on each side, on one of which the postillion rides, and drives too.

This vehicle will, upon occasion, go fourscore miles a day, but Mr. Walpole, being in no hurry, chooses to make easy journeys of it, and they are easy ones indeed; for the motion is much like that of a sedan. We go about six miles an hour, and commonly change horses at the end of it. It is true they are no very graceful steeds, but they go well, and through roads which they say are bad for France, but to me they seem gravel walks and bowling greens; in short, it would be the finest travelling in the world were it not for the inns, which are mostly terrible places indeed." [1]

Posting certainly had some inconveniences, and complaints were frequent that the charges were excessive. But for the tourist of comfortable income it appears to have been the most satisfactory means of travel in France.[2] When Morris Birkbeck was in France in 1814, his party was not at first entirely pleased with the system, but afterwards "found posting not so inconvenient or expensive. If you take your own voiture, or hire one for the journey, you escape the miserable cabriolets provided by the postmasters, and the trouble of changing every seven or ten miles. You may take also two horses at forty sous each instead of three at thirty sous; and you save thirty sous a stage, which is charged when they furnish a carriage. With these precautions, there is not much room to complain of French posting." [3]

To avoid a succession of uncomfortable carriages Smollett's suggestion was worth heeding. "I would advise every man who travels through France to bring his own vehicle along with him, or at least to purchase one at Calais or Boulogne, where second-hand berlins or chaises may generally be had at reasonable rates." [4]

Hired private coaches were an expensive luxury, drawn as they were by four or six horses, and accompanied by two postilions. One's private servant often attended on horseback or on the coach. Smollett when in Paris looked into the means of conveyance to the south of France. "When I went to the bureau, where alone these voitures are to be had, I was given to understand that it would cost me six-

and-twenty guineas, and travel so slow that I should be ten days upon the road. These carriages are let by the same persons who farm the diligence; and for this they have an exclusive privilege, which makes them very saucy and insolent. When I mentioned my servant, they gave me to understand that I must pay two loui'dores more for his seat upon the coach box." [1]

So ponderous were the French coaches that one ran the risk of being set on fire several times a day by the friction of the wheels.[2] Besides this, there was often friction of another sort, as we see from the following delicious passage: "Through the whole south of France, except in large cities," Smollett found "the postilions lazy, lounging, greedy, and impertinent. If you chide them for lingering, they will continue to delay you the longer: if you chastise them with sword, cane, cudgel, or horse-whip, they will either disappear entirely, and leave you without resources; or they will find means to take vengeance by overturning your carriage. The best method I know of travelling with any degree of comfort, is to allow yourself to become the dupe of imposition, and stimulate their endeavors by extraordinary gratifications. I laid down a resolution (and kept it) to give no more than four and twenty sols per post between the two postilions; but I am now persuaded that for three-pence a post more, I should have been much better served, and should have performed the journey with greater pleasure." [3]

However one might travel from place to place, a tourist of any pretensions was expected in any of the larger cities of the Continent to keep a carriage as a visible token of his respectability. For example, on going to Paris after having submitted to the "absolutely requisite" French tailor and barber, "the next thing is to get a conveniency to carry you abroad, that you may with elegance and ease go and see every thing that is curious in and about Paris. Your best way is to have a recommendation to some of those people who let coaches out to hire; and if you are only two in company, a chariot is most advisable. You may have a

gay and easy gilt coach or chariot, and a coachman, with a good pair of horses, for twelve livres, which is about ten shillings a day, to attend you from seven in the morning till midnight, and to carry you to Versailles, etc. This is certainly the best way, because their hackney-coaches are dirty and mean, and few people of any fashion, especially strangers, either use them or walk much in the streets. It is to be observed that you must sign a contract for your coach or chariot, to have it a month as your own; the lawyer or notary draws the contract by the coach-lender's orders, and you pay five shillings for his fee and one shilling for his clerk, who attends you to get it signed. This contract the coachman carries in his pocket, to entitle him to drive you out of town to Versailles, etc., for without it the coach is not privileged to carry you out of the gates of Paris.[1] But tho' you contract for a month for the sake of this privilege, yet you may give up your coach at the end of ten days, or a fortnight, paying for the days you have had it; and a fortnight will be long enough to carry you to most of the places you want to see in and about Paris."[2]

For going short distances, particularly when attending a social gathering in full dress, the tourist in more than one Continental city found a sedan chair useful. But, obviously, this was a convenience of very limited range.

II

Italy

From what has been said of the Italian roads it is obvious that none but a very substantial conveyance could be trusted to bring the traveler safely to his destination. What the carriages were like we learn from many descriptions. Now and then, as in France, the tourist ventured to travel in his own private vehicle. In such a case, Baretti recommends that "a traveller ought to have his post-chaise not only strongly built to resist the many stony roads in

Italy, but likewise have it so contrived as to be easily taken to pieces where it must inevitably be disjoined in order to pass a mountain or to be put into a felucca; that is, in going over mount Cenis, or from some part of southern France to Genoa." [1]

In more detail Mariana Starke advises that "those Persons who design to travel much in Italy should provide themselves with a strong, low-hung, doubled-perched English coach or post-chaise, with well-seasoned corded springs,[2] and iron axle-trees, two drag-chains with iron shoes, . . . tools for repairing . . . a carriage, . . . a sword-case . . . two moderate-sized trunks," [3] etc.

Arthur Young, however, was warned by men who had traveled much in Italy, that he must not think of going thither in his own one-horse chaise.[4] "To watch my horse being fed would, they assured me, take up abundantly too much time, and if it was omitted, with respect to hay, as well as oats, both would be equally stolen. There are also parts of Italy where travelling alone, as I did, would be very unsafe, from the number of robbers that infest the roads. Persuaded by the opinions of persons, who I suppose must know much better than myself, I had determined to sell my mare and chaise, and travel in Italy by the *veturini*, who are to be had it seems everywhere, and at a cheap rate." [5]

When he arrived at Toulon, Young accordingly tagged his chaise with a large label, "A vendre," and finally sold it and his mare for twenty-two louis — ten louis less than they had cost him at Paris. "I had next to consider the method to get to Nice [from Toulon]; and will it be believed, that from Marseilles with 100,000 souls, and Toulon with 30,000, lying in the great road to Antibes, Nice, and Italy, there is no diligence or regular voiture. A gentleman at the table d'hôte assured me they asked him three louis for a place in a voiture to Antibes, and to wait till some other person would give three more for another seat. To a person accustomed to the infinity of machines that fly about England, in all directions, this must appear

hardly credible. Such great cities in France have not the hundredth part of connection and communication with each other that much inferior places enjoy with us." [1]

Obviously, with but such a happy-go-lucky system on a main road between France and Italy, nothing better could be expected on the less traveled roads of Italy itself. The ordinary accommodations are briefly outlined by Nugent in the "Grand Tour." [2] and these we may supplement with more detail: "There are several ways of travelling in Italy, such as with post-horses; with a vettura or hired coach or calash in which they do not change horses; and, finally, with a procaccio or stage-coach that undertakes to furnish passengers with provisions and necessary accommodations on the road. Travelling post you pay five julios a horse at each post (a julio is about sixpence) and two julios to the postilion. The price of the vetturas is fixed differently according to the difference of province or road; and the same may be said of the procaccios, which is much the worst way of travelling." [3]

The posting-system had the convenience of permitting the traveler to pay his way to the place he wished to visit,[4] without placing upon him further responsibility for the carriage or the driver. Well organized as the system was, it did not, however, prevent occasional annoyance that stirred the wrath of irritable tourists. "Of all the people I have ever seen," said Smollett, "the hostlers, postilions and other fellows, hanging about the post-houses in Italy, are the most greedy, impertinent, and provoking." [5]

Some of the petty regulations, moreover, were unquestionably very exasperating; and to avoid them De La Lande advises the traveler going from France to take a carriage straight through from Lyons to Turin.[6] He remarks: "It is a rule at Chambéry, as in the rest of Italy, that when one arrives by post one must continue in the same fashion or spend three nights in the place where one arrives, if one wishes to take drivers." [7] In the reverse direction, "Post-masters at Turin are not to furnish travellers with horses without a licence from the secretary of

state for foreign affairs; and those in the provinces, from the governors or chief magistrate of the place. No person, without a particular order, is permitted to ride post without a postilion. None are suffered to pass by a post-house without changing horses, or to go beyond the frontiers in any other carriage but the usual post-waggon. It is an inconvenience to travellers, that, though they come by the post, they are not permitted to proceed in another carriage without staying three days in the place where the stage sets out from." [1]

Sometimes post-horses were lacking, as was once the case when Dr. Moore was in a hilly district. But in this instance their place was taken by "three cart-horses and two oxen, which were relieved in the most mountainous part of the road by buffalos. There is a breed of these animals in this country; they are strong, hardy, and docile, and found preferable to either horses or oxen, for ploughing in a rough and hilly country." [2] In more than one part of the country, particularly in the first third of the eighteenth century, the main dependence, indeed, was upon oxen or buffaloes.[3]

All in all, however, in the second half of the century, as Baretti remarks, "The fact is, that the post-horses are in general very good all over Italy, and that our postillions generally drive at a great rate, trotting their horses on any ascent, and galloping on flat ground rather in a desperado way than otherwise." [4]

Tourists who wished to escape the necessity of looking after themselves or their vehicle commonly arranged matters with a *vetturino* or his agent. We have numerous accounts of the journeys taken in this way, for until the introduction of railways it was the system ordinarily followed. Accounts dating from the early nineteenth century agree in general with those of a century or two earlier.[5] Bayard Taylor in 1845 went in substantially the same fashion as Misson in the seventeenth century. Says Misson: "We agreed at Rome to be carried in calashes, and to have all our charges borne during the space of eleven days, from

Rome to Florence, by the way of Viterbo, Sienna, Leghorn, Pisa, Lucca, and Pistoia, for six Italian pistoles apiece; which was somewhat too dear a rate, tho', 'tis true, calashes were very scarce at Rome when we left it." [1]

Taylor, in his turn, remarks: "Travelling with a *vetturino* is unquestionably the pleasantest way of seeing Italy. The easy rate of the journey allows time for becoming well acquainted with the country, and the tourist is freed from the annoyance of quarrelling with cheating landlords. A translation of our written contract will best explain this mode of travelling: 'Our contract is, to be conducted to Rome for the sum of twenty francs each, say 2*of*. and the *buona mano*, if we are well served. We must have from the vetturino, Giuseppe Nerpiti, supper each night, a free chamber with two beds, and fire, until we shall arrive at Rome. I Geronymo Sartarelli, steward of the Inn of the White Cross, at Foligno, in testimony of the above contract.'" [2]

In this fashion James Edward Smith made his tour in 1786 from Pisa to Florence and thence to Rome. His carriage had two wheels and a speed of about four miles an hour. "We engaged a voiturin to convey us both (from Pisa) to Florence, forty-nine miles, for fifty pauls (not twenty-five shillings), to be fed by the way into the bargain. To our astonishment, we were excellently accommodated; and we made use of this same honest fellow, whose name was Diego Baroncello, to carry us over most parts of Italy.[3] We never had a word of dispute all the way." [4]

Most tourists who could afford the time and the money went as far as Naples, commonly with a *vetturino*. The invaluable Misson [5] tells us: "The journey from Rome to Naples is usually perform'd thus: the travellers hire either horses or carriages, or both together, that they may have the advantage of easing themselves by change: and the person with whom they agree at Rome, every passenger paying fifteen piasters,[6] obliges himself to give them eight meals in their journey outwards, and as many in their return; to stay five whole days at Naples, to pay the boat at Cajeta, to lend his horses one day to Vesuvius, and

another to Puzzolo; both which are comprehended in the five to be spent at Naples. Thus the whole journey is perform'd in fifteen days; on the last of which they return to Rome."

The German Keysler finds fault with the price and the length of time required for the journey: "In travelling from Rome to Naples it is very inconvenient to go with the vetturini; for though the road they take lies over Monte Cassino, and consequently gives one an opportunity of seeing the celebrated Benedictine monastery on that hill; yet it is attended with the mortification of being five days on the road and paying the vetturini an extraordinary price for their loss of time.[1] In the months of February and March a person must be very expeditious to travel seven stages in a post-chaise from sun-rising to sunset; but in summer the seventeen stages and a half between Rome and Naples are easily performed in two days. For the two chaise-horses at every stage within the Neapolitan territories, one pays eleven carlini, and half as much for the chaise, if wanted." [2]

In place of going with a *vetturino*, "It is more advisable," says Nugent, "to make use of the *procaccio* [3] or ordinary carrier from Rome to Naples, with whom they may agree for seven crowns, for which he gives them seven meals, and carries them thither in five days. Those who chuse the first method with the vetturino are obliged to come back the same way they went, which is not so agreeable to a curious traveller. But gentlemen who have not agreed with the carrier may in their return leave the direct road and travel further within land, on the right side of it, hiring horses from town to town. With the vetturino from Rome to Naples, you pay five crowns a horse, fifteen for a calash, and eighteen for a litter. The road is generally bad, and the accommodations none of the best." [4]

Obviously, the satisfaction of a traveler who went with a *vetturino* would largely depend upon the fairness and honesty of the conductor. An unscrupulous fellow had it in his power to cause the traveler great annoyance and

discomfort. Nugent gives warning that if the coachman agrees to provide the food, passengers are in danger of short commons. And in the same tenor Hazlitt says:[1] "The *vetturino* owners . . . bargain to provide you for a certain sum and then billet you upon the innkeepers for as little as they can."[2] A further objection, says Nugent, is that the "coachman in winter travels very often before it is day,[3] and after it is dark, in order to get to his station, where he expects to find his account in the reckoning."[4] All in all, says Goethe, "It is but sorry travelling with a *vetturino*, it is always best to follow at one's ease on foot. In this way I travelled from Ferrara to this place"[5] — i.e., Assisi. Of course, Goethe was a poet and an athlete in the pride of youth, but his opinion must have been shared by many a weary traveler.

With all its drawbacks, the *vetturino* system afforded a passable means of conveyance. One other system, however, was preferred by many travelers on account of its greater independence. But Smollett, as we might expect, comments upon the inconvenience[6] of frequently shifting the baggage, and bestows a characteristic word upon the vehicle: "The chaise or *calesse* of this country is a wretched machine with two wheels, as uneasy as a common cart, being indeed no other than what we should call in England a very ill-contrived one-horse chair, narrow, naked, shattered and shabby."[7]

According to Misson[8] the shafts of the Roman calashes were "at least fifteen feet long, and consequently 'tis impossible to turn the calash in a narrow way." Even James Edward Smith bestows very moderate praise upon the calash. "Nothing is more ridiculous to an Englishman than the manner of driving these vehicles. We were allowed only to hold the reins, or rather ropes, and our driver stood behind, brandishing the whip over our heads."[9]

From our survey it is clear that no method of travel in Italy was ideal. But on the whole the balance seems to be in favor of the *cambiatura*. This, too, is the opinion of

Nugent, whose wide experience may be allowed to count for more than the utterances of the ever-irritable Smollett. Nugent's view, moreover, agrees so closely with Misson's that he has borrowed many of the older writer's very phrases. "But to return to the carriages; the best way . . . of travelling in this country is with the cambiatura, where it can be had, which is only in the ecclesiastical state, in Tuscany, and in the dutchies of Parma and Modena. The price of the cambiatura is generally at the rate of two julios a horse each post.[1] The greatest conveniency of this way of travelling is that you may stop where you please, and change your horses or calash at every cambiatura, without being obliged to pay for their return, and besides you may take what time you please to satisfy your curiosity. There is room for two people in a calash, which is a much better way of travelling than on horseback, because a person has the advantage of being skreened from the sun and weather, and he is allowed to carry a portmanteau fastened to it of 200 weight. But 'tis proper to look from time to time to the portmanteau, or to make a servant follow the calash on horseback, in order to take care of the baggage; though this trouble may in great measure be prevented by fastening the portmanteau to the calash with an iron chain and a padlock, as is frequently done behind post-chaises in Germany. The tying and untying of the portmanteau at every cambiatura is a necessary piece of trouble that attends this way of travelling; wherefore those who have a long journey to make, and intend not to stop on the road, or only to make a short stay, ought always to agree with one Vetturino for the whole passage. But the best way is to have a calash of your own." [2]

III

Germany

To pass from the well-ordered system of transportation in France to the primitive system of Germany seemed to

most travelers almost like going from civilization to barbarism. Even Italy sustained without much difficulty a comparison with Germany in this particular.

The reasons for the backward condition of Germany we have considered in some detail elsewhere, but they are worth bearing in mind. "Germany," says Cogan at the end of the eighteenth century, "is but thinly inhabited in proportion to its great extent; excepting on the borders of the Rhine, the large towns are comparatively few, and at a great distance from each other;" [1] and by Germany he meant not only what we now call Germany, but also the Teutonic regions of Austria. Communication at a distance was extremely difficult, and in winter practically impossible. The natural results of isolation followed. Particularism held sway in every part of the Empire. Moreover, almost every detail that we learn about German life in the eighteenth century strengthens the conviction that for the average burgher it was the day of small things. Trade was limited, and manufacturing enterprises were few. Incentives to travel for business or for pleasure were, in comparison with our time, strangely lacking. The country in various parts impressed strangers as being old-fashioned and very backward in its ways. Mariana Starke, in going from Italy to Vienna in 1798, observed that "The passing through this part of Germany seems like living some hundred years ago in England; as the dresses, customs, and manners of the people precisely resemble those of our ancestors." [2]

Great cities there were, like Berlin and Hamburg and Leipsic and Vienna, where wealth and luxury abounded, and petty courts like Anspach and Cassel and Karlsruhe at least suggested the lavish display of Versailles, but the task of going from one city to another was the reverse of inviting. In some parts of Germany where one might reasonably have expected adequate means of transportation, there was a very painful lack.[3] As we have already seen, the roads in general were very inferior, making "it downright misery to travel in bad weather." [4]

In selecting the means of transportation the choice was between the rough, clumsy public vehicles and one's private carriage. A posting-wagon meant something very different in Germany from what it did in France or even Italy, and was practically a comfortless sort of stage-coach. For the public posting-wagons of Germany no one has a good word. Misson calls them "a miserable sort of cart," and adds: "They often move very slowly, but to make amends, they jog on night and day. This is the most troublesome of all carriages, as I found it to my cost." [1]

Travelers throughout the eighteenth century and even much later are in entire accord with Misson. Nugent does, indeed, say: "There is no country in Europe where the post is under better regulation than in Germany," but he immediately adds: "The common way of travelling is in machines which they call post-waggons,[2] and which very well deserve that denomination. These are little better than common carts, with seats made for the passengers, without any covering, except in Hesse Cassel, and a few other places. They go but a slow pace, not much above three miles an hour, and what is still more inconvenient to passengers, they jog on day and night, winter and summer, rain or snow, till they arrive at the place appointed. . . . But this is a way of travelling recommendable to those only who cannot be at the expense of a more commodious manner." [3]

If the three-mile rate had been actually kept up day and night, one would of course have covered seventy miles or more in twenty-four hours. But such dizzy speed was not always possible, and sometimes the record for a day did not exceed eighteen miles.

As for the companions of one's journey in the post-wagon some travelers are not over-enthusiastic. "My company consisted of a swine of an Oldenburgh dealer in horses, a clodpole Bremen broker, and a pretty female piece of flesh, mere dead flesh, lying before me on the straw. There was not a word spoke all the way from Göttingen here

[Cassel], so that if the *dulcis et alta quies* had not been now and then interrupted by coughing, sneezing, belching, and the like, I should not have known that I had company with me." [1]

The Englishman Russell traveling in Germany in 1828 found the post-wagon to be still of the eighteenth-century type. In going through the Rhine region he remarks: "What the Germans call a Diligence or *Postwagen*, dragging its slow length through this delicious scene, is a bad feature in the picture. Much as we laugh at the meagre cattle, the knotted rope-harness, and lumbering paces of the machines which bear the same name in France, the French have outstripped their less alert neighbours in everything that regards neatness, and comfort, and expedition. The German carriage resembles the French one, but is still more clumsy and unwieldy." [2]

The luggage, towering on high like a "castle" as large as the wagon itself, was secured by chains. Inside the wagon sat six passengers, and with the guard sat two more. Four horses slowly dragged the great load, while from all the openings of the vehicle poured out in dense clouds the smoke of vile tobacco. Naturally enough, the Englishman traveling for pleasure and not as a penance was warned in advance not to use the public post-wagons. "The only way of travelling with comfort through Germany," says the author of the "Tour in Germany," [3] "is in a chaise of your own and with post-horses." This merely repeats the advice of Nugent, who points out that "then a person is at liberty to stop at what station he pleases, and as long as he pleases." [4] He remarks, too, that by having a chaise to one's self one saves "the trouble of tying and untying the baggage; because when a person hires a chaise of the post-office, he must change it at every stage, which is vastly inconvenient." [5]

Sometimes one arranged to travel in a post-chaise, but bargained to have all expenses on the road covered for a fixed sum. With an arrangement of this sort Mariana Starke, in April of 1798, left Florence for Dresden, "with

a light strong German post-chaise unloaded, and a Voiturin's coach for our baggage, each carriage being usually drawn by three mules; and we gave for six of these animals, from Florence to Hamburg, three hundred and thirty Tuscan sequins; the Voiturin finding supper and beds for four Persons, and likewise defraying the expense of barriers, ferry-boats, guides, drivers, and mules. We paid a couple of florins a day for our dinner, and one florin a day to servants at inns, unless our carriages were guarded, when we usually gave two florins, and we allowed three sequins a day for the mules whenever we chose to stop. *Buonamano* to the drivers was not included in our bargain, and to these men (who behaved particularly well) we gave sixty sequins." [1]

Those who made the long journey from Hamburg to Vienna — nearly five hundred and fifty miles — commonly went in summer by way of Nuremberg and Ratisbon, and if they chose they could go by public conveyance. The conveyance was typical for the whole of Germany. "There is a stage-coach, which sets out from Hamburg to Nurenberg on Saturday evening, at the shutting of the gates; it goes through Brunswic, Wolfembuttel, Erfurt, Bamberg, &c., and comes back to Hamburg on Tuesday morning. This coach sets up at Hamburg at the Swan by the change. 'Tis common for travellers to agree with the coachman for their provisions as well as for their passage. The fare is settled thus: From Hamburg to Nurenberg for passage and provisions twenty dollars," etc.[2] But we need hardly follow the tedious detail to the end.

IV

The Low Countries

One could not go far in the diminutive Low Countries without getting over the frontier, but within the narrow limits one could travel a great deal and with great convenience. Much of the travel was by water, but there was

also considerable use of wheeled carriages. In Flanders, as in Holland, canals were frequent; and "most of the large towns" had "stage coaches, called diligences from their expedition." [1] A tourist in 1773 indicated how keen was the competition for passengers, and how impartial was the award of the prize. "We left Helvoet on Monday morning in a stage waggon. All the waggoners in town were summoned by a bell, then dice shaken to see who should get the fare. The price is fixed, therefore imposition is impossible." [2]

Post-wagons drawn by three horses went from most of the principal towns and communicated with all parts of Europe. The carriages were not unduly heavy and, says Nugent, were "as expeditious as our stage-coaches." [3] In going from Rotterdam to Antwerp one started at five in the morning; the price for one's seat was nine guilders, nine stivers, with fifteen pounds of baggage free. Everything above that weight was charged one stiver a pound.[4]

There were regular days for the arrival and departure of the post at and from Amsterdam, Brussels, The Hague, Rotterdam, and various other points in Europe.[5] Thus the post arrived at Amsterdam on Sunday "from Germany, Cologne, Cleves, Munster, Liège, Gelderland, etc." On Tuesdays it came "towards noon" from Spain, Portugal, France, Brabant, and Flanders. With Nugent's "Grand Tour" in hand, the guide-book that chiefly supplanted Misson's, the tourist could easily mark out his route and select the proper conveyance. If he were at Arnheim, he would find that there starts for "Cologne in Germany, every Thursday morning a post-waggon from the Golden Swan with goods and passengers to Emmerick, Wesel, Dusseldorp, Solingen, Elberfelt, and reaches Cologne by Saturday. On Saturday the post-waggon sets out from Cologne for Arnheim from the Red Goose in the Egelstein, and passing through the above-mentioned places arrives at Arnheim by Tuesday." [6] Likewise from Arnheim, we are informed, there sets out for "Frankfort on the Mayn, from the third of March till winter every Sunday morning a

post-waggon at seven o'clock, which reaches Frankfort the next Friday." [1]

Those who preferred a private conveyance to these democratic vehicles, could hire carriages gorgeous with red velvet and drawn by horses making a fine appearance.[2]

When one hired a post-chaise for one's own use three horses at least were required by law. But if more than three had been taken for the first stretch, the extra number must be paid for until the entire journey was at an end. "Our vanity," says Cogan, who was going from Utrecht to Mainz, "induced us to take *four* horses" as far as Nimeguen. When they arrived at Nimeguen, says he, they "were obliged to continue, or at least to pay, for the same number; nor could we get ourselves purged of this superfluous horse until we arrived at Mentz. . . . We were first obliged to take *four* horses; and secondly obliged to pay *twelve guilders* for them; which together with the personal tax called *passagie gelt* amounts to about twenty pence per mile for horses alone." [3]

In most cities of the Low Countries a carriage of some sort was easily obtainable. But at Amsterdam the tourist could not ride in a coach "for fear of shaking the houses" [4] — unless he were a privileged person. At The Hague "very handsome hackney-coaches" were to be had for a shilling a drive, but chairs were lacking.[5]

CHAPTER VI

EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY INNS

I

Once fairly started on his journey from city to city, the tourist's next most important interest, so far as material comfort went, was his food and lodging. Upon the eighteenth-century inns travelers have much to remark. Indeed, many of the older books of travel devote an inordinate amount of space to the various houses of entertainment — not in bestowing words of praise, but in enumerating the shortcomings of the table or the furnishings. When compared with the palaces now at the service of travelers in every part of the world, few of the inns of that day can be seriously considered as rivals: measured by eighteenth-century standards, some were palatial in their accommodations and quite good enough for guests of any rank. But on the road between towns travelers put up with such accommodations as they could get, and those were often miserably inadequate. Matters generally improved somewhat in the course of the eighteenth century, but the remarks of Eustace hold true for the entire period we are considering: "An English traveller must, the very instant he embarks for the Continent, resign many of the comforts and conveniencies which he enjoys at home. . . . Great will be his disappointment if, on his arrival, he expects a warm room, a newspaper, and a well-stored larder. These advantages are common enough at home, but they are not to be found in any inn on the Continent, not even Dessenes [1] at Calais or the Maison Rouge at Frankfort. But the principal and most offensive defect abroad is the want of cleanliness, a defect in a greater or less degree common to all parts of the Continent." [2]

Other tourists tell the same story: "Accommodations all over the Continent" are "very indifferent; . . . it is scarcely possible for an invalid to sleep at any inn out of a great town without suffering." [1] Where the general level was so low no forethought could enable a traveler to make sure of a satisfactory lodging,[2] though he might send a servant ahead to engage the best that was to be had. As might be expected, there was great variety in the character of the accommodations to be found in different parts of the Continent, and an accurate general characterization is therefore almost impossible. Holland, with its dense population, its standards of neatness, and its diffused wealth, is at one extreme, and Italy, with its medieval hill towns affording filthy beds and uneatable food, is at the other.

The information supplied to travelers in eighteenth-century guide-books is often very suggestive, and nowhere more so than in the passages relating to inns. We read: — "Travellers who go post should never permit the postillion to drive them to such houses as he pleases; almost all of them have secret motives to prefer some to others; therefore it would be prudent to inquire of the post-masters, or inn-keepers of the first reputation, for a list of the best houses of accommodation." [3] "A traveller should always lodge in the best inn, because, upon the whole, a good lodging will not cost him much more, than if he had chosen an indifferent one, and he will at least be better served, with an additional security to his property, which is not always the case in inferior inns." [4] "As soon as travellers enter into an inn, they should immediately agree for the price of the room, dinner, supper, firing, etc., and never neglect this useful precaution; otherwise they will often be obliged to pay for their negligence in that respect an extravagant price, especially in Holland and Italy." [5]

Beds were of varied character in the countries usually visited; so varied, indeed, that travelers, up to the end of the eighteenth century, especially in Germany and Italy, were accustomed to carry their own bedding.[6] And even where this might not be required, certain precautions

were not to be neglected. Berchtold is very specific in his warnings: —

"Travellers being never sure whether the lodgers, who slept in the beds before them, were not affected with the itch, venereal or other disease, they should make use of a preventive of infection: a light coverlet of silk, two pairs of sheets, and two dressed hart's skins put together, six feet six inches in length, three feet six inches in breadth, should be always carried along with them in the box. The hart's skin, which is put upon the mattresses, will hinder the disagreeable contact, and prevent the noxious exhalations."[1] The ordinary sheets were laid upon the hart's skin. "Damp beds are very often found in inns little visited, and in the inns where fire is seldom made: they ought to be carefully avoided. . . . Those who travel should examine the beds to see whether they are quite dry, and have the bed-clothes in their presence put before the fire. If the mattresses are suspected, it will be preferable to lie down on dry and clean straw."[2] "Feather beds and counterpanes of cotton are very liable to collect noxious exhalations; for this reason those who travel ought to make use of the hart skins, described under the remarks on Inns."[3]

To avoid other risks, "It is of the greatest importance to travellers always to have a room to be in alone, and never allow any person (well-known people excepted) to sleep in the same apartment, unless absolute necessity compels them."[4] All readers of the concluding chapter of Sterne's "Sentimental Journey" will recall the embarrassing episode growing out of the necessity of assigning the same sleeping-apartment to tourists of opposite sex.

The perils of travel are considered in a subsequent chapter, but we here note: "In lonesome country inns, where safety ought always to be suspected, it will be better to permit the servant to sleep in the same room, and to have a wax candle burning the whole night. . . . Pocket door-bolts in the form of a cross are applicable to almost all sorts of doors, and may on many occasions save the life of the traveller, where desperate attempts may be made by

needy assassins. . . ." Nervous travelers, we learn, may put the table with chairs on it against the door if bolts are lacking. "Such precautions, are, however, less necessary in England, but on the Continent they are much more so."

"It will not be amiss in such lonesome places, where accidents may oblige a traveller to remain the whole night, to show his fire-arms to the landlord in a familiar discourse, without acquainting him of his well-grounded suspicion of insecurity; and to tell him, with a courageous look, that you are not afraid of a far superior number of enemies." [1]

In view of the foregoing warnings we see that not all inns were models of comfort and that they forced travelers to provide somewhat minutely for personal needs. There is, in fact, no more striking commentary on the general lack on the Continent of ordinary articles of comfort, not to say luxury, than the list of necessaries suggested for the use of travelers. As late as 1798 Mariana Starke recommends all sorts of things for every family to be provided with on leaving England; among them sheets, pillows, blankets, towels, pistols, a pocket-knife to eat with, soup, tea, salt, spoons, a tea-and-sugar chest, loaf-sugar, mustard, Cayenne-pepper, ginger, nutmegs, oatmeal, sago, plenty of medicines, etc., etc.[2]

II

French Inns

In cleanliness[3] and comfort English inns were on the whole regarded as superior to the French, though the latter were commonly praised by travelers.[4] Comfort, as elsewhere pointed out, was far less generally diffused throughout Europe in the eighteenth century than now, abounding greatly in one district while strangely lacking in another. But the English were the wealthiest people in Europe, except perhaps the Dutch, and everywhere insisted upon the best that was to be had. No mere chance was it, therefore, that Dessein's Inn at Calais, where swarms of English tourists landed, was one of the most extensive in

Europe, with "squares, gardens, shops of all kinds, workshops, and a handsome theatre." [1] Entertainment of tourists was, indeed, on a large scale at Calais, though the town was small. Essex counted the Hôtel d'Angleterre one of the best in France. From forty to fifty carriages were always ready for guests.[2]

In large towns good accommodations were usually to be found, and if it were our business to make lists [3] we might enumerate scores of inns that provided everything one could reasonably ask.[4] Some were almost unreasonably good. Such was the inn at Châlons, with rooms "furnished throughout with silk and damask, the very linings of the rooms and bed covers not excepted." [5] Still better was the Hôtel de Henri IV, at Nantes, over which even the sober Young waxes enthusiastic and inclines to think "the finest inn in Europe." "It cost," says he, "400,000 liv. (17,500*l.*) furnished, and is let at 14,000 liv. per ann. (612*l.* 10*s.*), with no rent for the first year. It contains 60 beds for masters, and 25 stalls for horses. Some of the apartments of two rooms, very neat, are 6 liv. a day; one good 3 liv., but for merchants 5 liv. per diem for dinner, supper, wine, and chamber, and 35*f.* for his horse. It is without comparison, the first inn I have seen in France, and very cheap." [6]

Not merely were palatial establishments of this sort to be found here and there, but many neat and comfortable little hostelries, of small pretensions and "of the second rank in appearance," that were nevertheless "much the most comfortable for travellers of the sober sort." [7]

But it would be a serious error to suppose that every inn in France was a model. We must not forget that France before the Revolution suffered much actual misery, particularly in the provinces. No traveler could fail to see some trace of it, and he was fortunate if he had nothing to suffer himself. Many provincial inns simply continued throughout the eighteenth century the state of things existing in the seventeenth century, when travel was difficult and inns were ill-kept because little patronized. Babeau cites

Abraham Goelnitz, who in 1631 went through France on foot and on horseback, often going out of the beaten track. He notes: "In certain villages, in certain towns even in the center of France, the inns lack everything. One can hardly find bread and a fire. Beds are wanting." [1]

Particularly defective were "the post-houses," which, as one traveler in 1776 remarks, "are not always places of reception as with us: many of them are ordinary farm-houses; and when they are inns, they are frequently very indifferent." [2] In this matter, as in others, Young may be trusted to tell the truth as it was. At Moulins, in the Loire region, "I went," says he, "to the *Belle Image*, but found it so bad that I left it and went to the *Lyon d'Or*, which is worse. This capital of the Bourbonnois, and on the great post road to Italy, has not an inn equal to the little village of Chavanne." [3] What one might encounter off the main routes may be judged from Young's experience at Saint-Girons [4] in the Basses Pyrénées, a town of four or five thousand inhabitants, where he was forced to put up at a public house undeserving the name of inn. "A wretched hag, the demon of beastliness, presides there. I laid [!] not rested, in a chamber over a stable, whose effluviae [!] through the broken floor were the least offensive of the perfumes afforded by this hideous place. It could give me but two stale eggs, for which I paid exclusive of all other charges, 20*f*. . . . But the inns all the way from Nismes are wretched, except at Lodeve, Gange, Carcasonne, and Mirepoix." [5]

Of the road near Mayres in Ardèche he says: "It conducts, according to custom, to a miserable inn, but with a large stable." [6] After dining one day at Viviers and passing the Rhone, he remarks: "After the wretched inns of the Vivarais, dirt, filth, bugs, and starving, to arrive at the Hotel de Monsieur, at Montilimart, a great and excellent inn, was something like the arrival in France from Spain." [7]

With Young's comments before us we may be the more inclined to give credence to the peppery Smollett, whose journey antedates Young's by about a quarter of a century,

and who declares that "Through the whole south of France, except in large cities, the inns are cold, damp, dark, dismal, and dirty; the landlords equally disobliging and rapacious; the servants aukward, sluttish and slothful." [1]

Particularly shocking to travelers of our day would appear the entire lack of sanitary conveniences. In fact, until very recently Gallic ideals in matters of personal cleanliness and sanitation have called forth unfavorable comment from English tourists, but the state of things in the eighteenth century one can hardly venture to describe.[2] Smollett has a fragrant passage on the "temple of Cloacina" connected with the inn at Nîmes which cannot be quoted, but which is worthy the attention of the inquiring reader.[3]

Englishmen were inclined also to be critical about French beds. Nugent warns the traveler: "After you have passed Boulogne, you will not find the beds like ours in England; for they raise them very high with several thick mattresses: their linen is ill-washed and worse dried, so that you must take particular care to see the sheets aired." [4]

With more particularity another Englishman comments on the beds in inns: "Two of them are always placed in the same room: they consist of a bed of straw at the bottom, then a large mattrass, then a feather-bed, then another large mattrass, upon which are the blankets, etc., with all which, the bed is so high, that a man with great difficulty climbs into it; and, if he were to tumble out of it by mischance, he would be in danger of breaking his bones upon a brick floor." [5]

But every traveler was tempted to magnify his experience and to regard it as typical. If he found in one city that the "beds seemed stuffed with potatoes rather than feathers," [6] he easily assumed that French beds were usually of the same sort. It is well to remember that Arthur Young distinctly says: "Beds are better in France; in England they are good only at good inns; and we have none of that torment, which is so perplexing in England, to have

the sheets aired." [1] Beyond question, however, in French beds the lurking devourer was only too common, and made the unseasoned traveler writhe. Sterne went from Paris to Nîmes in 1762 and suffered the usual experiences of the stranger. "Good God! we were toasted, roasted, grill'd, stew'd, and carbonaded on one side or other all the way — and being all done enough (*assez cuits*) in the day, we were ate up at night by bugs, and other unswept out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length of possession gives right) of every inn we lay at." [2]

But if French beds evoked occasional criticism, not much was to be urged against the French table — at its best. Then as now French cookery was famous and to most English tourists it came as a revelation. "The common cookery of the French," says Young, "gives great advantage. It is true they roast every thing to a chip, if they are not cautioned, but they give such a number and variety of dishes, that if you do not like some there are others to please your palate. The desert at a French inn has no rival at an English one." [3]

Yet at the wayside inn in France the tourist not infrequently encountered gastronomic horrors, or what were such to him; and even at well-kept houses more than one English tourist longed for the fleshpots of his island home — the plain boiled greens, the plain boiled mutton, and the unadorned roasts of his native land, guiltless of sauces and naked in their simplicity, in preference to the most ambitious productions of the French chef. [4] Of such was Smollett, who, when complaints were to be made, rarely failed. "I and my family could not well dispense with our toast in the morning, and had no stomach to eat at noon. For my own part, I hate the French cookery, and abominate garlick, with which all their ragouts in this part of the country are highly seasoned." [5] But Smollett stood by no means alone. Horace Walpole writes to West from Paris in 1739: "At dinner they give you three courses; but a third of the dishes is patched up with sallads, butter, puff-paste, or some such miscarriage of a dish." [6]

In these messes there was a great show of viands, but on the tables of too many inns there was no superabundance of real food, and there was no shadow of doubt as to when the meal had come to a conclusion. An Englishman who had lived long abroad comments sharply in "A Description of Holland" [1] upon the niggardly supply of eatables afforded by many French innkeepers: "They have not heart to provide handsomly for their guests, and are so saving and penurious, the foible and habit of their nation, that they count every bit one puts into one's mouth. They are as well pleased to see their dishes not touched, as a hearty English landlord is displeased, when he thinks his guest does not like his victuals." Another earlier fault-finder observes: "'Tis a great inconvenience to travel in France upon a fish-day; for 'tis a hard matter to get anything to eat but stinking fish or rotten eggs." [2]

A common and well-grounded complaint was that the drinking-water was often unfit for use, particularly at Paris, where the supply was drawn from the narrow and dirty Seine,[3] and had to be filtered. Those who could afford it drank *Eau de Roy* from Ville d'Avray.[4]

English tourists were cautioned also not to go to France without a knife and fork, for, says "The Gentleman's Guide," [5] "if you neglect taking [them] with you, you'll often run the risk of losing your dinner."

Still another opportunity for criticism was afforded by the usual hour for dinner. To gentlemen who felt bound to conform to French conventions in order to be admitted to society, the noon dinner, "customary all over France, except by persons of considerable fashion at Paris," appeared a serious waste of time.[6] "We dress for dinner in England with propriety," says Young, "as the rest of the day is dedicated to ease, to converse, and relaxation; but by doing it at noon too much time is lost. What is a man good for after his silk breeches and stockings are on, his hat under his arm, and his head *bien poudré*?" And we must grant that Young is right.

This rapid glance at the eighteenth-century French inn

is perhaps sufficient to enable us to realize its main features. But we must remember that as a usual thing the inn was for the accommodation of the transient guest. Strangers making a considerable stay abroad commonly found quarters in a private house. As we shall see later, Rheims, Tours, Montpellier, Toulouse, Dijon, and other provincial cities attracted many English tourists for weeks and even months at a time and afforded comfortable living at prices that Englishmen could hardly imagine possible. Most English tourists spent as much time as they could afford in Paris, and if they had an eye to economy they set up a modest establishment of their own in hired lodgings. From Nugent's handbook on the grand tour they could learn precisely what they might expect and what they would have to furnish: "You will hardly get an apartment to please you up two pair of stairs for less than 15 or 20 livres a week. . . . Your servant, for about fifteen shillings, English, will immediately set you up for a housekeeper, by buying you a tin tea-kettle, some charcoal, and a dish, some tea-cups, saucers, milk-pot, a decanter, and about half a dozen glasses; he will also buy you French rolls and sugar, and good hyson tea for about 17 livres a pound; and so much for breakfast. With regard to your dinners and suppers, if you choose to live in a family way, you had best have them drest and sent in by a cook, or from a tavern to your lodgings, at your own hour, and he will find you linen and knives. For eight livres a day, you may have for dinner two good dishes and a soop, which will serve four in company, and servants." [1]

III

Italian Inns

In the low quality of the inns the greater part of Italy was a close rival to the most neglected regions of Europe. The comments in books of travel on the shortcomings of Italian inns, particularly those of country towns, present

no very inviting picture. Some criticism doubtless means little more than that the ways of the inns were Italian rather than English. But at best the average hostelry left much to be desired. Eustace had an extended experience throughout the peninsula, and he remarks: "In Italy . . . the little country inns are dirty, but the greater inns, particularly in Rome, Naples, Florence, and Venice, are good, and in general the linen is clean, and the beds are excellent. As for diet, in country towns, the traveller will find plenty of provisions, though seldom prepared according to his taste."[1] Even the fastidious De Brosses is moved to protest against indiscriminate condemnation of the accommodations provided for travelers in Italy. "Everybody says that the inns of Italy are detestable. That is not true. One is very well entertained in the better towns. In the villages, to be sure, one is badly off; but that is no marvel, it is the same in France."[2]

But the comments of Dr. Moore probably express the actual effect of Italian hotels upon the average, inexperienced English tourist. "Strangers . . . whose senses are far more powerful than their fancy, when they are so ill-advised as to come so far from home, generally make this journey in very ill humour, fretting at Italian beds, fuming against Italian cooks, and execrating every poor little Italian flea that they meet with on the road."[3] Dr. Moore possibly had in mind the English tourist Sharp, who certainly expresses no great delight over his experiences: "We arrived at this place [Rome], after a journey of seven days, with accommodations uncomfortable enough. Give what scope you please to your fancy, you will never imagine half the disagreeableness that Italian beds, Italian cooks, Italian post-horses, Italian postilions, and Italian nastiness offer to an Englishman in an Italian journey; much more to an English woman. At Turin, Milan, Venice, Rome, and, perhaps, two or three other towns, you meet with good accommodation; but no words can express the wretchedness of the other inns. No other bed but one of straw, and next to that a dirty sheet, sprinkled with water,

and, consequently, damp; for a covering you have another sheet, as coarse as the first, and as coarse as one of our kitchen jack-towels, with a dirty coverlet. The bedsted consists of four wooden forms, or benches; An English Peer and Peeress must lye in this manner, unless they carry an upholsterer's shop with them, which is very troublesome. There are, by the bye, no such things as curtains, and hardly, from Venice to Rome, that cleanly and most useful invention, a privy; so that what should be collected and buried in oblivion, is for ever under your nose and eyes." [1]

Sharp goes on to damn the dirtiness of the pewter plates and dishes, as well as the tablecloths and napkins. The food is vile. "The bread all the way is exceedingly bad, and the butter so rancid, it cannot be touch'd, or even borne within the reach of our smell." [2] "But what is a greater evil to travelers than any of the above recited, though not peculiar to the Loretto road, is the infinite number of gnats, bugs, fleas, and lice, which infest us by night and by day. You will grant, after this description of the horrors of an Italian journey, that one ought to take no small pleasure in treading on classic ground: yet, believe me, I have not caricatured; every article of it is literally true." [3]

Sharp certainly appears to speak from a full heart, and his Italian critic Baretti practically admits that the charges are in part true. But he points out that Sharp went by an "unfrequent road to Rome," and that he might easily have obtained from Italians of good social position letters of introduction to their friends along the road "who would have occasionally accommodated him better than he was at the inns, where his Vetturino thought proper to carry him; to which inns few Italians of any note resort." [4] They stay, says Baretti, with their friends, or put up at convents.

Baretti's defense of his compatriots, in this as in some other cases, does not squarely meet the criticism of fair-minded tourists, who had already anticipated in the seventeenth century about all that was said against the inns of the eighteenth century. "The inns are wretched and

ill-furnished," says Burnet, "both for lodging and diet; this is the plague of all Italy, when once one hath pass'd the Appennines; for except in the great towns, one really suffers so much that way, that the pleasure of travelling is much abated by the inconveniences that one meets in every stage through which he passes." [1]

Misson's general estimate agrees with Burnet's: "'Tis by no means convenient to travel in companies in Italy; the inns are so miserable that oftentimes they can neither accommodate their guests with meat nor beds, when they are too numerous." [2]

Nugent improves upon Misson, whose phrasing he slightly varies but without acknowledging his source: "But 'tis very improper to travel in large companies in Italy, for the inns are generally so very miserable that oftentimes they can find neither beds nor provisions when the company is too numerous. To prevent therefore the inconveniences of a bad lodging, those that do not carry a complete bed with them ought at least to make a provision of a light quilt, a pillow, a coverlet, and two very fine bed-cloths, that they may make but a small bundle." One may travel very easily with these conveniences rolled up in a sack, lined with waxed cloth, three and a half feet high, and less than two in diameter, when full; which, being light, is easily carried with the portmanteau and is of no charge. "However, if this should appear troublesome, 'tis advisable at least to travel with sheets, and upon coming to an indifferent inn you may call for fresh straw and lay a clean sheet over it." [3]

On this matter the English tourist Sharp remarks: "It is curious to observe how careless they are of damp sheets all through Italy, and the people at inns are so little apprised of an objection to damp sheets that when you begin to beg they would hang them before the fire, they desire you will feel how wet they are, being prepossessed that you mean they have not been washed." [4] Sharp was an inveterate fault-finder, whom Baretti rightly took to task for misrepresentation, but even Baretti admits: "The

beds indeed you will find bad enough in many places; and you must have a care never to sleep but in your own sheets, because the inn-keepers, when they are poor, are generally ill-provided, and are even rogues into the bargain, that will swear no body has slept in the sheets they offer, though the contrary is very apparent; nor will it be amiss to have a thin mattress of your own, stuffed with feathers or Spanish wool, to throw over the mattresses of the inn." [1]

Of Italian beds the English tourist James Edward Smith is one of the few defenders: "In justice to the poor traduced inns of Italy, I think it right to mention here that for the first time," in a little village twenty-two miles from Viterbo, "we met with damp sheets, and were obliged to have them dried. I do not think I ever discovered dirty sheets in Italy, though always very scrupulous in my examinations on that head. England is certainly the most indelicate of all civilized nations with respect to bed and table linen. Our great inns are less to be trusted about sheets than any abroad." [2]

In many other ways the inns were sadly lacking in the most elementary comfort. Smollett and his party went to the inn at San Remo, said to be the best in the place: "We ascended by a dark, narrow, steep stair, into a kind of public room, with a long table and benches, so dirty and miserable that it would disgrace the worst hedge ale-house in England. Not a soul appeared to receive us. This is a ceremony one must not expect to meet with in France, far less in Italy." At last they got some poor rooms, very badly furnished, and bad food. He adds: "You must not expect cleanliness or conveniency of any kind in this country. For this accommodation I payed as much as if I had been elegantly entertained in the best auberge of France or Italy." [3]

The food was commonly of wretched quality, except in the large towns, and one was advised to pick up food for luncheons on the way.[4] Even the large cities could not uniformly be depended upon to make the passing tourist comfortable. Genoa was styled "the superb," but "the

inns of Genoa," we are told, "afford but indifferent accommodations. The wine is not very excellent, though they have it in sealed bottles from the vaults of the republic."[1]

The main roads to Rome were more traveled than, perhaps, any others in Italy, but we have numberless complaints that the inns were abominable. Travelers going on the main road to Rome from Siena had at least to halt at Acquapendente. Here, says one tourist: "We were told that the man who kept the hostry where we inn'd was the most wealthy person in the place. He had only two or three ragged servants, and waited at table himself."[2] All the way, in fact, "from Sienna to Aquapendente," says Keysler, ". . . the post-houses stand single, and afford but very indifferent entertainment."[3]

Even worse, if possible, was the condition of affairs on the central route from Rome to Florence through Terni and Perugia. As we might expect, that chronic grumbler Smollett on this route quite outdoes himself in describing some of his places of entertainment: "Great part of this way lies over steep mountains, or along the side of precipices, which render travelling in a carriage exceeding tedious, dreadful, and dangerous; and as for the public houses, they are in all respects the most execrable that ever I entered. I will venture to say that a common prisoner in the Marshalsea or King's-Bench is more cleanly and commodiously lodged than we were in many places on this road. The houses are abominably nasty, and generally destitute of provision; when eatables were found we were almost poisoned by their cookery: their beds were without curtains or bedstead, and their windows without glass; and for this sort of entertainment we payed as much as if we had been genteelly lodged and sumptuously treated. I repeat again; of all the people I ever knew, the Italians are the most villainously rapacious."[4]

In going from Perugia to Florence, over the mountains, he put up at "a small village, the name of which," he says, "I do not remember. The house was dismal and dirty beyond all description; the bed-cloaths filthy enough to

turn the stomach of a muleteer; and the victuals cooked in such a manner that even a Hottentot could not have beheld them without loathing." [1]

All this is moving enough. But to some extent the experience of the traveler was shaped by chance. Unfamiliar with the country or the language he was often as likely to get the worst accommodations as the best. The irascible Sharp was as ready to complain as Smollett, but even Sharp, on returning from Rome to Florence, finds endurable inns along the road. He writes from Florence, "We arrived here last night, after a journey of four days from Rome, and found much more agreeable accommodations than we experienced either on the road to Rome from Venice, or to Naples from Rome; indeed, to do justice to the inns, we met with so much cleanliness, and such good beds, that we found ourselves most agreeably disappointed in these articles." [2] And again: "The country from Bologna to this place [Alexandria] is a delightful, fertile plain, and the accommodations so much better than those we meet with on the road to Rome by the way of Loretto, that I desire you will make the distinction betwixt my journey thither and my return, whenever you give a character of Italy from my letters." [3]

Bad as were the majority of the country inns north of Rome, those between Rome and Naples were worse, and they called forth endless complaints.[4] In general, observes Gorani, "the inns of these kingdoms" — Naples and Sicily — "do not deserve to bear the name. Nothing is to be found there but water, bad wine, and bread still worse." [5] On the road between Rome and Naples "they gave us for supper," says Misson, "cheese made with the milk of buffles; and we were forced to lie upon mattresses, which, I think, were made with stones of peaches." [6] "All the way to Naples," says the querulous Sharp, "we never once crept within the sheets, not daring to encounter the vermin and nastiness of those beds." [7] He elsewhere observes: "Some of the inns on this road exceed in filth and bad accommodations all that I have ever written on that subject

before: I do sincerely believe, that they no more think of wiping down a cobweb in a bed-chamber, than our farmers do of sweeping them away in an old barn." [1] He speaks of whole ceilings covered with spiders.

The ill-kept inns merely reflected the sluttishness of the inhabitants, which must have been notable to call forth the following outburst from the usually genial Burnet: "It amazes a stranger to see in their little towns the whole men of the town walking in the market-places in their torn cloaks, and doing nothing. And tho' in some big towns, such as Capua, there is but one inn, yet even that is so miserable that the best room and bed in it is so bad that our footmen in England would make a grievous outcry if they were no better lodged. Nor is there any thing to be had in them; the wine is intolerable, the bread ill-baked, no victuals, except pigeons, and the oil is rotten. In short, except one carries his whole provision from Rome or Naples, he must resolve to endure a good deal of misery in the four days' journey that is between those two places." [2] What was true of the inns along the great road between Rome and Naples was tenfold worse in the extreme South, where tourists never ventured.

With these facts before us we may be led to do injustice to the inns in the larger towns and cities where tourists made their longer stay. There were some well-known hotels at Venice, at Florence, at Bologna,[3] and elsewhere. But De Brosses tells us that at Rome the Auberge du Mont d'Or, in the Piazza di Spagna, was perhaps the only good inn for strangers in the city. He adds in explanation that it was not customary to live at a hotel except just long enough to enable one to find a furnished room elsewhere.[4] In Rome travelers generally lodged in or near the Piazza di Spagna, which has to this day remained a popular quarter with foreigners. Nugent names some of the best inns at Rome. "But," he adds, "those who intend to make any stay had better hire furnished apartments, which are very reasonable; for you may be accommodated with a palazzo, as they call it, or a handsome furnished house for

about six guineas a month."[1] The tourist who went to Naples was informed that "the Cardinal's Hat and the Three Kings are reckoned the best inns in Naples,[2] at which houses the English gentlemen commonly lodge. The apartments are indifferent, but the accommodations extremely good, and the cooks generally excellent. The following are some precautions that may be of service to travellers. If any gentleman intends to make a considerable stay here, the best way will be to take a ready-furnished lodging in or near the Piazzo[3] de Castello, from whence there is a beautiful prospect of the sea. It is a fine open place, with several good inns near it, from whence provisions may be had well dressed, and sent hot at any time. As to wine, there are many eminent merchants who have noble cellars, and very cool, where variety of wines may be had exceedingly cheap: for three shillings and three-pence a barrel of excellent wine, containing nine gallons, may be bought. This hint will be of service to those who chuse a private apartment of their own, rather than a public inn. Strangers should be very careful in their transactions with the lower class of people, who have the art of deceiving in a superlative degree. Here are also a parcel of fellows who speak a little broken English, and will offer their services as guides, or valets; but the Neapolitans of this class exceed their fraternity in all other places in knavery."[4]

At Venice, too, Nugent advises "those who intend to spend some months" there "to hire a furnished house. There are always some apartments to be let in the Procuratie, which indeed is the dearest, but at the same time the finest, part of the town."[5] In general, he recommends taking furnished apartments in "most other places."

As already observed, the food to be obtained at wayside inns was, to English travelers, almost uneatable. Generally the kitchen was the least inviting part of the inn — dirty, ill-kept, and ill-supplied.[6] Burnet's remarks[7] late in the seventeenth century, held true in many districts until the end of the eighteenth: "A traveller in many places finds almost nothing, and is so ill furnished that if he does not

buy provisions in the great towns, he will be obliged to a very severe diet, in a country that he should think flow'd with milk and honey." [1]

At all events, tourists who consulted their own comfort did not trust the larder of the wayside inn or even that of the more pretentious hostelry in towns of considerable size. Mariana Starke's party, when going to Palestrina, took provisions with them, though, as she says, the inn was "not very bad." The inn at Frascati was "tolerably good," but it was "advisable . . . for travellers to carry cold meat with them." [2] And this was late in the eighteenth century.

But in the days of slow and costly transportation, the traveler who could not carry a kitchen and a storehouse with him was usually compelled to accept the unmodified fare of each district, and this naturally varied with every posting-station. In any case, the wealthy Englishman, accustomed to a generous table with abundance of meat, found the usual Italian fare very meager, and he was not reconciled to the lack of roast beef and mutton by the abundance of salad and macaroni. The difference in English and Italian temperament and habits was fundamental. "Few Italians," says Baretti, "can endure beef at their tables. Many English ministers residing at our courts and many English gentlemen habituated in the country, finding the beef to their taste in several parts of Italy, have kindly endeavoured to bring it into fashion, and would persuade us to eat it roasted." [3] The place of beef was supplied by "kid, dressed in various manners, the staple food of the Italian travellers, and which is often so various in quality, that some have thought its place is occasionally supplied by a canine representative." [4]

In the middle of the nineteenth century, we are told, "Butter was nearly unknown in Rome forty years since. There is now, however, a large dairy near the tomb to Cecilia Metella, where it may be had very good. This progress is owing to the arrival at Rome of numerous English travellers. As the Roman dairies, however, do not pro-

vide sufficient during the winter, a certain quantity is received from Lombardy.[1] The price is then thirty bajocchi [2] per pound, but in the summer it is only fourteen." [3]

Another notable fact is cited by Baretti in 1766: "We have not yet the use of potatoes. An English consul in Venice cultivates them with good success in his fine garden not far from Mestre, a place about five miles from Venice: but few of his Italian guests will touch them." [4]

As a striking hint of what might be lacking in really remote parts of the country we may note that at the very end of the eighteenth century the suggestion is made that: "Families who remove from Naples to the neighborhood of Sorrento during the summer season would do well to take with them wine, vinegar, candles, soap, sugar, tea, coffee, and medicines." [5] Yet Sorrento is only across the bay from Naples. At Naples itself tea and sugar were very dear.[6]

Even at Tivoli, four or five hours' drive from Rome, and very much frequented, one fared badly. "Persons who care much about eating should take meat, bread, and wine, with them, as fish and eggs are the only provision likely to be found at Tivoli." [7] In our own day the entertainment set before the transient guest at Tivoli is far from ideal.

Beyond all question, the English tourist who wished to be even moderately satisfied with his daily food was well advised to keep close to the main centers of supply. And in cities like Turin and Milan and Venice and Padua and Florence and Rome he had small ground for complaint. The bread of Padua, the wine of Vicenza, the tripe of Treviso were proverbially good.[8] Moreover, we may well believe, that under favorable conditions an eighteenth-century tourist who gave himself the necessary trouble could, in most of the larger Italian cities, secure quarters that were reasonably satisfactory, except perhaps in winter. But what average comfort in winter meant in Italy we may judge from the fact that Goethe's room in Naples had no fireplace and no chimney, though he was there in February.[9] Walpole suffered greatly from the cold in Flor-

ence, and that, too, in the house of an ambassador. In any case, if the tourist chose to play the part of an explorer off the beaten track, he found himself compelled to live like a half-starved peasant and to submit to hardships for which he was entirely unprepared.

IV

Inns in Germany

Many of the inns of Germany put a severe strain upon the patience of the tourist. In the larger towns he could find tolerable accommodations, and in a few cities he fared as well as anywhere in Europe. At Frankfort, for example, he could go to the Emperor or the Red House, which, "for cleanliness, conveniency, and number of apartments," vied "with the most magnificent inns in England." [1] Possibly one reason for the prosperity of the Frankfort inns was that they claimed as a guest every stranger who arrived in the city. "The innkeepers," we are told, "will not allow a stranger to take up his quarters at a private house, even though he eats at his inn." [2] Among the cities having inns of high reputation we may note Halberstadt, which in our day is merely a small city with an interesting cathedral and quaint, half-timbered houses. But a century and a half ago it boasted an inn which was in the same class with the Three Kings at Augsburg, and one of the largest in Europe.[3] As for Augsburg, "there are," says Nugent, "several good inns in the city, as the Imperial Court, the Crown, the King of the Romans; but the Three Kings is one of the best houses in Germany, and by some reckoned the most magnificent inn in Europe. Here the nobility assemble commonly every evening in a fine hall well lighted, where they game, sup and dance." [4] Nuremberg, too, afforded already in the time of Misson comfortable entertainment for the passing stranger, and so did Munich and Dresden and Berlin.

The inns of Vienna were variously judged, according to

the tourist's experience, but they had a reputation for overcharging, which is fairly maintained in our day. The tourist was advised: "There are a great many very good inns at Vienna, as the Court of Bavaria, the Golden Crown, the Black Eagle, the Black Elephant, etc., but in general they are very dear. Those who have occasion to be careful in their expenses should therefore board in private houses if they intend to make any stay in this capital." [1] Mariana Starke, at the end of the century, is less complimentary: "The inns of this City are bad and dear; Wolf's is deemed the best, and The White Bull once was tolerable; but the present master is so notorious a Cheat as not to scruple, after making a clear bargain, to deviate from it in every particular; besides which, his dinners are so bad that it is scarcely possible to eat them. Indeed, the only way of living comfortably at Vienna is to take a private lodging." [2] At Hamburg, says the same writer, the inns were "neither good nor cheap." . . . Private lodgings could be obtained; though, like the inns, they were "bad and dear." [3]

But the worst accommodations in the cities were luxurious in comparison with what was to be found in some of the country districts. Says a tourist in the latter part of the century, "Nothing can be more wretched than the country you pass through in travelling through Westphalia; the wretched inhabitants uniting poverty with pride, live with their hogs in mud-walled cottages, a dozen of which is called, by courtesy, a village, surrounded by black heaths, and wild uncultivated plains, over which the unresisted winds sweep with a velocity scarce to be conceived." [4] This picture is highly colored and not so flattering as some contemporary German estimates of Westphalia, but conditions in that region were, at all events, not arranged primarily for the tourist. "In the small villages," says Riesbeck, "there are no inns, and a man is forced to put up with the small farmers, who have nothing to set before him but brandy or potatoes, or some salted bacon and brown bread made of bran." [5] The bacon, it may be remarked, was cured in the house, which had "no outlet

for smoke but the door." "In regard to bed, [the traveller] must tumble pell-mell in a large kind of barn, where the landlord and landlady, men and maidservants, and passengers of both sexes, cows, sheep, and horses pig all together on the ground; and happy he that's accommodated with comfortable clean straw. . . . In cities or large towns one is somewhat better entertained; though there is little occasion to commend their very best accommodations." [1]

Lady Mary Montagu traveled through Germany in 1716, and, writing from Cologne, says: "We hired horses from Nimeguen hither, not having the conveniency of the post, and found but very indifferent accommodations at Reinberg, our first stage; but that was nothing to what I suffered yesterday. We were in hopes to reach Cologn; our horses tired at Stamel, three hours from it, where I was forced to pass the night in my clothes, in a room not at all better than a hovel; for though I have my own bed with me, I had no mind to undress, where the wind came from a thousand places." [2]

When she reached Bohemia in November she pronounced it "the most desert of any I have seen in Germany. The villages are so poor, and the post-houses so miserable, that clean straw and fair water are blessings not always to be met with, and better accommodation not to be hoped for. Though I carried my own bed with me, I could not sometimes find a place to set it up in; and I rather chose to travel all night, as cold as it is, wrapped up in my furs, than to go into the common stoves, which are filled with a mixture of all sorts of ill scents." [3]

What was true of these regions applied equally to the south side of the Erzgebirge, where the inns were "not a jot better than the Spanish ones." [4]

In traveling through Friuli, in the extreme northeast of Italy, and the Austrian Duchy of Carniola, Dr. Moore declares, "The inns are as bad as the roads are good; for which reason we chose to sleep on the latter rather than in the former, and actually travelled five days and nights

without stopping any longer than was necessary to change horses." [1]

As for the neighboring Poland, "The duke of York, bishop of Osnabrück, and uncle to his present Majesty King George, said a very pertinent thing. . . . 'That he did not know a country where travellers were more at home than in Poland, because they were always making use of their own furniture.'" [2] One hardly found a chair to sit down upon.

The comments of most tourists in Germany are amply confirmed by Nugent. Of travel in Germany he says that it "is cheaper than in most parts of Europe." But, he adds, "The accommodations in general are very indifferent upon the road, as well in respect to provisions as lodging; [3] very few public houses (except in some provinces, as Saxony and Austria) being provided with regular entertainment for passengers. . . . In their houses one seldom sees a fire,[4] except in the kitchen; but their rooms are heated by a stove or oven to what degree they desire. There is one thing very particular to them, that they do not cover themselves with bed-clothes, but lay one feather-bed over, and another under. This is comfortable enough in winter, but how they can bear the feather-beds over them in summer, as is generally practised, I cannot conceive." [5]

The German feather bed occasionally puzzled foreign tourists. "Some poor Frenchmen being conducted to their bedchamber, one of them espying a feather-bed over, and another under, imagined that there was a design to make them lie one upon another for want of room. Upon which he addressed himself to the servant, and desired him to choose one of his lightest companions to put over him, alledging that he was not accustomed to lie in this manner." [6]

Nor did Englishmen take kindly to the German type of bed. All readers of Hood's "Up the Rhine" will recall the picture of the "worthy uncle" of one of the party found in the morning "lying broad awake, on his back, in a true German bedstead — a sort of wooden box or trough, so much too short for him, that his legs extended half-a-

yard beyond it on either side of the foot-board. Above him, on his chest and stomach, from his chin to his knees, lay a huge squab or cushion, covered with a gay-patterned chintz, and ornamented at each corner with a fine tassel, — looking equally handsome, glossy, cold, and uncomfortable. For fear of deranging this article, he could only turn his eyes towards me as I entered, and when he spoke, it was with a voice that seemed weak and broken from exhaustion. 'Frank, I've passed a miserable night. . . . I have n't — slept — a wink. . . . Did you ever see such a thing as that?' with a slight nod and roll of his eyes towards the cushion. I shook my head. 'If I moved — it fell off; and if I did n't, I got — the cramp.'"

In general, the German conception of comfort was not English. "The Germans seldom have a wash-hand basin in any of their country inns; and even at Villach, a large town, we could not find one: the inn we slept at, however, (its sign The Crown,) is clean and good, though tall people cannot sleep comfortably either here or in any part of Germany: the beds, which are very narrow, being placed in wooden frames, or boxes, so short that any body who happens to be above five feet high must absolutely sit up all night supported by pillows; and this is, in fact, the way in which the Germans sleep." [1]

As for food, travelers were advised to carry provisions between towns, for there was no certainty of finding much that was good along the road but wine.[2] A hundred and fifty years ago, to a far greater degree than is now the case, inns throughout Europe were dependent upon the supplies from the immediate neighborhood, and where this was unproductive the inn table provided starvation fare. Particularly was this the case in Westphalia, where in the towns the traveler fared ill, and "in the public inns along the road and in small places" he was entertained with "miserable pompernickel, with bacon half raw, and wretched beer." [3]

In more favored regions the guest had an embarrassment of choice; and it is needless to specify more than one or two

typical cities. Cogan gives particulars of an elaborate dinner, handsomely served, that he got at Düsseldorf, with "soups, fish, roast and boiled meats, game, poultry, vegetables, and fruits of various kinds . . ." for which he paid tenpence.[1] Excellent fare also was to be had at Prague; "the poultry is peculiarly good; there is a plenty of game that is astonishing; no inn so wretched but you have a pheasant for your supper, and often partridge soup." [2] But this same writer warns travelers going from Vienna to Prague that the fare along the road is indifferent, and that "it would be perhaps more prudent to carry some cold provisions with you in your chaise." [3]

Nor were provisions the only necessaries of the table that the fastidious traveler might carry. In journeying through Austria, says Mariana Starke, "We were actually obliged to purchase a couple of tablecloths and six napkins on our journey, so terribly were we annoyed by the dirty linen which was produced everywhere but in the very large towns." [4]

Balancing the good with the bad we may easily see that, to one bent upon pleasure, travel in Germany a century and a half ago seemed to offer rather more annoyance than satisfaction. At all events, comfort was hardly to be found outside a few large towns.

V

The Inns of the Low Countries

On some of the inns of the Low Countries much praise was bestowed by eighteenth-century travelers. The inns of The Hague were declared by one writer to be undoubtedly the best in the world.[5] Nugent says of the inns or eating-houses at Brussels that they "are equal to any in Europe; and a stranger has this advantage, that for less than twenty-pence English, he knows where to dine at any time betwixt twelve and three on seven or eight dishes. The wines are very good and cheap; and for six-pence English by the hour,

you have a coach that carries you wherever you have a mind." [1]

As a capital city Brussels, which even then aspired in a small way to rival Paris, had the most luxurious inns in the Austrian Low Countries, but one could be very comfortable at Ghent, at Bruges, at Liège, at Ypres, and in many other places. Young pronounces the Concierge at Dunkirk "a good inn, as indeed I have found in all Flanders." [2]

Owing to the frequent intercourse between England and Holland there were in more than one Dutch city English houses for the entertainment of strangers. Of such houses in Amsterdam there were usually two or three.[3] At The Hague there was "a good house" whither English travelers "who speak no language but their own may resort,"[4] and similar accommodation was to be had at Leyden and especially at Rotterdam. Special advantages of these English houses were that not only were they as cheap as the Dutch inns, but they provided "victuals dressed after the English way" and were less likely to impose upon unwary tourists. The names and character of the houses could be learned from the captain of the vessel one crossed on or from the merchant to whom one was recommended.[5]

Inns that were thoroughly Dutch were as a rule impregnated with the smell of tobacco, and on the tea-tables had spitting-pots placed "often much too like the cream pot in shape." [6] But to the general neatness of the Dutch inns all travelers bear witness. The floors were daily scoured and sanded, and the silver and pewter and copper platters shone like mirrors. Clean linen and soft beds might be safely counted on at the inns and public houses throughout the country.

Yet there were some drawbacks. "Their bedsteads, or rather cabins in the sides of the wall, are placed so high, that a man may break his neck, if he happens to fall out of them. Besides, a traveller must be content to lie with half a dozen people, or more, in the same room, and be disturbed all night long by somebody or other, if the churl

of a landlord chooses to have it so. It is true, in the cities you are accommodated in a genteeler way. There is no disputing with a Dutch innkeeper, either about the reckoning or any other particular; if you find fault with his bill (tho' properly speaking they make no bills, but bring in the reckoning by word of mouth) he will immediately raise it, and procure a magistrate to levy his demands by force." [1]

Strangers making a longer stay than the ordinary transient guest found their advantage in taking private lodgings, which at The Hague cost about the same as in London, and commonly permitted the lodger to board in the same house at a moderate expense.[2]

CHAPTER VII

THE TOURIST AND THE TUTOR

I

Up to this point the traveler himself has necessarily been crowded into the background, but from now on he must be the center of interest. In order to understand the fondness of Englishmen for travel in the eighteenth century, we must, however, glance for a moment at the growing prosperity of England in the period we are studying and endeavor to realize the conditions that in some sense made touring a social obligation.

The eighteenth century wrought a vast transformation in England, though, owing to the lack of startling events on English soil, the casual reader of English social history too often thinks of the eighteenth century as a time of stagnation. Yet the War of the Spanish Succession, the great religious revival, the Seven Years' War, the conquest of India, the long war with the American colonies, the development of colonies in the four quarters of the globe, and the vast increase in commerce — these, and scores of other things that might be cited, are enough to prove that Englishmen were constantly receiving new impressions from every side.

More than ever before Englishmen were interested in foreign lands and travel, and, particularly after the Seven Years' War, they flocked to the Continent in great numbers. There were, indeed, few places so remote that one could safely count on finding no English tourists there. But in general they tended to follow conventional routes and to flock together in great numbers in a few centers.

First and last, the number of English travelers in Italy was considerable. Baretti, who published his "Manners

and Customs of Italy" in 1768, estimates that in the preceding seventeen years "more than ten thousand English (masters and servants) have been running up and down Italy." The aggregate appears large, but when we consider that this means no more than five or six hundred a year we see that out of a population of six or seven millions scarcely one Englishman in ten thousand found his way to Italy.

"But in the latter half of the century the movement towards the Continent was much more general, and foreign travel became the predominating passion of a large portion of the English people. 'Where one Englishman traveled,' wrote an acute observer in 1772, 'in the reigns of the first two Georges, ten now go on a grand tour. Indeed, to such a pitch is the spirit of travelling come in the kingdom, that there is scarce a citizen of large fortune but takes a flying view of France, Italy, and Germany in a summer excursion.' [1] Gibbon wrote from Lausanne describing the crowd of English who were already thronging the beautiful shores of Lake Leman, and he mentions that he was told — though it seemed to him incredible — that in the summer of 1785 more than 40,000 English — masters and servants — were on the Continent." [2]

But there was a vast difference between the scholars who poured into Italy to garner the new learning at the time of the Revival of Letters and the young spendthrifts of the eighteenth century who dawdled away their time in the capitals of the Continent. Apart from individual differences, the Englishmen who traveled in the first half of the century had much in common. Most of them belonged to wealthy, and many to titled, families. In the course of the century the increasing wealth of the mercantile and professional classes brought a large increase in the number of young tourists, with a very short pedigree but a very long purse, who wished to gain whatever social distinction travel might confer. It is worth noting that, as had long been the case, a large proportion of the travelers were men. For this many reasons may be given; but, apart from the

fact that foreign travel was in a peculiar sense regarded as a necessary finish for a young gentleman's education, a sufficient explanation is found in the conditions under which the Continental tour was made.

As we have elsewhere noted, travel in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was extremely difficult and sometimes dangerous, and most women were physically unfitted to endure the strain of a long journey. With the increase of comfort and the improvement of roads, travel became somewhat easier, and Englishwomen, some of them very notable, ventured as far as Rome or Vienna. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu made the long journey to Constantinople and back, but up to the end of the eighteenth century women were far less numerous than men among Continental tourists. Lady Mary, in one of her letters, refers to the conclave at Rome, and adds, "We expect after it a fresh cargo of English; but, God be praised, I hear of no ladies among them." [1] Most parties of tourists afforded the same reason for gratitude.

With abundant wealth and leisure and with a more restless disposition than any other people in Europe,[2] the English were the most active travelers of the eighteenth century.[3] Men in society were expected to be familiar with the principal sights of the Continental cities, and to acquire in the chief capitals of Europe that knowledge of the world which marked the cosmopolitan. One could not be a member of the exclusive Dilettanti Club without being acquainted with Italy.[4]

But, obviously, when the grand tour became a conventional affair and merely an evidence of good breeding, it ceased to be primarily educational. In the eighteenth century, as in our own day, hosts of travelers flocked to the Continent from England with no other aim than to while away a few months or years as idly as possible.[5] Paris or Turin or Florence or Rome or Berlin in turn afforded them entertainment, and they asked for nothing more. Gallic smartness of repartee, a knowing air, an easy grace, counted for more in the circles in which they moved than familiarity

with art or history or science or any other serious subject. From the point of view of the wealthy young tourist, under no obligation to earn a living and with no expectation of putting his knowledge of foreign countries to any practical use, there was no pressing need of seeing anything thoroughly.

As might be expected, then, great numbers of travelers were at a loss to know how to spend their time abroad. The hours passed slowly between meals. They soon exhausted what little interest they had in seeing buildings and pictures that they were too ignorant to appreciate. They played cards with one another, took walks or drives into the country, and gathered in crowds to watch the arriving and departing diligences. They missed the familiar English sights, and were as uneasy as cats in a strange garret. Englishmen of this type traveled in order to spend their money and ease a vacant mind, and they were as dull and inane at Versailles or in the Coliseum as they were at St. James's or at Newmarket. In so far as they had any curiosity, it was reserved for "Palaces, gardens, statues, pictures, antiquities, and productions of art," [1] which they viewed in a hasty fashion. Insufficiently equipped to appreciate the significance of much that they saw, they drifted from one city to another, and were little the wiser for their trouble.

Our age is commonly described as a time of restless hurry, but we can hardly exceed the haste with which eighteenth-century travelers posted through interesting cities without stopping. The small distance that they covered in a day or week makes their progress as a whole seem leisurely,[2] but the remoteness of Rome or Vienna compelled them to push onward with little opportunity of seeing on the way many sights that were almost under their eyes. In many cases tourists neglected important sights through sheer indifference. Evelyn cites a typical instance. At Vicenza, says he, "I would fain have visited a Palace, called the Rotunda, which was a mile out of town, belonging to Count Martio Capra; but one of our companions hastening to be

gone, and little minding anything save drinking and folly, caused us to take coach sooner than we should have done." [1]

The unintelligent way in which many English travelers employed their time led moralists to regard much of the touring of the Continent as mere active idleness: "Too many of our young travellers betray the symptoms of this disease. The precipitation with which they hurry from place to place, the shortness of their stay where it ought to be of some duration, and its length where no reasons can justify it; their little notice of things deserving much consideration, and their extraordinary attention to matters of small moment; their neglect of useful or agreeable knowledge and information, and their shameful preference of uninteresting and trivial subjects; these and other instances of gross misconduct have long contributed to make travelling a business of great charge and little profit." [2]

"To lessen the Trouble which young *Dilettanti* often meet with Abroad in their *Virtuoso* Pursuits," says Breval, "has been one of my principal Aims in this Undertaking: So common it is to see them following a Wild Goose Chace under the conduct of some ignorant Tomb-shewer; overlooking Things of the greatest Importance, while their Attention is taken up with Trifles; and posting thro' a Town where they might spend a Week with Pleasure and Profit, to make a Month's Halt perhaps at another, which would be half a Day's Stop to a Man of Taste and Experience." [3]

To the same purport, but more picturesquely, Cogan remarks: "Should their road lead through Paradise itself; or should they have taken a long and tedious journey expressly to see the garden of Eden, it is a question whether our impetuous gentlemen would not tip the post-boy half a crown extraordinary to mend his pace, as they were driving through it!" [4]

People of other nationalities did not fail to remark upon the peculiar methods of the English. "The French have an opinion," says a contemporary English writer, "that the English are . . . in such a violent hurry upon the road,

that if some little delay is occasioned, they will rather leave their money behind than stay to recover it." [1]

Dupaty, in his "Letters on Italy," observes: "In a hundred there are not two that seek to instruct themselves. To cover leagues on land or on water; to take punch and tea at the inns; to speak ill of all the other nations, and to boast without ceasing of their own; that is what the *crowd* of the English call travelling. The post-book is the only one in which they instruct themselves." [2] They amply illustrate Babeau's comment on most travelers, that they see only the outsides of things, "monuments rather than men, . . . inns rather than houses, . . . routes rather than the country." [3]

As the sight-seeing was largely a conventional duty, some tourists wasted as little effort upon it as possible. Dr. Moore cites an amusing instance of economy of time in seeing Rome. "One young English gentleman, who happens not to be violently smitten with the charms of *virtu* and scorns to affect what he does not feel, thought that two or three hours a day for a month or six weeks together was rather too much time to bestow on a pursuit in which he felt no pleasure, and saw very little utility. The only advantage which, in his opinion, the greater part of us reaped from our six weeks' tour was that we could *say* we had seen a great many fine things which he had not seen. Being fully convinced that the business might be, with a little exertion, despatched in a very short space of time, he prevailed on a proper person to attend him; ordered a post chaise and four horses to be ready early in the morning, and driving through churches, palaces, villas, and ruins, with all possible expedition, he fairly saw, in two days, all that we had beheld during our crawling course of six weeks. I found afterwards, by the list he kept of what he had done, that we had not the advantage of him in a single picture, or the most mutilated remnant of a statue." [4]

Traveling with haste and inattention as they did, the observations of most tourists were of singularly little value. We have a good number of eighteenth-century ac-

counts of tours in France and Italy, but, although a few give evidence of competence for the task, the majority do little more than repeat the well-worn stock of conventional information. Walpole is a typical and very favorable example. He was in every fiber a man of the world and exceptionally clever; he could not fail to be entertaining if he tried; but many of his comments on things abroad are strikingly superficial. Two of his letters written in 1740, the first in January and the last in October, well illustrate how rapidly he lost his keen interest in the very sights he had gone so far to see. "I see several things that please me calmly, but, *a force d'en avoir vu*, I have left off screaming Lord! this! and Lord! that! To speak sincerely, Calais surprised me more than any thing I have seen since. I recollect the joy I used to propose if I could but see the Great Duke's gallery; I walk into it now with as little emotion as I should into St. Paul's." [1] "When I first came abroad every thing struck me, and I wrote its history; but now I am grown so used to be surprised, that I don't perceive any flutter in myself when I meet with any novelties; curiosity and astonishment wear off, and the next thing is, to fancy that other people know as much of places as one's self; or, at least, one does not remember that they do not." [2] "I have contracted so great an aversion to inns and post-chaises, and have so absolutely lost all curiosity, that, except the towns in the straight road to Great Britain, I shall scarce see a jot more of a foreign land." [3]

As might be expected, then, the comments in most eighteenth-century books of travel are singularly commonplace. When we exclude a few well-known works, those that remain are full of remarks trivial in the extreme.[4] Were it not laughable, the flippant way in which some travelers dispose of cities like Padua, Verona, Vicenza, Siena, and many others, as containing little or nothing worth seeing, would stir our wrath. At Siena even Dupaty found nothing remarkable except the group of the three graces in the cathedral.[5]

Another typical instance is Pistoia. Few places of its

size in all Europe can boast such a wealth of art and of picturesque architecture. Yet Evelyn, who was far above the average tourist in intelligence, recorded in his Diary merely: "We dined at Pistoia, where, besides one church, there is little observable." [1] Bromley says of Pistoia: "I had little time for seeing this place, staying only the changing caleshes; it is an old place, and I was assured had very little worthy notice." [2] Misson, who should have known better, says: "There is nothing in Pistoia that deserves either the trouble or charge of going out of the way to see it." [3] The usually keen-eyed De Brosses remarks, "This city, ancient and deserted, appeared to me to have nothing remarkable except the baptistery. . . . Opposite the baptistery is the cathedral, with the air of a village church." [4] And Northall in 1752 merely observes: "Ruin, desolation, and indolence are seen in all the streets, which are well paved, with large flags." [5] Even Mariana Starke's accounts of notable places are often vague and entirely lacking in distinctiveness,[6] or they arbitrarily single out an item or two and ignore everything else.

Yet these travellers were far above the average run. Those who did not venture to put their experiences into print, but who chattered constantly about what they had seen, were more fairly representative. On the utterances of this type of tourists Steele has some interesting comments in the "Spectator," No. 474: "But the most irksome Conversation of all others I have met with in the Neighborhood, has been among two or three of your Travellers, who have overlooked Men and Manners, and have passed through *France* and *Italy* with the same observation that the Carriers and Stage-Coachmen do through *Great Britain;* that is, their Stops and Stages have been regulated according to the Liquor they have met with in their Passages. They indeed remember the Names of abundance of Places, with the particular Fineries of certain Churches. But their distinguishing Mark is certain Prettinesses of Foreign Languages, the Meaning of which they could have better express'd in their own. The Entertainment of these

fine Observers, *Shakespear* has described to consist *In talking of the* Alps *and* Apennines, The Pyrenean, *and the River* Po,[1] and then concludes with a Sigh, *Now this is worshipful Society.*"

Obviously, the offhand estimates of foreign lands that such tourists made were often grotesquely false. But the more ambitious accounts attempted by travelers who drew sweeping conclusions from limited data were little better. "An author of this cast, after a slight survey of the provinces through which he has had occasion to take a short ramble, returns home, and snatching up his pen in the rage of reformation, fills pages on pages with scurrilous narrations of pretended absurdities, intermixed with the most shocking tales of fancied crimes; very gravely insisting that those crimes and absurdities were not single actions of this or that individual, but general pictures of nature in the countries through which he has travelled." [2]

Baretti has particularly in mind the "Letters from Italy" of Dr. Sharp, who, as he declares, "was ignorant of the Italian language; was of no high rank; and was afflicted with bodily disorders." [3] "Sharp," says Baretti, "saw little, inquired less, and reflected not at all; blindly following his travelling predecessors in their invectives against the pope's government." [4] As a whole, he characterizes Sharp's book as "the production of a mind unjustly exasperated against a people, whose individuals either knew him not, or, if they knew him, treated him with benevolence and civility, as they do all the English, and all other strangers who visit their country." [5]

The uncompromising attitude of Sharp and of many other English tourists toward Italy was doubtless in part due to their Protestantism. Not that the ordinary traveling Englishman in the eighteenth century was enthusiastic over his religion; but he had an instinctive dislike of popery, and more than a little contempt for the usages of the Roman Church. To some extent his feeling was shared by many intelligent Frenchmen and Italians, who gave only a nominal allegiance to the traditional beliefs, and often not even

that. On the Continent the fires of the Reformation and of the counter-Reformation had well-nigh burned out, so that the average Protestant might go where he pleased and do about as he pleased. But English Catholics were rare in the eighteenth century, and English travelers in France and Italy not unnaturally viewed with ill-concealed disdain the ceremonies and pictures and images and relics that they regarded as childish or heathenish. One traveler remarks on the old masters that "almost all their paintings are of the same strain, to promote idolatry and superstition of some kind or other." [1] And a few pages later he says: "Sometimes a priest or friar of their society gives them a detail of nonsense in praise of that saint, and of the piety of their institution, and such like, which they call a sermon. We have heard some of these fulsome discourses, and have been much surprised at the feigned raptures of the preacher, and the amazing ignorance and simplicity of the hearers." [2]

Like Sharp, the novelist Smollett embodied his experiences on the Continent in a well-known work. Smollett has the querulous and petulant tone of a nervous invalid, who sees everything through jaundiced eyes and makes sweeping assertions based upon an occasional unpleasant experience. In no case is it safe to allow him the final word in *judging* any part of the Continent, though his keen eye and marvelous descriptive faculty enable him to picture individual facts and scenes with great accuracy. One might easily gather from his pages a choice collection of vituperative adjectives, usually in the superlative degree, for he taxes the resources of the language to express his disgust at the treatment he received from scoundrels of every sort. Smollett had, indeed, one long series of quarrels with carriage drivers, innkeepers, and servants in his journey through France and Italy. Some of these squabbles were unquestionably due to annoying exactions and petty knavery, but, as he confesses himself, a small additional outlay would have enabled him to avoid most of them.[3]

II

Absurd as were some of the English estimates of men and things on the Continent, they were due not wholly to personal, temperamental prejudice, but in part to the altogether inadequate preparation for travel that many tourists had. If one may trust Gibbon, eighteenth-century students were only too likely to emerge from an English university almost as ignorant as when they entered. In any case their range of information was singularly narrow. Says a very competent observer: "It is easy to perceive that the English universities are in less repute than they were formerly. The rich and great, who, at one time, would on no account have omitted to send their sons thither, now frequently place them under some private tutor to finish them, as it is called, and then immediately send them on their travels."[1]

We must admit that exceptional men like Warburton and Blackstone and Mansfield and Wesley and Chesterfield and Johnson and Gibbon, and many others who attended the universities, did, sooner or later, in spite of great laxity in the curriculum and the discipline, attain high scholarship. But in general standards were low. In any case, from a young man in society no great learning was expected. If he had gone through Oxford or Cambridge, he could not avoid picking up the rudiments of Latin and Greek and some bits of information about ancient Rome and a few other cities, but of the topography, the history, the government, the art, the architecture, the social conditions of the countries he intended to visit, he was strangely, and, to our thinking, often disgracefully, ignorant. The lack of adequate preparation for appreciating the sights of the Continent left the ordinary young tourist helpless in the attempt to get more than a casual and unsystematic addition to his stock of knowledge. To one who knew nothing of history or architecture the remains of antiquity meant little: the Forum was a cow pasture, the Circus Maximus a brick heap, the Catacombs ill-smelling holes.

Yet, although few knew anything thoroughly, every one in society was expected to have at least a superficial acquaintance with a multitude of things. Hasty and inattentive tourists were doubtless far too common, but besides the mob of dissipated young spendthrifts who flocked to the fashionable centers for mere diversion there were a good number of Englishmen who regarded the Continental tour as a valuable means of culture and profited by it as they best could. They mapped out an ambitious programme and were keenly curious about everything. There were tourist manuals that prescribed an astonishing range of topics on which the traveler was supposed to inform himself in advance and to accumulate information as he journeyed. But herein lay the danger that the relative value of facts would be hardly considered. "It is indispensably necessary," says Berchtold, "for a young gentleman who desires to travel, either for his own improvement, the welfare of mankind in general, or for the happiness of his country in particular, to lay in a certain stock of fundamental knowledge, before he undertakes the difficult task of travelling to real advantage." [1]

"A mere connoisseur and virtuoso," says Andrews, "is a character by no means to be coveted by a gentleman. They who aim at no more misunderstand the only justifiable purpose for which men of rank, education, and fortune ought to travel; which is to adorn their minds with proper ideas, of men and things, and not to learn the trade of a collector of curiosities." [2]

Intending travelers were advised to read the best histories and accounts of each country, and to get the best maps and have them "properly fitted up on linen, in order to render them convenient for the pocket." [3] There is, indeed, no end to the well-meant advice tendered the tourist.

Had the plan of such books been actually followed to the letter, the tourist would unquestionably have learned something. But more than one conscientious young fellow gathered unrelated facts which were of no special importance to him, but which he industriously assembled because he

was making a grand tour according to rule and thus conforming in one more particular to well-ordered conventions.[1]

In any case, it was of prime importance that, unless the tourist was to associate wholly with his fellow countrymen, he should pick up some acquaintance with the languages of the Continent. In fact, one main reason for making the long tour was that he might get at least a smattering of one or two of them. The two most in favor were French and Italian. French, in particular, was an essential part of the preparation of any young man of the upper classes for a social career or for public life. With French the tourist could go through France, Holland, Germany, Italy, Russia, Sweden, and be at home in all cultured society.[2] But the stolid Englishman often hesitated to use his French or Italian for fear of committing some blunder in accent or grammar. Not too communicative in his own tongue, he might well ask himself why he should go out of his way to exchange commonplaces in bad French or Italian with people he had never seen before and was unlikely ever to meet again. Instinctively, therefore, he sought out his countrymen in preference to the natives of the country he visited.

How serious a hindrance the imperfect mastery of foreign tongues was to anything beyond a merely superficial social intercourse, and how greatly it contributed to mutual misunderstandings, we need hardly remark. The poet Gray's experience at Paris was typical of any place on the Continent where there were many English. "We had," writes he,[3] "at first arrival an inundation of visits pouring in upon us, for all the English are acquainted and herd much together, and it is no easy matter to disengage oneself from them, so that one sees but little of the French themselves. To be introduced to the People of high quality, it is absolutely necessary to be Master of the Language, for it is not to be imagined that they will take pains to understand anybody, or to correct a stranger's blunders. Another thing is, there is not a House where they don't play, nor is any one at all acceptable, unless they do so too,

a professed Gamester being the most advantageous character a Man can have at Paris. The Abbés indeed and men of learning are a People of easy access enough, but few English that travel have knowledge enough to take any great pleasure in this Company, at least our present lot of travellers have not." [1]

In our day many English travelers speak French and German, and sometimes Italian and Spanish, with fluency and tolerable accuracy, but even yet the average Englishman's lack of facility in any foreign tongue is proverbial. He can with difficulty forget himself, and he unwillingly submits to the humiliation attendant upon learning a new language. In the eighteenth century many young English tourists intended to learn no language but their own — and they succeeded admirably. Proud-spirited and unwilling to put themselves at a disadvantage before strangers, they ignored as far as they could the fact that they were living amidst the users of a language not their own. On the other hand, well-educated tourists commonly spoke a tolerable imitation of French, and a polished man of society like George Selwyn was as much at home in French as in English. "Voltaire declares," says Leslie Stephen, "that Bolingbroke — one of whose early essays was published in French — spoke French with unsurpassed energy and precision. The young nobleman on his grand tour was easily admitted with his tutor to French society, and it is enough to mention the names of Horace Walpole, Hume, and Adam Smith, to suggest the importance of the relations which sometimes sprang up." [2]

The popularity of the Italian tour induced many Englishmen to pick up some knowledge of the Italian language and literature. The young Earl of Carlisle, writing to Selwyn from Turin in 1765, says: [3] "I am learning Spanish and Italian, and read a great deal." [4] And three years later, writing from Rome, he says: "I read Italian pretty well: speaking I have little occasion for. I think I am a good deal improved in my French." [5]

Of Charles James Fox we are told: He "was an excellent

Italian scholar, and wrote and conversed in the French language almost with as much ease as he wrote and conversed in his own." [1] Here and there an Englishman, like Chute, who spent seven years in Italy, mastered the language.[2] But few had either the time or the inclination to do so much. Horace Walpole had a tolerable familiarity with Italian, and a quarter of a century after his Italian trip he congratulates himself in a letter to Mann: "I was pleased the other night at the Italian comedy to find I had lost so little of my Italian as to understand it better than the French scenes." [3] But he had no great mastery of it. He tried in 1750 to write a letter to Dr. Cocchi, acknowledging the gift of his Baths of Pisa, but finally gave up the attempt and asked Mann to express thanks for him.[4] Limited also was Walpole's mastery of French,[5] although he had enough for all practical purposes.

All things considered, the acquaintance of the most intelligent English tourists with French and Italian was very respectable. But with the rarest exceptions, one of whom was Carteret, who had traveled widely in Germany, Englishmen in the eighteenth century were entirely ignorant of German. English tourists seldom knew more than a phrase or two of the language. Even a reading knowledge of German was a very rare accomplishment among Englishmen. Trained scholars like Hume, Gibbon, Robertson, and Parr were unable to use German books. Horace Walpole's acquaintance with German enabled him as late as 1788 to say no more than "I am told it is a fine language." [6] "But even in German courts," says Leslie Stephen, "the travellers knew no German, and the home-staying British author remained in absolute and contented ignorance." [7] We have, then, the surprising fact that, although England during the greater part of the eighteenth century was ruled by the House of Hanover and thus brought into the closest political relations with Germany, Englishmen were almost untouched by German culture until after the French Revolution. Indeed, long after German had won a fixed place in English education it presented peculiar difficulties to

the ordinary English intelligence. Even Lord Houghton, whose advantages were exceptional, wrote as late as 1871 to his son: "It is as well that you should begin that crack-jaw German at school, as I suspect the difficulty I have had in mastering it (though I went to the University of Bonn after leaving Cambridge) comes from my never having been well grounded in its detestable grammar and absurd constructions." [1] And Lord Houghton's experience was typical. Making the largest allowance we can for individual mastery of foreign tongues by eighteenth-century Englishmen, we may suspect that, as is yet the case, multitudes returned home from their travels with hardly enough of any language besides their own to enable them to order a dinner or to pay for it without being fleeced.

III

As already observed, the ostensible purpose of much of the travel on the Continent was educational. And this purpose played so large a part in shaping most of the tours that we must consider in some detail the favorite eighteenth-century plan of sending out a young man to travel for a few years with a tutor from whom he was supposed to receive instruction. This practice was not new, nor was it peculiar to England, but had long been in vogue among wealthy families on the Continent. A description of the system as it should be at its best appears in Francesco Soave's moral tale, "Il conte d'Orenge." In this the author recounts how a nobleman's son, who had been reared in an exemplary way, set out on his travels at the age of twenty, under the direction of a wise governor. He was provided with all the recommendations that were necessary, and his tour included Italy and the then chief countries of Europe. Accompanied by his instructor he journeyed from one point to another, became familiar with various places, with their position and appearance, with the natural products of each country, with the most precious works of art, with the most renowned men of letters and artists of every

country, and with the constitutions, the laws, the usages, and the morals of the various nations. In this improving fashion he spent two years.

The young Englishmen who made the grand tour doubtless occasionally measured up to this high ideal, though in general the net result was not so much a thorough training in any one thing as a smattering of many, and a merely superficial polish. But in any case, this system of training was well established.[1]

In wealthy English families of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the education of young men was largely in the hands of private tutors. A few great public schools, like Eton and Winchester and Westminster, were famous, but for a variety of reasons many parents preferred to keep their sons under their own eyes and engaged private teachers for home training. And even after a youth had gone through a public school and the university, the tutor was felt to be the most suitable companion for the Continental tour, the importance of which was taken for granted. But, evidently, much would depend upon the character of the tutor. A high-minded, well-balanced scholar might be of inestimable service to a youth eager to improve his opportunities. But the number of well-equipped tutors must have been relatively small. The low ebb to which education had sunk at Cambridge and Oxford had brought it about that only an occasional scholar was even moderately competent to direct the work of his pupil, to say nothing of serving as a guide on the Continent. "Intelligent foreigners are not a little surprised, when they behold our young gentlemen sent abroad in the company of persons doubtless of good character, but not unfrequently as new to the scenes they experience as the very pupils entrusted to their care. I will make no comment upon such a text." [2] But the tutor was expected to be, not merely a preceptor, but a guide, counselor, and friend. "He should be," says Vicesimus Knox, "a grave, respectable man of a mature age. A very young man, or a man of levity, however great his merit, learning, or ingenuity, will not be proper, because he will not have

that natural authority and that personal dignity, which command attention and obedience. A grave and good man will watch over the morals and the religion of his pupil; both which, according to the present modes of conducting travel, are commonly shaken from the basis, and levelled with the dust, before the end of the peregrination. In their place succeed universal scepticism and unbounded libertinism." [1] Now and then, in view of the steady demand for tutors of high character and ability, the ideal was realized. Some men of real eminence and many of respectable attainments were secured as traveling tutors. Scholars of this sort were far from being the shallow dolts often satirized by critics of the grand tour. No less a man than John Locke spent a year in Paris with an English pupil, and even set out with him for Rome, though the prudent philosopher did not venture to cross the Alps in the late autumn. Only a few years earlier the eminent naturalist John Ray had "declined, owing to poor health, an offer to travel abroad with three young noblemen." [2] The well-known Francis Misson, whose guide-book served two generations of travelers in Italy, journeyed in 1687 and 1688 across Europe to Italy with the grandson of the first Duke of Ormonde. John Breval, who had more than one tilt with Pope and was not altogether above criticism, traveled on the Continent with George, Lord Viscount Malpas. Whatever may be said of Breval on other grounds, he was a thoroughly competent traveling tutor. More famous is Horne Tooke, who made two educational tours on the Continent, each time in charge of a pupil. He represented a type of instructor not seldom to be met at Paris and other great centers, and in his gay suits of blue and silver and scarlet and silver, to say nothing of other colors, he was as unclerical in appearance as clothing could make him.

The average tutor was, indeed, a dull-witted, mediocre scholar, with little influence over his pupil. He was commonly not over-ambitious, or if he was, he did not continue as tutor. Wretchedly paid, as was too often the case, and hourly humiliated by the insubordination of the young

cub in his charge, he found his lot the reverse of enviable, and he rarely had the ability to rise above it. Naturally enough, the average tutor, like the average tourist, has vanished without leaving a trace, even in that great necrology, the "Dictionary of National Biography."

In most cases the tutors of English birth were of respectable families, though rarely, if ever, of the social standing of their protégés. As already pointed out, the tourists of the first half of the century belonged mainly to the ranks of the gentry or the nobility. As the century progressed there was an increasing proportion of sons of wealthy tradesmen who made the grand tour, eagerly copying the follies and the vices of young noblemen and striving by their insolent ostentation of riches to pass for gentlemen to the manner born. Young masters of this type, uneasily adjusting themselves to their social position, were the least tractable of pupils. With no family traditions of culture, they commonly treated with contempt the well-meant efforts of the tutor to perform the obligations of his contract. If he was a man of refinement and of conscientious character, he was placed in a position of peculiar embarrassment. If, on the other hand, he was not too scrupulous, and connived at the follies of his pupil, or even abetted them, the young fellow was often in a worse state than if he had ventured abroad alone. Theoretically, nothing could be better than to put the entire time of a competent teacher at the service of a pupil. Men like Leibnitz, Locke, and Rousseau recommended education under a private instructor rather than that obtained in the schools. If all tutors had measured up to the standards set by these great thinkers, there could have been little room for criticism. But not seldom the English tutor was selected because of his familiarity, real or supposed, with the languages of the Continent, though of these he had perhaps only the superficial knowledge possessed by a modern hotel waiter — a few phrases, and nothing more. If he was a Frenchman or a Swiss, he was too often unacquainted with English character and social usages, and entirely unable to control the

active young animal of whom he had rashly assumed the charge. We rarely hear complaints that a tutor deliberately led his pupil astray, but he commonly drove with a very loose rein. Horace Walpole had no high opinion of tutors as a class, nor, for that matter, of the troops of traveling boys who invaded the galleries of Florence and flung their money about the streets of Rome. Writing to Horace Mann he says: "The absurdities which English travelling boys are capable of, and likely to act or conceive, always gave me apprehension of your meeting with disagreeable scenes — and then there is another animal still more absurd than Florentine men or English boys, and that is, travelling governors, who are mischievous into the bargain, and whose pride is always hurt because they are sure of its never being indulged. They will not leave the world, because they are sent to teach it, and as they come far the more ignorant of it than their pupils, take care to return with more prejudices, and as much care to instill all theirs into their pupils." [1] Similar flings abound in his later letters. In 1754 he writes to Mann: "I am glad you have got my Lord of Cork. He is, I know, a very worthy man, and though not a bright man, nor a man of the world, much less a good author, yet it must be comfortable to you now and then to see something besides travelling children, booby governors, and abandoned women of quality." [2] Before going to Paris, in 1765, he wrote to George Montagu: "Though they (the Richmonds) are in a manner my children, I do not intend to adopt the rest of my countrymen; nor, when I quit the best company here, to live in the worst there; such are young travelling boys, and, what is still worse, old travelling boys, governors." [3] And again in 1768 he remarks in a letter to Mann: "We expect our cousin and brother of Denmark next week; — since he will travel, I hope he will improve: I doubt there is room for it. He is much, I believe, of the stamp of many youths we have sent you; but with so much a better chance, that he has not a travelling tutor to make him more absurd than he would be of himself." [4]

Nominally, the tutor was responsible for regular hours of teaching, when his pupils were making a stay of any length in a place, but how difficult or impossible instruction other than mere passing comment must have been while on the road the modern traveler can appreciate. At best, the restraints of parental discipline were lacking.

Among the swarms of English tourists in France and Italy, young men of character and ability were not lacking, but far too many of those who passed three years on the Continent returned little wiser than when they first crossed the Channel. With a pupil of the latter type, inclined to be headstrong and wayward, a conscientious tutor of some parts must at times have found his position the reverse of agreeable.[1] He was bound to participate to some extent in the amusements of his charge or see the young fellow pass out of his control. But if the pupil's interests were mainly centered in drinking and gaming and association with loose women, the situation was difficult indeed. A more attractive position was that held by the witty Dr. John Moore, who for six years went up and down the Continent as medical attendant and companion to the wealthy young Duke of Hamilton. But such opportunities were necessarily exceptional.

Gentlemen who could afford the expense seldom ventured abroad without a carefully selected traveling servant, who stood, of course, lower in the social scale than the tutor. Such a servant was nevertheless expected to be tolerably educated and to make himself useful in all possible ways. Berchtold's enumeration of the accomplishments that he should possess and his suggestion of a suitable reward for faithful service throw some light on the conditions of eighteenth-century travel: "A servant selected to accompany a gentleman on his travels should be conversant with the French language;[2] write a legible and quick hand, in order to be able to copy whatever is laid before him: know a little of surgery, and to bleed well in case his master should meet with an accident where no chirurgical assistance is to be expected. Gentlemen should endeavour to attach such

useful servants to their persons, by showing the same care as a father has for a child, and promise him a settlement for life on their return." [1]

IV

Generalization on national characteristics is tempting, but commonly somewhat hazardous. Yet perhaps without great risk of error we may put together a few features that mark most of the English travelers of the eighteenth century in their attitude toward the Continent. Beyond all question the average English tourist was in every sense incompetent to pass judgment upon the people of the Continent. He seldom knew them well enough to be entitled to an independent opinion, and he was compelled to piece out his scanty experience by hearsay and by reading. Too commonly he made the mistake of grouping the people of an entire country under one sweeping category. And rarely did he realize the significance of the things that he saw. The sturdy belief of the average low-class Englishman that any foreigner was immeasurably his inferior was widespread throughout the eighteenth century. English laborers often took delight in hooting and stoning a foreigner, merely because he was foreign.[2] The upper classes were, at least in the greater centers of population, to some extent free from this prejudice and brutality. Yet dislike of foreigners and contempt for their ways were firmly rooted in the minds of most English tradesmen and of ordinary country squires. Some types of English travelers, indeed, were in the habit of admiring everything foreign above anything English. But, all in all, perhaps the most striking characteristic of the ordinary run of English travelers was their insularity and their unreadiness to admit the excellence of anything that was unfamiliar.[3] Even in our time the discriminating Walter Bagehot has observed that there is nothing that the average Englishman dreads so much as the pain of a new idea. This trait was far more marked a century and a half ago and appeared at every

turn. The English carried their nationality everywhere with them; and their habits and standards were in sharp contrast with those of the Continent. The Englishman could not be induced to forgo the pleasure of his tour, which would give him opportunity to see famous buildings and statues and pictures, but he was forever vaunting the superiority of his native land and displaying his contempt for the people who had the misfortune to be born elsewhere.

What Englishmen commonly thought of themselves and what foreigners thought of them were two very different things, though nothing is more surprising than the popularity on the Continent of almost everything English in the last third of the century. The self-satisfaction of the English is admirably illustrated in the reflections of the genial Earl of Cork and Orrery, which might add to an Englishman's peace of mind but would hardly be equally pleasing to strangers: "The English are a happy people, if they were truly conscious, or could in any degree convince themselves, of their own felicity. They are the *fortunati nimium*. Let them travel abroad, not to see fashions, but states, not to taste different wines, but different governments; not to compare laces and velvets, but laws and politics. They will then return home perfectly convinced that England is possessed of more freedom, justice, and happiness, than any other nation under heaven." [1]

In the same vein Eustace remarks a generation later: "The English nation, much to its credit, differs in this respect [i. e., in vilifying human nature] as indeed in many others, very widely from its rival neighbors, and is united with the wise, the good, the great of all ages and countries in a glorious confederacy to support the dignity and the grandeur of our common nature." [2]

The Englishman's attitude toward the Continent was often strangely contradictory. "There are instances," says Dr. Moore, "of Englishmen, who, while on their travels, shock foreigners by an ostentatious preference of England to all the rest of the world, and ridicule the man-

ners, customs, and opinions of every other nation; yet on their return to their own country, immediately assume foreign manners, and continue during the remainder of their lives to express the highest contempt for everything that is English." [1] Nor was this result altogether surprising. Trained from his earliest youth to regard everything English as best, the untraveled Englishman on going abroad found to his surprise people who counted their own ways as good as his, who ate palatable food unlike his own, and in dress, manners, customs, and ideals were of a different type. And in the end he was converted in spite of himself.

Fortunately, an occasional Englishman was sufficiently open-minded to confess that his countrymen were not entirely above criticism.[2] "English are generally the most extraordinary persons that we meet with, even out of England," writes Horace Walpole to Conway.[3] And years later, in a letter to Mann, he remarks, "What must Europe think of us from our travellers, and from our own accounts of ourselves?" [4] Lady Mary Montagu had lived enough abroad to judge her countrymen from the Continental point of view, and she regarded a good proportion of the English tourists as no great credit to their native land. Writing from Venice to Lady Pomfret,[5] she says that she is impatient to hear good sense pronounced in her native tongue; "having only heard my language out of the mouths of boys and governors for these five months. Here are inundations of them broke in upon us this carnival, and my apartment must be their refuge; the greater part of them having kept an inviolable fidelity to the languages their nurses taught them. Their whole business abroad (as far as I can perceive) being to buy new cloaths, in which they shine in some obscure coffee-house, where they are sure of meeting only one another; and after the important conquest of some waiting gentlewoman of an opera Queen, who perhaps they remember as long as they live, return to England excellent judges of men and manners. I find the spirit of patriotism so strong in me every time I see them, that I look on them as the greatest blockheads in nature;

and, to say truth, the compound of booby and *petit-maître* makes up a very odd sort of animal." [1]

Extraordinary as English tourists often appeared to their own countrymen, they seemed still more so to foreigners, to whom they were a perpetual puzzle. England was notable all over Europe for producing odd types of travelers — men who were counted peculiar even at home, and whose strongly marked idiosyncrasies naturally made a lasting impression upon the Continent. The composite portrait often drawn as representing the typical Englishman is doubtless inaccurate as picturing any individual traveler, but it is, on the whole, more true than false, and would never have been suggested by the representatives of any other nation.

As might have been expected, the Englishman was in general not an easy traveler. To difficulties that no one could escape he added others by his lack of adaptability to unfamiliar conditions. Notwithstanding the ostentatious profusion of most wealthy tourists, there were many tourists of the type of Dr. Smollett, exacting and yet penurious, who were in hot water from the day they landed on the Continent until they were safely back in England. Such travelers, wherever they went, loudly voiced their discontent with the country and the people, and commonly found no lack of material for criticism. The Englishman at home was so accustomed to speak plainly that he could not be expected to bridle his tongue while abroad. Fortunately for him, most of his criticism of governments and of restrictive regulations of various sorts was imparted to his fellow countrymen in their native tongue and was unintelligible to any one besides them. "You English," remarks Cogan, "are supposed to think, but you are universally accused of keeping all your thoughts to yourselves! — A Frenchman will touch upon all the affairs of every court in Europe, and all the fashions in each court, before an Englishman can resolve to enquire what is the news of the day." [2] In general an English traveler presented his least attractive side to strangers. He felt it hardly worth

while to exert himself for people he might never meet again, and with whom he would not concern himself if he were to meet them. It is not surprising, therefore, that foreigners who saw only the most unlovely sides of English character should have been rather repelled than attracted. But not infrequently the very man who is chilly toward strangers is the truest of friends. He prefers a few trusted confidants to any number of casual acquaintances. He has never admitted any one to his inner circle without the most careful scrutiny, and for this he lacks opportunity when he casually meets a stranger. Getting on easily with people that one chances to meet is an art that the French have carried to perfection. The Englishman of the eighteenth century commonly lacked the flexibility and the self-forgetfulness necessary for such casual intercourse, particularly if he had to use a language not his own and thus ran the risk of making himself ridiculous. In general intelligence, or at least in hard common sense, and particularly in self-possession, Englishmen compared favorably with any travelers on the Continent. But as a rule they could enter but superficially into the spirit of foreign life.

Bearing all this in mind we may consider for a moment Englishmen's interest in society abroad and the extent to which they mingled with it. We must remember that the ordinary traveler was under a good deal of disadvantage in attempting to make more than a passing acquaintance with the people of the Continent. Commonly remaining in one place for only a limited time, he could not easily escape the hurried feeling that most travelers have in a country full of interesting sights. In so far as he troubled himself with society he naturally consorted with the upper classes,[1] for whom were reserved most of the pleasures that made life before the Revolution worth living.

Polite society throughout Europe a century and a half ago was in a sense a great international social club. Any one of recognized rank in one country had no difficulty in being admitted to society in another. France set the standard of manners for all Europe, and Versailles served

as a model for scores of little German and Italian courts. To a crowded French salon he could find entrance, along with everybody else of unquestioned social standing, and also to a Roman *conversazione*.[1] But at a time when rank counted for much in Europe, letters of introduction were almost a necessity for the traveler. Without such help he might see the main sights, and by the richness of his dress and his equipage he could be sure of deference in many quarters, but for admission to society he must have credentials. Then all was easy. "A single letter of introduction," says Nugent, "is sufficient to procure a person an agreeable reception among the Germans, which can hardly be said of the inhabitants of any other country. Their civility goes so far as to introduce a stranger directly into their societies or assemblies."[2] And as for Italy, Baretti advises the tourist: "On your reaching the first town in Italy, whether it be Turin, Genoa, or any other, endeavor to obtain as many letters of recommendation from the natives as you can, to take along with you as you advance further into the country. The nobility of every place, and, above all, the learned, will be pleased to give you such letters; and the people to whom you will be thus recommended, will still direct you to others. . . . [They may perhaps] procure you a good lodging where the inn is not to your liking, . . . tell you the true price of things that you may not be cheated," etc.[3]

Walpole repeatedly sends to Horace Mann the names of English tourists who expect to visit Florence, recommending now "Mr. Hobart," who "proposes passing a little time at Florence, which I am sure you will endeavour to make as agreeable to him as possible";[4] now "Mr. Stanley, one of the Lords of the Admiralty";[5] now "the Duke of Newcastle's eldest son, Lord Lincoln," who "is going to Rome";[6] now "a young painter who is going to study at Rome."[7] To these might be added numerous others.[8] Much of the time of an ambassador during the tourist season must have been consumed in attending to the interests of young men of rank who were traveling

abroad and needed advice or entertainment or letters of introduction.

But, however well introduced, Englishmen in Italy who really wished to know the Italian people were hampered by the conditions under which Italian society lived, and rarely saw Italian life from the Italian point of view. In some communities, notably Rome, the barriers that excluded strangers were not rigidly maintained, but even in favorable cases the tourist was treated as a tourist and not as an Italian. Moreover, tourists who carried abroad a fixed prejudice against foreigners were unlikely to go out of their way to seek society or to welcome it when thrust upon them. Hence, the English tourist, as a rule, gave his main attention to the things he could see, and regarded the inhabitants as a negligible quantity. People he could see anywhere, even at home. In fact, an Englishman often hesitated to take notice of his own countrymen that he casually met abroad, either for fear of being embarrassed by their company later or merely because of constitutional indifference. Smollett cites two striking instances. An Englishman had hired a felucca and a servant to go from Antibes to Leghorn. "This evening [March 20, 1765] he came ashore to stretch his legs, and took a solitary walk on the beach, avoiding us with great care, although he knew we were English: his valet, who was abundantly communicative, told my servant that in coming through France his master had travelled three days in company with two other English gentlemen, whom he met upon the road, and in all that time he never spoke a word to either: yet in other respects he was a good man, mild, charitable, and humane. This is a character truly British." [1] In another case, "There was an English gentleman laid up at Auxerre with a broken arm, to whom I sent my compliments, with offers of service; but his servant told my man that he did not choose to see any company, and had no occasion for my service. This sort of reserve seems peculiar to the English disposition. When two natives of any other country chance to meet abroad, they run into each other's arms

and embrace like old friends, even though they have never heard of one another till that moment; whereas two Englishmen in the same situation, maintain a mutual reserve and diffidence, and keep without the sphere of each other's attraction, like two bodies endowed with a repulsive power." [1]

Hazlitt remarks upon the icy reserve of an English gentleman with whom he traveled for a time in France, and adds: "I know few things more delightful than for two Englishmen to loll in a post-chaise in this manner, taking no notice of each other, preserving an obstinate silence, and determined to send their country *to Coventry*. We pretended not to recognise each other, and yet our saying nothing proved every instant that we were not French. At length, about half way, my companion opened his lips, and asked in thick, broken French, 'How far it was to Evreux?' I looked at him and said in English, 'I did not know.' Not another word passed." [2] Naturally, tourists of this type baffled even the most determined attempts of foreigners to make their acquaintance.

In varying degrees this excessive reserve was the accepted national trait. Dr. Moore tells a very good story of Lord M. and a French marquis at Paris, who "was uncommonly lively." The genial Frenchman "addressed much of his conversation to his Lordship; tried him upon every subject, wine, women, horses, politics, and religion. He then sung *Chansons à boire*, and endeavoured in vain to get my Lord to join in the chorus. Nothing would do. — He admired his clothes, praised his dog, and said a thousand obliging things of the English nation. To no purpose; his Lordship kept up his silence and reserve to the last, and then drove away to the opera. 'Ma foi,' said the Marquis, as soon as he went out of the room, 'il a de grands talen(t)s pour le silence, ce Milord là.'" [3]

The English attitude was, indeed, peculiarly exasperating. Dr. Moore cites another instance: "Though B—— understands French, and speaks it better than most Englishmen, he had no relish for the conversation, soon left

the company, and has refused all invitations to dinner ever since. He generally finds some of our countrymen who dine and pass the evening with him at the Parc Royal." On one occasion Moore dined with his friend B—— "at the public ordinary of the Hôtel de Bourbon. . . . Our entertainment turned out different, however, from my expectations and his wishes. A marked attention was paid us from the moment we entered; every body seemed inclined to accommodate us with the best places. They helped us first, and all the company seemed ready to sacrifice every little conveniency and distinction to the strangers: For next to that of a lady, the most respected character at Paris is that of a stranger. All this, however, was thrown away on B——. 'There was nothing real in all the fuss those people made about us,' says he. 'Curse their courtesies,' said he, — 'they are the greatest bore in nature. — I hate the French. — They are the enemies of England, and a false, deceitful, perfidious —' 'But as we did not come over,' interrupted I, 'to fight them at present, we shall suspend hostilities till a more convenient season.'" [1]

How absurd was this dislike of other nations many Englishmen clearly perceived: "The English aversion to foreigners is in opposition to reason, judgment, and politeness. Because we are islanders, the happiest circumstances in some respects belonging to us; are our manners more refined, or are our customs nearer perfection, than the customs and manners of other people? I fear the contrary. Our separation from the Continent gives us peculiarities which other nations have not. It gives us that shyness, that obstinate, silent, rude reserve, which we practise towards ourselves and all the rest of the world. The sneer, that proud, vain, cowardly sneer, which supplies the want of wit, and discovers the abundance of ill-nature, is entirely and shamefully our own; so that, if we find faults in others, how many faults may others find in us?" [2]

In the endeavor to remedy in some measure this state of things and to fit their countrymen for social life abroad, enlightened Englishmen offered such advice as appears in

Andrews's "Letters to a Young Gentleman":[1] "In order to render yourself acceptable to French companies, you must assume something of their manners and endeavor to put on some appearance of their vivacity. Their chief complaint respecting us is a defect of liveliness and a taciturnity which they suspect sometimes of being rather affected. . . . In the mean time, that you may fill your place with propriety in French companies, furnish your memory with as many anecdotes as you can procure concerning the people of high rank and fashion in England."

In the thirty years just preceding the French Revolution, Englishmen of high birth or distinguished for achievement of some sort had as a rule only to decide which social invitations to refuse. In Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's day, however, — if we may trust her sweeping generalization, — the English had won no marked social recognition in Italy, though perhaps they had had as much as they cared for. She says: "To say truth, they (Mr. Mackenzie and Lord Bristol) are the only young men I have seen abroad, that have found the secret of introducing themselves into the best company. All the others now living here (however dignified and distinguished) by herding together and throwing away their money on worthless objects, have only acquired the glorious title of Golden Asses; and since the birth of the Italian drama, Goldoni has adorned his scenes with *gli Milordi Inglesi*, in the same manner as Molière represented his Parisian marquises."[2]

Dr. Moore sums up the whole case in some very sensible remarks, which without much question contain a large amount of truth: —

"Of all travellers, the young English nobility and gentry have the least right to find fault with their entertainment, while on their tours abroad; for such of them as show a desire of forming a connexion with the inhabitants, by even a moderate degree of attention, are received upon easier terms than the travellers from any other country. But a very considerable number of our countrymen have not the smallest desire of that nature: They seem rather

to avoid their society, and accept with reluctance every offer of hospitality. This happens partly from a prejudice against foreigners of every kind; partly from timidity or natural reserve; and in a great measure from indolence, and an absolute detestation of ceremony and restraint. Besides, they hate to be obliged to speak a language of which they seldom acquire a perfect command.

"They frequently, therefore, form societies or clubs of their own, where all ceremony is dismissed, and the greatest ease and latitude allowed in behaviour, dress, and conversation. There they confirm each other in all their prejudices, and with united voices condemn and ridicule the customs and manners of every country but their own.

"By this conduct the true purpose of travelling is lost or perverted; and many English travellers remain four or five years abroad, and have seldom, during all this space, been in any company but that of their own countrymen.

"To go to France and Italy, and there converse with none but English people, and merely that you may have it to say that you have been in those countries, is certainly absurd. Nothing can be more so, except to adopt with enthusiasm the fashions, fopperies, taste, and manners of those countries, and transplant them to England, where they never will thrive, and where they always appear awkward and unnatural. For after all his efforts of imitation, a travelled Englishman is as different from a Frenchman or an Italian as an English mastiff is from a monkey or a fox. And if ever that sedate and plain-meaning dog should pretend to the gay friskiness of the one, or to the subtility of the other, we should certainly value him much less than we do.

"But I do not imagine that this extreme is by any means so common as the former. It is much more natural to the English character to despise foreigners than to imitate them. A few tawdry examples to the contrary, who return every winter from the Continent, are hardly worth mentioning as exceptions." [1]

With reference to the English habit of herding together,

he observes also: "It would be arrogance in anybody to dispute the right which every free-born Englishman has to follow his own inclination in this particular: Yet when people wish to avoid the company of strangers, it strikes me that they might indulge their fancy as completely at home as abroad; and while they continue in that humour, I cannot help thinking that they might save themselves the inconveniency and expense of travelling." [1]

Defects of temperament and education, the Englishman undoubtedly had. He too readily assumed that what he had been taught to approve was the sole standard of truth. But foreigners of discernment were bound to recognize the sterling character of the better English travelers. Englishmen as a class had a reputation for fair dealing, and for keeping their promises. Rightly enough, as Trevelyan says, was the British name venerated on the Continent.[2]

V

We have still one important matter to consider, and that is the eighteenth-century tourist's estimate of medieval architecture. As every one knows, the eighteenth century passed through a revolution in taste as well as in systems of government. The man who had come to maturity before 1760 continued in the main to apply the old standards, even in the last third of the century. And even the younger men began only here and there to see merit in buildings that had for generations been despised.

Naturally enough, to us of the twentieth century the judgments of most eighteenth-century travelers in matters of art and architecture seem strangely narrow and conventional. They commonly admire uncritically, or if they find fault, they judge by standards that to our time appear absurdly false.[3] A multitude of things that the modern traveler counts of the highest value are to earlier tourists matters of supreme indifference. In place of an intelligent description of the buildings of a town, they often give a mere catalogue, betraying no personal

knowledge and no critical judgment. The whole might have been taken from the guide-book, without the trouble of a visit. Note what Northall says of Vicenza, which boasts in its town hall the greatest achievement of Palladio. The entire account is as follows: "On the 3d of June (1752) we came to Vicenza; a small town, but very populous; the manufacture of silk being very considerable here. The townhouse was built by Palladio; and here is a beautiful piece of architecture by the same, a theatre built after the antique manner. Near this town is a famous country seat belonging to the Marquis of Capra, built by Palladio."[1]

Especially marked was the general failure to appreciate the works of the Middle Ages. To most tourists before the French Revolution the Middle Ages were a sealed book, and to the average man the great cathedrals and castles, though surpassing almost anything of a later day, made slight appeal. Prepossessed with the notion that medieval art and architecture could be naught but barbarous, tourists in France and Italy bestowed only a passing glance upon delightful medieval cities and hastened on to Rome. Naturally, then, we must not expect to find many tourists visiting for mere sight-seeing old hill towns like Assisi or Perugia or Orvieto or Urbino or San Gimignano or Volterra. To many an Englishman Italy was interesting chiefly as a vast museum of antiquity which enabled him to vivify his recollections of the classics. On a lower plane, but nevertheless not to be despised, he placed the work of the Renaissance, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Bramante, Guido Reni. The great ancient world and the great Renaissance he could fairly well understand, for their life was expressed in terms with which he was familiar. But to the thousand years preceding the fifteenth century he gave little thought.[2] For the buildings and pictures and mosaics of that age he sometimes had a word of condescending praise, but of insight into the medieval temper he had very little. The rhapsodies of Ruskin

over Gothic art or things medieval would have seemed to him little better than raving. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century travelers seldom let slip an opportunity to show contempt for Gothic architecture as unworthy the attention of a man of cultivated taste.[1] Already in the time of the Renaissance, Tasso, as Babeau points out, had found Gothic[2] architecture barbarous.[3] Montaigne "troubled himself in no way with Gothic buildings. For him the cathedral of Châlons seems not even to exist."[4] When later travelers approve a minor detail of a Gothic building, they usually qualify their commendation with an added slur. In Evelyn's opinion St. John Lateran is "for outward form, not comparable to St. Peter's, being of Gothic ordonnance."[5] Santa Croce of Jerusalem "without is Gothic, but very glorious within."[6] Of Monreale, with its glorious array of ancient mosaics and its unrivaled cloisters, which Spanish soldiers had enjoyed hacking and mutilating, one tourist can say only that "the cathedral exhibits a very disagreeable specimen of the Gothic taste,"[7] and Breval observes that "The Isles are filled with historical Representations in a barbarous Mosaic, out of the old and new Testament."[8] Northall (1752) patronizingly says of "the old churches of Florence" that they "are built in the Gothic taste, and fine in their way; but the more modern churches are built in a good taste."[9] Of Siena, he apologetically remarks, "There is nothing in this city so extraordinary as the cathedral, which a man may view with pleasure after he has seen St. Peter's; though it is quite of another make, and can only be looked upon as one of the masterpieces of Gothic architecture."[10] De La Lande is full of the same prejudice. Of Colleoni's tomb at Bergamo, one of the most notable works of the early Renaissance, he says: "It is very bad. It is of a time that had not yet emerged from the Gothic."[11] The author of an anonymous "Tour through Germany" (1792) remarks of the exquisite cathedral of Regensburg: "The cathedral is not admired for its beauty, or

any other excellency; but the monastery of St. Emeran is well worth seeing."[1]

It is not true that the eighteenth century was entirely indifferent to Gothic architecture, for an occasional word of praise for Gothic is already heard in the first half of the century, and after the middle of the century Gothic architecture has no lack of defenders. Even Misson admired the cathedral of Siena. "The cathedral is of a fine Gothic structure, and its beauty is so much the more remarkable, that the building is finished, which is scarcely to be seen in great churches."[2] Representative guide-books like Nugent's "Grand Tour" and De la Force's "Nouvelle Description de la France" devote considerable space to Gothic cathedrals. But there is in general no intelligent understanding of the principles of Gothic art, even among those who are most interested. The comment on Gothic buildings is vague, and where it is specific, it often mingles impartially praise and blame, as in the following on the cathedral of Rheims: "The front of this stupendous church consists of a vast number of statues: Saints in miniature, placed in little niches, and in exact spaces; so that the eye is pleased and shocked at the same time. Magnificence is mixed with littleness, grandeur with meanness, proportion with disproportion; consequently it creates in our thoughts an uneasy mixture of admiration and contempt. The painted windows are all perfect, and the sun has a glorious effect upon the variety of their colours."[3]

Nugent's "Grand Tour" admirably illustrates the growing admiration for Gothic, though he has hazy ideas of the development of medieval architecture. The exquisite Romanesque church of "S. Trophimus" at Arles he calls "a vast Gothic structure."[4] "The cathedral" at Vienne, "dedicated to S. Maurice is a magnificent Gothic structure."[5] He has also a good word for the cathedrals of Strassburg, Orléans, and Chartres. It is notable that he says nothing of the exquisite stained glass at Chartres.[6] Even more than Nugent, Dr. John Moore

is in hearty accord with the spirit of the Gothic builders. After praising the cathedral of Strassburg as "a very fine building," he goes on to say: "Our Gothic ancestors, like the Greeks and Romans, built for posterity. Their ideas in architecture, though different from those of the Grecian artists, were vast, sublime, and generous, far superior to the selfish smugness of modern taste, which is generally confined to one or two generations; the plans of our ancestors with a more extensive benevolence embrace distant ages."[1]

In 1787, St. John, in his "Letters from France," shows himself a passionate admirer of the Gothic. "Though there are," says he, "absurdities in the Gothic architecture, yet I think the moderns are wrong totally to exclude it."[2] He dwells upon "the lofty majesty and beauty of the inside" of Nôtre Dame[3] and declares: "I would rather spend my life even in an old Gothic castle in a romantic situation, with rocks and woods and cataracts around me, than in all the formal grandeur and stupid regularity of Versailles."[4] Of Chantilly he says with enthusiasm: "The castle is a great pile of Gothic building, with huge round towers at the angles to serve as bastions. The venerable aspect of this groupe of Gothic castles, dark and solemn, in the middle of a fine sheet of water, impresses the beholder with awe and admiration. . . . It appears antique, solemn and romantic; and the noblest piece of Corinthian architecture does not appear so awful and majestic as the antique walls and ramparts of Chantilly."[5]

But it is unnecessary to multiply examples. Henceforth one needed not to apologize for admiring the most fascinating architecture in Europe, though two or three generations had yet to pass before one could judge Gothic buildings with thoroughly intelligent understanding of their development.

CHAPTER VIII

SOME DANGERS AND ANNOYANCES

I

If this chapter were concerned with the touring of a century or two earlier, the main theme might well be the peril of travel. So distinctly was every sixteenth-century journey an achievement that the traveler not unpardonably regarded himself as in some sense an explorer and a hero. In the eighteenth century there was less of actual danger. But travel in the eighteenth century was not an unalloyed pleasure, though the zeal and persistence with which Englishmen flocked to the Continent are sufficient proof that they thought the pleasure exceeded the pain. Incidentally, in some other chapters we have noted unpleasant features of travel that could not be escaped by any forethought. There still remain a large number of annoyances, or worse,— some of them petty enough in themselves, perhaps even laughable in the retrospect,— which materially affected the comfort and dulled the pleasure of the journey.

Since almost every serious traveler thought it his duty to keep some sort of account of his journey, we have no lack of descriptions of the experiences that one ordinarily went through. From these relations we see that those who were bent on visiting Rome and Naples and Vienna had a long, hard pilgrimage before they reached the promised land. Moreover, from the chronicles of the minor hindrances and discomforts suffered even by wealthy travelers, we may infer what was to be expected by travelers of modest resources. Significant, at all events, is it that practically no one failed to record some well-grounded complaint.

SOME DANGERS AND ANNOYANCES

A great number of the conveniences of travel that we now rely upon as a matter of course were lacking in the eighteenth century, and there were scores of obstacles now rarely encountered. Travelers of every sort complain of annoying delay and expense owing to government regulations They meet discomfort and extortion on the road; the inns are dirty and ill-provided; the servants are ill-trained; the food is uneatable; the beds are damp and filthy, and often alive with vermin. These and a multitude of other trials made the journey hard, and often tempted the traveler to wish that he had been content to remain at home.

Sharp, writing from Naples, says: "Could an asthmatic man jump from London to the lodgings I have taken, though at any risk of his neck, he would do well to venture; but I cannot say it would be worth while to go and return as we do, through so much filth, and so many sufferings from bugs, lice, fleas, gnats, spiders," [1] etc.

With the dawn of the eighteenth century not a few of the dangers and annoyances of an earlier day were lessened or entirely removed, but outside the large towns, and particularly off the main lines of travel, conditions were often frightfully primitive. The toil of travel was painfully felt in the long, slow journeys that no one, whatever his wealth, could hope to escape. A young man flushed with health might enjoy the experience, but it was none the less severe.

Writing to Selwyn, in 1768, the Earl of Carlisle says: "I was in bed but seven hours in going three hundred and forty miles, but as I could sleep five-and-forty miles without waking, I was very little tired, and, having two carriages, it was no great fatigue to the servants. I crossed the Danube over a bridge when the postilions would not suffer me to remain in the chaise. I must own I had some apprehensions for my clothes, as the bridge, being very old, and made of wood, even with my weight shook considerably, but no accident happened." [2]

Fortunately, the mind of the average tourist was prepared to meet some discomfort, since, to a far greater degree than is now the case, he was everywhere compelled to come into personal contact with unpleasant things. Many of these things, where they still exist, are escaped by the traveler who has a modern guide-book which warns him what to avoid. There were guide-books, even in the eighteenth century and earlier, and some, like Misson's and Nugent's, had excellent features, but most guidebooks were defective in failing to provide maps of countries showing the best routes, plans of cities, and adequate information about the character and situation of inns and about prices. Travel was for the rich, who were able to pay any price. To be too inquisitive about the cost of things was vulgar, and, besides, made unnecessary trouble for the compiler of the guide-book. But in many cases comfort could not be secured at any price.

II

We must never forget that, with all its delights, an eighteenth-century journey was a serious affair, and that prayers were commonly offered up in the churches for a pious traveler's safe return. Mindful of perils on sea and on land, Englishmen a century and a half ago prepared for a tour abroad almost as carefully as a soldier prepares for a campaign. And this was no mere excess of caution, for there was always a possibility that the traveler might not arrive unharmed at his destination. War was by no means continuous in the eighteenth century, but the interruptions to travel from this cause were not slight.[1] During the Seven Years' War, for example, tourist travel almost ceased. After the peace of 1763 it began again with renewed activity.

Perils of another sort beset the traveler by sea. Nearly every tourist to the Continent crossed at least the Channel or the North Sea, but comparatively few made the long voyage through the Straits of Gibraltar to Italy. And it

was well that they did not. The ships were commonly small and dirty, the food bad, the weather often rough, and, worst of all, there were long-standing traditions of capture and imprisonment by sea-rovers. In the time of Chaucer there was danger from pirates or privateers even in crossing the English Channel. And this danger still threatened travelers on most seas in the first half of the seventeenth century.[1]

In the eighteenth century no tourist to the Continent had great reason for apprehension on this score except in the Mediterranean. Here one ran at least a chance of being pounced upon by one of the lurking piratical vessels from Barbary. Note Berchtold's word of caution: "It is a matter of importance to know whether that flag which the vessel carries is respected by the pyratical powers of Barbary, or not, if the course of the vessel should lie near to any such ports." [2]

By hugging the shore the tourist going from Marseilles to Genoa or Leghorn ran no very serious risk of ending his days as a captive in Barbary.[3] But Nugent gives warning that in going from Rome to Naples "there is danger of being taken by the corsairs of Barbary who oftentimes hide themselves close to the shore and surprise the feluccas."[4]

Strange as it may seem, the most powerful nations of Europe in the eighteenth century regularly paid tribute to the Barbary pirates in order to insure the safety of their vessels. "Italian merchantmen on the high seas flew the flag of another nation as a better protection against capture." [5] "Even the coasts were threatened by Barbary pirates against whom the government could find no other help than to erect 382 towers on the coasts, not to defend them, but to raise the alarm among the people, so that in case of danger they could withdraw from the fields to enclosed places." [6] In case of neglect to claim the protection of the flag of some strong naval power, remarks an English tourist in 1741, mariners "are so much pestered with the Algerines that they are forced to carry in their

vessels a little boat, into which when they see the Algerines, or any other enemy making towards them, they cast their provisions away, and make to the next port, leaving their vessel behind them; upon which very often their enemies go away, not much valuing their vessels or goods, the chief prey which they hunt for being their men to carry into slavery. The princes and states of Italy are not in any condition to clear the seas of these robbers." [1]

III

Few modern travelers in Europe count it as one of the possibilities of a Continental tour that they may be robbed on their journey. Except for small pilfering, such as one may expect almost anywhere, the ordinary traveler in Europe has little occasion to fear for his valuables or his personal safety, and probably not one tourist in a thousand goes armed.

In the eighteenth century the danger was more serious. Of course, the great majority of travelers were never molested. But danger there still was and far more than one would now ordinarily encounter in any civilized country. One who traveled widely, particularly in the south of Europe, could not count with entire certainty on arriving unmolested at his destination. Very significant is the suggestion in an eighteenth-century book of advice to travelers: "Double-barrelled pistols are very well calculated for the defence of the traveller, particularly those which have both barrels above, and do not require turning." [2]

So common was the carrying of arms that some cities, as for instance Lucca, required pistols and swords to be given up at the gate of entry, and returned them when the tourist departed. The fees often amounted by the end of the journey to as much as the weapons were worth.[3] In time of war and social unrest highwaymen may be expected anywhere; but in the eighteenth century they had to be reckoned with, even in the leading countries of Europe, during periods of profound peace. Police protection

AN INTERRUPTED JOURNEY

was imperfect in London itself, and the English roads were notoriously insecure.[1] Walpole complains in 1774: "Our roads are so infested by highwaymen, that it is dangerous stirring out almost by day"; and he adds interesting particulars.[2]

In France the mounted police had largely cleared out the highwaymen that were the pest of the seventeenth century,[3] but it was still hazardous to travel at night unarmed, or to traverse dense forests without a guard. Some streets of Paris were especially frequented by robbers [4] and so were the bridges. A real danger to tourists in almost every city arose from the generally unlighted streets. Even though a street lantern might be hung here and there in a few cities, the light barely made the lantern itself visible. No thief had much reason to fear recognition or pursuit after nightfall. The only safe thing to do was to carry a lantern one's self after ten at night, and so to carry it as to throw the light into all alleyways and lurking-places. And in many cities such lanterns were required by law. At Saint-Omer, notes a tourist in 1776, "After ten at night in the summer, and much sooner in the winter, a person passing along the street must have a lanthorn, or candle, or torch, lighted in his hand, or be attended by a light, or must show that he has just had some such; without which ceremony any gentleman is in danger of being taken up as a suspicious person and carried to prison." [5]

At Dieppe, we read, "Every person who is abroad without a lanthorn, after ten at night, is taken into custody by the police. With their early hours, ten is equivalent to our twelve." [6]

In the matter of lighting the streets the largest Italian cities were very backward. "What is the greatest disgrace to Rome, and indeed, to every city in Italy, is the uncomfortableness and danger of passing through the streets after sunset; for there is not the least provision made for lighting them. London seems to be the single town in Europe where that convenience is rightly understood, and carried effectually into execution; for, at Paris, the candles

in their brown glass lanterns give but little light, whilst they do burn, and, being small, are soon extinguished." [1]

Among Italian cities Palermo was a notable exception for being well lighted. Some parts of Europe, indeed, were "so safe in the day that a child might travel with a purse of gold and not be robbed of it." [2] And at night, though there was more risk, one seldom met a highwayman. In Germany there were "few robberies and fewer murders." [3] Even in the dense Spezzart Forest, near Aschaffenburg, "for twenty years," says a traveler, "there has not been an instance of any person being attacked." In the early seventeenth century,[4] however, and throughout the Thirty Years' War, Germany was notorious for crimes of the road.

Judged by the standards of the eighteenth century, Italy afforded reasonable security to travelers, though to us there seems much to be desired. Upon Italy a well-informed French traveler bestowed the moderate praise that in general less was stolen there than in England.[5] But the multiplication of small states afforded peculiar temptation to crime. Gentlemen "will be upon their guard," suggests a contemporary guide-book,[6] "not to lodge at night where two states border, for there most robberies and murders are committed, as the offenders in half an hour may get out of the reach of justice from that territory where the act is committed."

Long after the close of the eighteenth century, personal safety was very insecure in many parts of Italy. Says Trevelyan, "In the matter of taking human life Italian civilisation was, perhaps, at very much the same stage of evolution in 1848 as English civilisation had been two hundred and twenty years before, when the 'killing affray' was only just in process of dying out." [7] Particularly in southern Italy human life counted for little. Every year in the Kingdom of Naples a thousand persons were killed. From four to five thousand assassins [8] were at the service of any one with a grudge to satisfy. People went armed for offense or defense, almost all with pistol, knife, or musket.[9] Naturally enough, robberies were most frequent in the

states that were worst governed. Conditions in the Kingdom of Naples were perennially bad. "The land roads were infested with robbers and brigands, so that the government recommended travelers to go in caravans." [1] Now and then there would be an improvement for a time, followed by a period of social unrest that brought back the old evils.[2]

Commenting upon the caravans, Misson remarks that "at present there is no danger," adding, however, "But tho' the profest banditti are extirpated, there are still remaining a great number of others who are little better." [3] In another place, nevertheless, he says: "Highway robbers are no more dangerous in this country than scorpions or tarantulas; for there have not been any banditti at Rome since the pontificate of Sixtus V." [4]

In his turn, Keysler, writing about 1730, says: "One may now travel with as much safety in Italy as in any other country." [5] Yet in speaking of excursions to Vesuvius and elsewhere he says: "A traveller should by all means carry fire-arms with him on these occasions; those people being trained up to rob and murder, and accustomed to wear at their side large couteaux." [6]

Peculiarly bad was the reputation of the Papal States, and especially of the Roman Campagna.[7] But we must remember that Italy was made up of many States widely differing in character, and that a sweeping statement is hazardous. Owing, doubtless, to the fact that most English tourists were well protected, the number of those who were disturbed on the road was relatively small. Moreover, as the well-informed English traveler Sherlock, writing about 1780, remarks: "The nation is exceedingly poor, and that counsellor of evil, Hunger, makes them commit many rogueries. It is not, however, as is generally believed, a country of robbers and assassins. My countrymen travel there almost continually, and for thirty years past there has been but one accident which has happened to them, or to any of their people; and even that ought not to be mentioned as an exception. As the courier of an English

duke was passing a river, he struck one of the boatmen with his whip, and the boatmen shot him." It is worth noting that he adds: "The country in general, especially Naples, swarms with pick-pockets." [1]

But while great robberies were few, small pilfering was common. Thieves would sneak up behind a traveler's carriage, cut the straps that fastened trunks or portmanteaus, and make off with their booty unperceived. In going from Sinigaglia to Ancona, Dr. Moore observed suspicious-looking "men in sailors' dresses. . . . Our company was too numerous to be attacked; but they attempted, secretly, to cut off the trunks from the chaises, without succeeding." [2]

"Travellers," says Berchtold, "should not permit strangers to place themselves behind their vehicle, under any pretext whatsoever, because there are innumerable instances of coaches having been disabled from proceeding, and unsuspecting travellers robbed and killed by this scheme. In suspicious places, the trunk should be placed before the coach; which place should generally be made use of as often as circumstances will permit." [3]

Travelers sometimes invited attack by a foolish display of wealth. Nugent warns tourists against pulling out money or other valuables before strange company on the roads or at inns. "If this be a salutary advice in all countries, 'tis especially so in Italy, where though the public roads are not much infested with highwaymen, yet there are a great many villains who are ready to murder or assassinate a stranger in private houses, when they happen to have a prospect of some considerable prey. 'Tis proper also to travel with arms, such as a sword and a pair of pistols, and likewise with a tinder-box, in order to strike a fire in case of any accident in the night." [4]

Very significant are Misson's instructions to travelers, which, by the way, are repeated almost word for word in Coghlan's "Handbook for Italy," (p. iii), published in 1847: "A traveller ought always to be furnished with some iron machine to shut his door on the inside, which may be easily contrived and made of several sorts; for it happens

not unfrequently that the doors of the lodging houses have neither locks nor bolts." [1]

Berchtold admonishes tourists in 1787: "Familiarity with fellow travellers beyond a certain degree is very imprudent, and may sometimes produce dreadful consequences; never ask another man's name, the motive of his travelling, the time he intends to continue in a place; and if you observe that people wish to know your concerns, answer them with circumspection, in such a manner as may make them give up their curiosity without being offended." [2]

But, as already remarked, notwithstanding an occasional highway robbery, the British tourist in general suffered very little loss or personal injury. Yet the tradition of Italian bandits maintained itself throughout the century and almost down to our own time. Unquestionably, there were in the aggregate a good many desperadoes who turned to robbery, and even murder, if necessary, as the easiest way of making a living; but as a rule the danger was not sufficient to justify even a timid traveler in staying at home. Just as in our day the number of brigands in Sicily has varied with the price of sulphur, so in the eighteenth century the number of robbers along the roads increased or diminished according to the general poverty of the country and the laxity of the government. There was naturally wide difference in the degree of danger to be encountered in different parts of the country.

IV

In all parts of Europe tourists were hampered in varying measure by antiquated official regulations that had come down from the Middle Ages. Judged by liberal modern standards, eighteenth-century administration appears stiffly bureaucratic and strangely lacking in breadth of view. The modern traveler now and then feels slightly annoyed when he is obliged at a German, and occasionally at a French, hotel to give his name, address, occupation, the name of the place he has come from, and of the place to

which he is going. But the annoyance in our day is trivial beside that to which the traveler of a century and a half ago was subjected. From the moment that he landed on the Continent he had the uncomfortable feeling of being watched. Everywhere he was liable to the pottering inquisitiveness of petty officials disposed to magnify their office. Perpetual presentation of evidence that one was one's self, and not a dangerous criminal or an escaped political conspirator, was the rule. For his own peace the tourist was, therefore, quite as solicitous to carry satisfactory identification papers as he was to carry a full purse. The interference with the freedom of travelers was practically universal and unremitting, though, of course, more annoying in times of war than of peace. The police thereby doubtless easily kept an eye upon strangers, but in periods of tranquillity the outlay of time and money for this purpose seems out of all proportion to the benefits obtained.

Suspicion and jealousy of strangers were only too common in days when a special effort was required in order to go anywhere; and suspicion was the greater when one conversed in a foreign tongue. Accordingly, frequent registration, and application for licenses to do this or that, are among the most characteristic experiences of travelers in the eighteenth century. Whenever one left Paris or Rome or Vienna the same tedious formalities must be gone through. The passport must be viséed by the proper official and the fee paid. Time that was desired for business or sight-seeing must be sacrificed in order that the suspicions of the government might be satisfied. Travelers of all types agree that the passport was an unending nuisance. Not merely had the precious document in many cases to be surrendered, but it could not be recovered without the payment of a fee.

Unpleasant as conditions were in the eighteenth century, they were infinitely worse in the seventeenth. When Coryate landed at Calais, he tells us: "Presently after my arrival, I was brought with the rest of my company to the Deputy Governor of the towne. . . . For it is

the custome of the towne, that whensoever any strangers arrive there, they are brought before the Deputy Governor, to the end to be examined about the occasion of their comming thither, whither they travell, and to have their names inrolled before they go to their lodging.[1] . . . They have a very strict order in this towne, that if any stranger of what Nation soever he be, shall be taken walking by himself, either towards their Fortresse, which they call the Rice-banke, or about the greene of the towne, he shall be apprehended by some Souldiers, and carried to the Deputy Governor, and committed to safe custody till he hath paid some fee for his ransome." [2]

In 1641, Evelyn was thus held up at Lillo on his way to Antwerp: "Being taken before the Governor, he demanded my pass, to which he set his hand, and asked two rix-dollars for a fee, which methought appeared very exorbitant in a soldier of his quality. I told him that I had already purchased my pass of the commissaries at Rotterdam; at which, in a great fury, snatching the paper out of my hand, he flung it scornfully under the table, and bade me try whether I could get to Antwerp without his permission: but I had no sooner given him the dollars, than he returned the passport surlily enough, and made me pay fourteen Dutch shillings to the cantone, or searcher, for my contempt, which I was glad to do for fear of further trouble, lest he should have discovered my Spanish pass, in which the States were therein treated by the name of rebels. Besides all these exactions I gave the commissary six shillings, to the soldiers something, and, ere perfectly clear of this frontier, thirty-one stivers to the man-of-war, who lay blocking up the river betwixt Lillo and the opposite sconce called Lifkinshoeck."[3]

This treatment, we must remember, was not given to a humble laborer, but to a man of substance and recognized social position. And similar incidents could be multiplied indefinitely. The eighteenth century kept

enough of the old espionage to put the tourist to much inconvenience. In France, Carr and his companion were near being detained a week because the latter had brought no pass.[1] And this, more than a century and a half after Evelyn's experience.

In no country, however, that tourists commonly visited were registration and presentation of evidence of one's identity so continual an annoyance as in Italy.[2] Nugent forewarns the tourist: "In travelling thro' Italy you should be careful not to be without the passport of some prince, ambassador, or cardinal, by which means you will pass unmolested thro' every city and fortified town; and, what is extremely convenient, if the customs-officers should want to see your baggage, showing your passport, you are exempt from any kind of duty. Another advantage of these passports is that on the confines of neighbouring states they are looked upon as a bill of health, if it be not lost thro' forgetfulness. It is to be observed, however, that those who have not a passport must take a bill of health at Bologna to enter the Grand Duke's territories, otherwise they will be obliged to return to Bologna." [3]

At Genoa, we are told, "When any person arrives here, he must either go himself, or send his own servant, to the town-house, to give in his name, country, and station of life. He then receives a billet, without which the people of the inn cannot answer letting him lie in the house." [4] So, too, at Ferrara, "Strangers must have a note from the townhouse before they can be admitted to lie in a public house." [5]

On entering Lucca, says Wright, "At the gate the officers took all the fire-arms we had in their custody, and gave us a tally for restoring them at our going away: they likewise gave us a billet to be delivered to the landlord at the inn, without which he could not receive us." [6]

"While the Papal Government continued it was necessary, on leaving Florence for Rome, to have, besides

a passport, a *lascia passare* for the entrance of the Roman state and another for the Porta del Popolo." [1]

One needed a Neapolitan passport in order to go from Rome to Naples and another — to be procured at Naples — in order to return.[2]

In Germany, one's passport was constantly demanded. One could not land at Magdeburg from an Elbe vessel until one's identity was established.[3] At Cologne a stranger was interrogated with great thoroughness. Here, as late as 1794, Cogan remarks: "Having thus passed a severe examination at the outward gate, we were permitted by the guardian genius of the second enclosure to enter the holy city without any official enquiries." [4] The same formality was encountered, with varying detail, throughout the Empire.

To get out of a country was almost as difficult as to get into it. In April of 1762, Sterne had to go "to Versailles to solicit the necessary passports from the Duke of Choiseul." [5] In 1773, a tourist, wishing to leave Paris, had to do the following: "The day before I left Paris I was fully employed in hiring a coach, for which I gave six guineas to M. Paschall, in obtaining an order from the Post-Master General to be furnished on the road with six horses, in getting a passport from our Ambassador to return without molestation, and in obtaining another passport signed by the King of France and countersigned by the Duke of Choiseul, to permit a poor Englishman to return to his own country, after having spent all the money he had brought with him." [6]

"Without a passport one could not go out of Paris with post-horses. And it was the same with the garrison and frontier cities of the kingdom, where an order of the commandant or the royal lieutenant of the place was required." [7] Application to a municipal officer instead of to one's ambassador merely postponed one's departure from Paris. "Several Englishmen," says Carr, "whilst I was at Paris, met with very vexatious delays in procuring their passports to enable them to

leave it, from a mistaken course of application." [1] We might multiply similar experiences of the tourist in other parts of the Continent,[2] but there is nothing gained by the repetition.

Let us turn to another official document of almost equal importance — the bill of health. Well meant, and doubtless in some sense necessary, was the bill of health, which indicated that the traveler was not likely to be a carrier of disease. This was an old requirement which was long continued. Says Coryate, early in the seventeenth century, "At Lyons our billes of health began: without the which we could not be received into any of those cities that lay in our way towards Italy. For the Italians are so curious and scrupulous in many of their cities, especially those that I passed through in Lombardy, that they will admit no stranger within the wals of their citie, except he bringeth a bill of health from the last citie he came from, to testify that he was free from all manner of contagious sicknesse when he came from the last citie. But the Venetians are extraordinarily precise herein, insomuch that a man cannot be received into Venice without a bill of health, if he would give a thousand duckets. But the like strictnesse I did not observe in those cities of Lombardy, through the which I passed in my returne from Venice homeward. For they received me into Vicenza, Verona, Brixia, Bergomo, etc., without any such bill." [3]

Later tourists frequently make reference to the certificate of health that each was obliged to carry.[4] "When you depart from any city," says Ray, "you must be sure to take a bill of health out of the office that is kept everywhere for that purpose, without which you can hardly get to be admitted into another city, especially if it be in the territory of another prince or state. If any one comes from an infected or suspected place, he is forced to keep his quarantain (as they call it) that is, be shut up in the Lazaretto or pest-house forty days." [5]

For the eighteenth century, Nugent testifies to the

same requirements. "Coming back [to Italy] from Germany this way" (i.e., through Carinthia and Styria), "you must be provided with a passport of health, otherwise you will be forced to go back, or obliged to perform quarantine for forty days." [1]

"We left Ravenna," says Wright, "with a double *fede* (or testimonial), one to certify that we were well, the other that we were sick; the former, on account of their fear of the plague, to get us entrance into their cities; and the other, (it being Lent,) to get us some *grasso* (flesh-meat) in the inns." [2]

In view of the laxity with which the certificates of health were issued, the insistence of some towns upon compliance with every official formality appears sufficiently ridiculous. At Lucca, adds Wright, "we were forced to have not only ourselves and servants, but our horses and our dog specified in our *fede*." [3]

However unintelligent in actual operation some of these regulations of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries appear to us, they were the outcome of a wholesome terror of the ravages of the plague and various other types of disease that were only too common. Indeed, to the man of to-day the greatest peril of the tour would seem to be the constant exposure to unsanitary conditions, to damp, ill-heated houses, to improper food, to nameless dirt. In many cities, particularly in Italy, the streets were unspeakably filthy when they were wet and full of pestilent clouds of dust when they were dry. The Doge's Palace at Venice was made a very sty by the constant defilement of the entrance and the corridors.[4] The same was true of public buildings and even churches throughout the peninsula.[5] Even yet the sense of decency in many parts of Italy is only rudimentary among the lower classes. Until within two or three decades many of the most frequented countries of Europe have been strangely slow in adopting modern sanitary appliances. And to this day a good number of somewhat pretentious hostelries in France, to say nothing of Spain, put a severe

strain upon the patience of tourists not too fastidious. As may be supposed, the water-supply was in most towns a constant source of danger. Paris and Venice had an especially bad reputation in this particular.[1]

Obviously, the certification of the harmlessness of the tourist necessitated a constant interruption of his journey. But there were hindrances of another sort. Even when one's official papers were all in order, one had to make allowance for the possibility of arriving too late at night for admittance into a town. Police regulations were strict, often peculiar to the district, and therefore difficult to know in advance. Most cities of any size were walled and the gates generally shut at nightfall. After that time entrance was difficult, if not impossible. Matters had improved somewhat since Fynes Moryson's time, when, even at dinner time, the gates of Dresden were shut and the streets chained.[2] But eighteenth-century tourists constantly refer to the closing of the gates at nightfall as a matter of course.[3] Says Dr. Moore: "We left Milan at midnight, and arrived the next day at Turin before the shutting of the gates." [4]

When going to Rotterdam, James Edward Smith and his party had taken a gorgeous coach "lined with red velvet and drawn by three horses abreast." On their arrival "the gates were shut," and they "were obliged to seek a lodging in the suburbs; nor was that easy to be had. . . . The manner, indeed, of the Dutch in general is quite opposite to what the French call *accueillante*." [5] Facts of this sort may now and then explain the apparent indifference of travelers to notable sights along the road or in small towns: they are merely trying in their haste to escape a night of exposure outside the gates.

V

If we were to place the discussion of eighteenth-century custom-houses along with the discussion of robberies, we should doubtless follow what, in the opinion of many

tourists of that time, would appear to be a natural order. Throughout the greater part of Europe a narrow-minded policy of commercial exchange hampered the free movement of merchandise across frontiers. Where a country was split up into a variety of unrelated governments, each insisting upon its rights, foreign commerce obviously suffered in proportion to the restrictions laid upon it.[1] The personal belongings of the tourist were treated in much the same way as all merchandise.

Numerous passages in eighteenth-century books of travel comment upon the ever-recurring examination of the travelers' personal luggage. This is, even now, no special pleasure, but a century and a half ago it was an endless vexation, often involving the entire repacking of one's effects — in so far as they were not confiscated — and the payment of heavy duties. One could often escape by bribing the officials, but that put some strain upon a sensitive conscience. Yet without some such help one was liable to be held up for hours, while the contents of trunks and portmanteaus were spread over the ground at the pleasure of the officials. In view of the liability to confiscation tourists were warned: "Since it is impossible to know what goods are forbidden in different countries, information on that head should be had before foreigners enter into another territory, in order to avoid many inconveniences which might arrive from trifles: in some countries the whole luggage is confiscated if prohibited goods are found with them, and the owners condemned to imprisonment, or to pay a heavy fine." [2]

Very illuminating is the advice as to the amount and character of the luggage a traveler should carry. The "expence of the carriage of it . . . in some countries amounts," we are told, "to much more than the passage of his person and servant." [3] If the stage-coach or diligence was too heavily loaded, part of the luggage was left behind, and the traveler got it again when he could! And, finally, travelers were "frequently charged" at the

inns "according to the quantity of baggage and conveniences" they carried with them.[1] "For going any distance short and high trunks are preferable to long and low ones; because they can be put upon any carriage whatever. The solidity of a trunk is also one of its necessary qualities, it being sometimes most unmercifully handled by the Custom-House officers. Travellers should never permit revenue officers to visit two trunks at the same time, as the owner's eyes and attention may be fixed on one, at the great hazard of his being pillaged by the other." [2]

We can attempt no systematic account of the customs regulations in different countries, but we may cite a few typical cases, and may well begin with the ordinary experience of the tourist landing at Calais. This is presented in considerable detail in the most popular guidebook of the middle of the eighteenth century: "Upon approaching the town, you see several batteries of cannon planted on the shore, to keep the coast clear in war time. Coming ashore, you'll meet with men-waiters who speak English, and make it their business to ply there, on English vessels coming in, and who will conduct you and attend you in Calais, till you have got into your post-chaise for Paris. Having pitched upon one of these, you are conducted by a soldier upon the guard, which is always mounted upon the quay, to a searching office just by, where you must give in your name and quality, the purpose of your coming over, and intended tour: thence you are shown into a small inner room and very civily searched by the proper officer, who only just presses upon your coat-pockets or outer garments; afterwards the soldier conducts you to the governor's house, where you are shewn to the governor. When this farce is over, you are at liberty to proceed to your inn, whither you are attended by the person or servant whom you pitched upon at the water-side. There are several good inns at Calais, as the Golden Arms, the Golden Head, the French Horn, the Table Royal, and the Silver Lion, the

last of which, kept by Grandsire, is reckoned the best. When you have refreshed yourself, you had best go yourself to the custom-house, where you will find your baggage has been carried by porters from the vessel, and will be there searched, to prevent your bringing in anything new of a foreign manufacture. They allow only one watch to each person, and if they find any new cloathes, they will stop them. After your baggage has been searched, you had better have your trunk plumbed with a leaden stamp for Paris; for this will prevent the trouble of any further search of your baggage upon the road, or its being carried to the custom-house when you come to Paris: but you must take care not to open the custom-house cordage and plumbing till you get to that metropolis; for on going out of Calais, and at several other garison towns, both your Calais custom-house pass (which they give you in writing and which you must take care of) and also the plumbing of your trunk are examined. Therefore your best way is to take out at the custom-house at Calais what necessaries you may want on the road. The fees at the custom-house for the pass, for your cloathes and necessaries, and for the plumbing your trunks are very trifling; but if they are civil and do not tumble your cloathes, it is customary to give the officer half a crown. The porters who carry your goods from the ship to the custom-house, and from the custom-house to the inn, are like our watermen, never satisfied; about a livre for carrying each trunk will pay them; and three livres when you get into your post-chaise, will be sufficient for your attendant, who keeps close to you till you are gone, and shows you anything the town affords, which is but indifferent." [1]

In France duties were "laid on all kinds of merchandise either brought in or carried out of the kingdom, and also on the import and export from and to the provinces." [2] Besides these there were octroi charges on many articles collected at the gates of cities.[3] But oftentimes the customs officials were not averse to increasing their incomes

by politely failing to discover dutiable articles. "We were stopt," says Essex, "as we were going out of the Gates of Calis by the Custom-house Officers who wanted to search our baggage, but seeing a 12 sou piece in our valet's hand, they turned their attention that way and suffered us to pass." [1]

On Smollett's return to France from Italy in 1766, he notes: "As for our small trunks or portmanteaus, which we carried along with us, they were examined at Antibes; but the ceremony was performed very superficially, in consequence of tipping the searcher with half a crown, which is a wonderful conciliator at all the bureaus in this country." [2]

James Edward Smith remarks at Lyons: "Our trunks passed the custom-house for a little gratuity unopened, which is generally the best way." [3] In general, the officials on the Savoy frontier were very lenient, notes the Abbé Coyer in 1775.[4]

But it is time to turn to Italy. The number of separate governments in the peninsula rendered the tourist liable to frequent inspection,[5] although, as Nugent observes, "In travelling thro' Italy . . . what is extremely convenient, if the custom-officers should want to see your baggage, showing your passport, you are exempted from any kind of duty." [6]

A still better plan, apart from the inconvenience of having no use of one's extra clothing and other possessions, was to seal up the luggage and thus escape further visitation at the successive custom-houses. This is repeatedly recommended by tourists in France, in Italy, in Germany, in the Austrian Low Countries.[7] Even individual cities retained the right to search everything unsealed that passed through the gates.[8] Of Pistoia, for example, Northall remarks: "At the port gate of the town they search all baggage, to see if there is any tobacco; and if they find any quantity above a pound they seize everything. They also seize all such apparel that has not been worn; at least they oblige strangers to pay duty for it, if only a pair of shoes." [9]

We cannot afford space for much detail, but we note that in Keysler's day certain cities had an especially evil reputation for the venality of the customs officials: "The customs and duties are nowhere on so bad a footing as at Milan; a small gratuity to the officers, who importunately ask it, puts an end to all further search and questions; whereas, in Piedmont, the extreme severity on this head often puts travellers to a great deal of unnecessary delay and trouble." [1]

As for Rome, the goal of nearly every tourist, the customs examination afforded no special annoyance,[2] except that one must drive at once to the *dogana* before going to the inn and submit to a search for prohibited books.[3] Travelers occasionally complain of the severity with which their books and papers were scrutinized. Says a tourist in 1741: "It was impracticable for us to keep a journal in a country where our papers and books were so often liable to be looked into by bigotted inquisitors." [4]

On the land journey from Rome to Naples the ordinary tourist was little troubled. James Edward Smith's party escaped unexamined by paying a shabby-looking official a bribe worth a shilling.[5] But upon merchandise in any quantity the tariffs imposed a heavy burden, written, as they were, "in an unintelligible and ambiguous jargon, variable according to the caprice and greed of the collectors." [6]

The return journey to Rome from Naples was more annoying, especially during the first half-day, since tourists were supposed to be laden with commodities of Naples — particularly silk stockings — which should pay export duties. Bromley was stopped six or seven times for examinations, but a small bribe cooled the zeal of the inspectors.[7]

In striking contrast with the niggling inquisitiveness in some parts of Italy was the laxity of the examination at Venice. Even late in the seventeenth century Burnet notes with amazement: "Tho' we had a mullet's [8] load of trunks and portmanteaus, yet none offered to ask us, either coming or going, what we were or what we carried

with us."[1] And Misson tells the same tale: "The toll-gatherers saw us enter into the Lagunas without speaking one word to us, tho' we had a considerable quantity of baggage; but in other parts of Italy the tolls are very frequent and troublesome."[2]

With Venice we may conclude our rapid survey of Italian custom-houses. On summarizing the experiences of tourists we find that beyond an occasional petty exaction or confiscation one suffered no more actual loss in passing through the custom-houses of Italy than in some other parts of Europe. But the multiplication of frontiers subjected every passing stranger to frequent delay and annoyance and habituated him to the belief that every small official could be bought.

We now turn to Germany. The frequency of the challenge of custom-house officials was one of the least pleasurable experiences of travel in Germany. As elsewhere observed, Germany had a vast number of petty governments, each practically independent and each legally warranted in imposing any duties it pleased. If this right had been pushed to the limit, travel and commerce would have been practically impossible. As a matter of fact, the tourist, provided with a passport and obviously not a merchant, escaped with comparative immunity. Misson, indeed, says that in his day "Travellers are not stopped on account of customs or imposts, either in Holland or Germany."[3] But later tourists tell a somewhat different tale.[4] Dr. Moore went to Vienna, as so many other English tourists did. "On arriving at Vienna," says he, "the postillions drive directly to the Custom-house, where the baggage undergoes a very severe scrutiny, which neither fair words nor money can mitigate."[5] Books in particular were retained to be carefully scrutinized.

Baron Riesbeck, going by way of Passau to Vienna about a decade before the outbreak of the French Revolution, says: "At Engellhastzell our baggage was searched. Every thing was conducted in the best order possible, and with a great

deal of gentleness; the putting of the custom-house seals to the merchandise of our vessel took up a whole day. . . . As for me, the searchers directed their whole attention to my books; they took away from me Young's 'Night Thoughts,' which I had purchased out of compassion from a poor student at Saltzburg, but suffered Gibbon's 'Works' to pass."[1]

In the last decade of the century Mariana Starke complains that when she crossed the frontier of Carinthia the baggage was examined in the open street of a miserable town and small parcels were thrown under the coach by the thievish officials, to be gathered up later. "They seize gold and silver lace, snuff, and tobacco, and for unmade silks, gauzes, etc., they oblige you to deposit double the worth, to be paid back, however, when you quit the imperial territories. They accept no fees, and are slower in their operations than it is possible to conceive."[2]

All in all, the most enlightened state in Germany was Prussia. But the policy of Frederick the Great was to increase exports as much as possible and to reduce imports to the minimum. In 1766 the importation of four hundred and ninety commodities hitherto admitted on the payment of heavy duties was absolutely prohibited. The tourist incautious enough to be detected with any of these things among his effects — a bit of porcelain, for example — suffered accordingly. And the multitude of customs officials made concealment difficult.

But the region in which the tourist's progress was most interrupted by customs examinations and the collection of tolls from vessels, even though he might himself escape paying duties, was the Palatinate and the Valley of the Rhine.[3] In the Palatinate, we are told, "everything was taxed but the air," and all goods that passed through were subject to some import. The Rhine was in particular the paradise of the toll-gatherer. Tolls were "exacted by every distinct potentate and in every distinct jurisdiction."[4] Between Mainz and Andernach, a distance of sixty-three English miles, there were ten tolls to pay. Tourists natu-

rally enough express their surprise that, in view of the immense number of exactions of custom-houses, the river traffic was as great as it was.[1] A vessel plying between Cologne and Amsterdam or Rotterdam paid twelve tolls on every trip.[2] The tolls were attended to by the master of the vessel. Not unnaturally, tourists, who had been "subject from the officers of the revenue to the most disagreeable enquiries and vexatious delays" in various despotic states of Germany, felt "a sensation peculiarly agreeable on entering Hamburg," where they had simply to give their names "at the gates without any examination or custom-house embarrassments."[3]

As for the Austrian Low Countries, the records of tourists in the second half of the eighteenth century show the same petty interference that we have noted elsewhere. As a typical instance, take the experience of James Essex, a very respectable English tourist, who in 1773 crossed the frontier of the Low Countries at Dunkerque: "When we came to the first Barrier about halfe a mile from the City, we were stopt by the Custom house Officer and paid 6 d. to avoid a search, when we entered the Gates we were stopt by the Guard and obliged to write our names and the place of our abode, which was sent to the Governor."[4] At Nieuport, says he, "we met with some trouble from the Custom house Officers who in our absence open'd every part of our baggage & tumbled all our things in a disagreeable manner."[5] At Ghent we "were stopt at the Gate by the Custom house officers to examine our baggage and by the Guard to give in our names to be sent to the Governor."[6]

Another tourist, who was on the Continent between 1787 and 1789, complains that at Ostend, "Everything was thrown into beautiful confusion, and besides half-a-crown for three yards of small cord, and two leaden seals about the size of a half-penny, I was sentenced to pay one shilling and sixpence for two pairs of unwashed stockings. My new shoes escaped taxation by putting them on in presence of the inquisitors."[7]

In comparison with other parts of Europe tourists in

Holland enjoyed comparative immunity from annoyance at the custom-house, a policy in harmony with the liberal views of the Dutch on a multitude of other matters in the eighteenth century.

Far less agreeable was the reception that the returning tourist met at Dover. After he had traversed most of Europe and his heart beat faster as he neared his native land, his enthusiasm was chilled and his temper embittered by the exactions at the custom-house. An instance or two will suffice. Horace Walpole paid a duty of seven and a half guineas on "a common set of coffee things that had cost me but five." [1] On November 11, 1764, the Right Honorable Thomas Townshend writes to George Selwyn: "The strictness of the Custom-House officers still continues. Mr. Rigby brought one fine suit of clothes, which he saved by wearing it when he landed. Mr. Elliot saved a coat and waistcoat by the same means, but not having taken the same precautions for the breeches, they were seized and burnt." [2] And the Earl of Tyrone, on December 20 of the same year, in a letter to Selwyn, says: "I did not recover my sea-sickness enough to enable me to obey your commands from Dover, where we were very well treated by the officers who, after having searched our trunks very strictly, made every allowance which could be reasonably expected, and did not insist on confining us to a single suit, on seeing we had nothing which had not been worn. . . . You must wear your gold, for not even a button will be admitted." [3] The very allowance that the genial earl makes for the officials shows how rigorous the ordeal commonly was.

VI

In these days of quick and easy transportation few places are so remote from civilization as to be long deprived of the ordinary necessaries of life, or even of luxuries, if one desires to procure them. But a century and a half ago remoteness often meant privation, and this fact had much to do with shaping the route of the tourist.

Perhaps the most characteristic feature of English life in the eighteenth century as compared with the sixteenth was the general increase in comfort. There had, indeed, been great luxury and magnificence in the sixteenth century, but there had been a strange lack of the things that in our day appear indispensable to one's well-being. In these particulars the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries wrought a great change. Englishmen in the eighteenth century ate better and lived more cleanly than their ancestors and were accustomed to a higher standard of comfort than was common abroad. English wealth, as we have seen, was more generally diffused than on the Continent, for England was distinguished above France, Italy, and Germany by the existence of a rich and independent middle class.

This increase of comfort in England, to say nothing of the fact that English travelers were not noted for their meekness and long-suffering, did not make them the readier to put up with privation and annoyance on their pleasure trips. But the English tourists of the eighteenth century do not appear to us to set their demands unduly high. They never dreamed of some of the luxuries that to wealthy modern travelers have become necessities, and one cannot go through the long list of trials that they endured on the Continental tour without being surprised that complaints were not more numerous and more bitter. The ordinary mishaps of the road were not few. Not seldom the coach overturned, the straps or, more generally, the ropes of the harness broke, or the carriage went to pieces like the "one hoss shay." The English tourist's ideal of comfort was rudely disturbed as soon as he crossed the Channel. The beds were not to his liking; there was a sad lack of real cleanliness, even though plates and glasses might be brightly polished. He could not get his thick mutton chop, his cut of roast beef, or his tankard of English ale. He snuffed suspiciously at the strange and highly seasoned dishes, so different from the unadorned products of English cookery—the fruit tarts, the mutton pies, the plain

boiled vegetables. Nor did he always adjust himself easily to simple living unlike his own — the macaroni, the strong cheeses, the thin garlic soups. And before the nameless messes offered at the roadside inn, even a strong stomach recoiled.

In the matter of housing the English tourist faced another serious problem. The Dowager Countess of Carlisle, in writing to Selwyn from Montpellier about 1780, explains that she has succeeded in securing a house for Lord Warwick for his summer residence, and adds that the task "is always a difficult one where the English are concerned, for they are used, and like to be comfortable, and must therefore pay for it." [1] But in France and Italy and some other parts of Europe even lavish expenditure did not always secure comfort in winter. For that matter, a good part of the Continent to this day uses a pitifully small amount of fuel in attempting to warm a living apartment during the colder months.

It is, indeed, obvious that there was varied annoyance awaiting the traveler everywhere, but it came to a climax in Italy, and this, notwithstanding the fact that Italy was, for many reasons the most attractive part of Europe to the tourist. One who has imagined that the experiences on the roads commonly traveled in Italy were an unmixed delight should read the directions offered to travelers even as late as the end of the eighteenth century,[2] or the middle of the nineteenth century.[3] Lady Morgan enumerates some of the trials to be expected in Italy a generation after the French Revolution, and adds: "Most English travellers, and indeed all persons of rank, escape a great part of these annoyances, by travelling with a courier, who, constantly in advance of the carriages, removes all difficulty by force of authority or of gold. We, however, purposely avoided the retaining this useful domestic; partly from economy, and partly from a general desire of coming as closely as possible in contact with a population of whom we should have such frequent occasion to speak. We encountered, accordingly, our full share of the inconveniences of Italian

travelling; and we speak as we felt, and as the mass of the people must feel, who necessarily travel without couriers." [1]

VII

Not the least of annoyances to the modern tourist would be the inefficiency of the postal system. So accustomed are we to the telegraph, the telephone, and the express train that we cannot at once realize the isolation of the eighteenth-century tourist as soon as he left his own land. By the aid of the government registration bureaus he could be tracked from one town to another, but unless unusual effort was made to follow him he was speedily lost to view. Even if he kept his friends at home constantly informed by letter of his whereabouts, there was ample time to go to a far distant region before they could get word from him. It is true that in some parts of Germany the postal arrangements were safe enough, but they were very slow. As for Italy, Walpole says in one of his letters, "I am sorry to find that it costs about six weeks to say a word at Pisa and have an answer in London." [2] And this dawdling inefficiency was peculiarly striking in comparison with the achievements of the Romans eighteen centuries earlier. "It may be doubted whether there existed in the world in the year 1800 a postal service that could compare in speed and efficiency with the express service of the time of Cæsar." [3]

The postage for letters was very heavy, — the ordinary charge was a shilling,— but, in Italy at all events, one had no assurance that they would escape being opened by prying officials or that they would be delivered at all. Lady Mary Montagu repeatedly complains that her own letters were tampered with in Italian cities,[4] or lost on the way. Writing in 1741 from Turin she says: "I take this opportunity of writing to you on many subjects in a freer manner than I durst do by the post, knowing that all letters are opened both here and in other places, which occasions them to be lost, besides other incon-

veniences that may happen." [1] In another letter dated thirteen years later, she says: "I am quite sick with vexation at the interruption of our correspondence. I have sent six letters since the date of the last which you say you have received; and three addressed to my sister, lady Mar, none of which, you say, are arrived." [2]

Many of the annoyances enumerated in the foregoing pages are taken almost at random, for there is no lack of material to choose from. The delights of the grand tour must, indeed, as a rule have overbalanced the vexations or sensible Englishmen would not have continued for generations to travel on the Continent. But the fact remains that even under favorable conditions the tourist could hardly avoid a succession of petty troubles that sorely tried his patience. Of no great moment when taken singly, nevertheless, like the persistent buzzing of a gnat, they finally wore upon the nerves of the least captious of travelers. One to whom carping criticism was a delight found sufficient material in a single tour to supply him for a lifetime.

CHAPTER IX

THE COST OF TRAVEL

I

Of necessity, some of the expenses of travel have been occasionally brought to our attention in dealing with other matters. A few words may here be added in more connected form. This book is, of course, in no sense a treatise on economics, and cannot venture to invade a field that in a peculiar sense requires the knowledge of a specialist. But some indication of the cost of travel is desirable, even though we may well decline the task of making a detailed estimate of the expense of an eighteenth-century tour as compared with one in our day. What an old-fashioned grand tour would cost was, on the face of things, far less than it would now be if one were to travel in the eighteenth-century fashion, for the price of nearly everything, when measured in pounds, shillings, and pence is, in a mere numerical statement, far greater now than it was a century and a half ago. Measured in general commodities, the difference is less marked, but the comparison is complicated by the fact that machinery and rapid transportation have cheapened a host of products once wrought by hand and laboriously distributed by slow boats and carts. Even if the apparent cost were the same, we should still have to determine the relative purchasing power of the money expended.

In our day the tourist can dispense with carrying a host of things once necessary to his comfort on the journey. But, on the other hand, the modern tourist counts as ordinary necessaries of life many things that were never dreamed of a century and a half ago. The tourist of our time passes in a luxurious train from Paris

to Lyons and Marseilles and Rome at an expense of a few francs and in the course of a few hours. Comfortably seated in his motor-car he can now in a single summer cover far more territory than the earlier tourist could in his entire three years abroad.

II

It is not many years ago that travelers in Europe used to carry about their waists a purse in the form of a belt, filled with gold coin. Even yet a few pieces may often prove useful in an emergency, for gold is a quick solvent of many international differences. But to-day few tourists load themselves down with precious metal. Under present conditions, to procure any reasonable amount of money in return for paper recognized as good is simplicity itself. A letter of credit, payable at any one of a long list of banks — and few towns are so small as to have no bank; travelers' checks, accepted not only at banks, but at hotels and by tradesmen; and a multitude of reputable offices of exchange ready for a trifling charge to return the just value of one's gold or silver in the money of any country in Europe — these and other facilities have removed one of the most serious obstacles that the earlier tourist had to face.

The somewhat primitive conditions which prevailed in the sixteenth century were, it is true, largely ameliorated before the beginning of the eighteenth. The eighteenth century carried on an extensive commerce and had a tolerably complete system of banking and exchange that had been slowly developing for generations. Far earlier, indeed, had been the establishment of many of the famous banks of Europe. The Bank of Venice, made necessary by a great international commerce, dated from the twelfth century; the banks of Florence were already flourishing in the fourteenth century; and before the beginning of the eighteenth century the banks of Barcelona, Genoa, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Hamburg,

Nuremberg, and the great Bank of England were on a firm foundation. The Bank of Vienna was founded in 1703, the Bank of Breslau in 1765. In France the disastrous failure of Law's Bank in 1720 delayed the founding of banks maintained by the government, so that it was not until 1776, in the reign of Louis XVI, that the Caisse d'Escompte was established. On the other hand, France had numerous private banks, a list of which for the year 1785 is given in Thierry's *Almanach du Voyageur*.[1]

With a secure banking system in every country that the tourist visited, he could put aside his fears that he might be unable to procure funds, provided, of course, that he could establish his identity and his claim. He might, indeed, as already suggested, largely dispense with banks by carrying gold on his person and exchanging it when necessary. But the imprudence and uselessness of keeping large sums of ready money where they might be the prey of a chance robber were sufficiently evident to most travelers, who provided themselves with letters of credit or bills of exchange,[2] the latter being money-orders addressed to a particular person, who was directed to pay a certain sum to the individual designated. Although the convenience and safety of letters of credit were recognized before the eighteenth century, the convenience was somewhat diminished by the fact that the credits were to be honored at the particular bank named in the letter. Evelyn, for example, in 1645, had a letter of credit payable at Venice.[3] Circular letters of credit payable at any one of a long list of banks appear to have first come into use in the nineteenth century.

An eighteenth-century traveler commonly had his funds credited to him at some bank in a city that he expected to visit and there drew at his convenience. When Sterne was abroad, "All moneys received were to be sent up to London by Sterne's agents, to Selwin, banker and correspondent of Panchaud and Foley, in Rue St. Sauveur, Paris. In turn the banking firm at Paris was to remit to Messrs. Brousse et Fils of Toulouse."[4]

But the methods of eighteenth-century bankers were cumbrous and slow, particularly if the tourist applying for money happened to be a stranger. How exasperating the procedure was, even as late as 1829, we may judge from the delays involved in cashing a draft in Paris. "My draft is presented, but it must be stamped; and I am directed to the public office, about half a mile off. Arrived, I wait my turn to be served, and, after paying a duty to the government for the registry, return to the banker, who receives my bill, and will account with me next week." [1]

It is not altogether surprising that the bankers of the eighteenth century should have insisted upon convincing proofs of identity. A banker at Marseilles or Florence or Vienna could not hope to communicate with London and receive an answer under several weeks. No such delay now meets the tourist, if he is obviously not an impostor, but even yet the loss of time involved in drawing money at a French provincial bank is often very wearing on the nerves.

III

When the tourist had succeeded in turning his bill of exchange or letter of credit into ready money, he was by no means at the end of his troubles, for the variety of money current on the Continent was an endless annoyance. We cannot do more than touch lightly upon the complicated systems of currency in the countries that we are chiefly considering, for our main purpose is not to know the precise value in modern currency of this or that coin, or to make a critical survey of prices, but to consider how the variety of monetary systems affected the tourist.

In the time of the Roman Empire one could go from the island of Britain to the Euphrates and everywhere present without hesitation money bearing the imperial stamp. Far different was it in the Middle Ages, when a multitude of independent kingdoms and principalities and free cities established themselves and left as a legacy to after gen-

erations a bewildering variety of monetary systems based on different principles. Such, too, was the state of things in the eighteenth century. As soon as the tourist passed outside of France into Germany or into Italy, he was compelled to exchange his money, or a portion of it, for use in the district where he was, and in emergencies he was unmercifully fleeced by unscrupulous men who took advantage of his necessity and his ignorance. James Edward Smith cites an experience of his at Naples: "Wanting to change a sequin, the value of which in the silver of the place we well knew, these thieves offered us to the amount of three or four shillings less than the true sum. We applied to some of the most decent of the neighborhood, one after another, who all concurred in the same account." [1] Finally, an appeal to a soldier on duty brought the true change.

Typical of what might be expected anywhere was Misson's experience: "We meet so often with different sorts of money in Germany, that 'tis impossible to avoid losing by them. The best way is to make sufficient provision in Holland of gold ducats and silver money of the emperor's coin, which are current everywhere without any abatement; but something must be allowed for the exchange of those pieces." [2]

Nugent forewarns the tourist in Germany: "In a country divided into so many petty sovereignties there must be a great variety of money. Almost every free town coins small pieces of its own, which are current over the whole empire." [3] And on the quality of this sort of currency he adds interesting comments. "The German coin in general is neither true sterling nor true weight, being clipt, it is thought, more than any coin in Europe. The pieces that ought to be round are all shapes. The corruptors, particularly the Jews, do not trouble themselves to file it, but snip large bits off of the sides: This, with the variety of money that is current here, is no small disadvantage to trade, and sinks the value of estates very sensibly. As a knowledge, therefore, of the coins is

extremely necessary for a traveller, we shall give here a short account of the several species that are current." [1] The "short account" fills seven pages.[2]

Similar complication was presented by the money of Italy. "Every little state and principality in Italy," says Nugent, "coins its own money, which a traveller ought to have some knowledge of before he goes to that country, otherwise he is exposed to a great deal of trouble and perplexity, and liable moreover to be imposed upon. We shall therefore give some account of the several coins of the principal states and cities of Italy." The enumeration fills five pages.[3] "In Lombardy especially, which is divided into so many principalities, in each state the money differs; so that strangers not acquainted with this circumstance are liable to be considerable loosers. The money therefore that a person ought to carry about him in Lombardy is, in gold, pistoles [4] and half pistoles of Italy; in silver, Genovins, Milanese ducats, and the like; and as soon as you come to the confines, you should change and leave behind you the money of the country you have gone thro', and take the same sum in the coin of the country you are going to enter." [5]

If the traveler's tour included Venice, he might count upon some hours of study before he could pretend to understand the system of currency. Even where he was not cheated outright into receiving false money, he was in constant danger of mistaking the value of unfamiliar coins and of getting insufficient change. Consider the state of the average tourist's mind on reading the following lucid explanation: "At Venice, and in most parts of that republic's dominions, they keep their accounts in Lires, Soldi, and Pichioli, reckoning 12 Pichioli to 1 Soldo, and 20 Soldi to 1 Lira. But the bank reckons by Ducats and Grosses, reckoning 24 Grosses to the Ducat. The current monies are, I. The Pistole of Venice, Florence, Spain, and Louis d'ors worth 29 Lires. II. Another sort of Pistoli, valued sometimes at more than 30 Lires. III. The Pistole of Italy, Genoa, Turin, Milan, Parma, Mantua,

Modena, and Geneva, worth 28 Lires. IV. The Sequin, worth 17 Lires. V. The Ducat of gold or Hungarian Ducat, worth 16 Lires. VI. The Ducatoon, worth 8 Lires ½. VII. The silver Crown, worth 9 Lires 12 Soldi. VIII. The Silver Ducat, worth 6 Lires 4 Soldi. IX. The Crusade of Genoa, called Genoins, worth 11 Lires 10 Soldi, and sometimes 11 Lires 15 Soldi. X. The Philip of Milan, worth 8 Lires 10 Soldi. XI. The Testoon, worth 2 Lires 14 Soldi. XII. The Julio or 3 d. XIII. The Lira, worth 20 Soldi. XIV. The Soldo, worth 12 Pichioli. XV. The Gross, worth 32 Pichioli." [1]

And this was a mere beginning. In Tuscany one met the sequin, the scudo, the livre, and the paul. The Papal States had a separate system, and so had the Kingdom of Naples, and other parts of the country [2] — Bergamo, Bologna, Genoa, Messina, Palermo, Milan, Turin. Nugent calls attention to the fact, that, for the sake of aiding the tourist, he has specified on the margin of his book "where one prince's or state's territory begins and where another ends"; and he suggests that "gentlemen will not take more money into a neighboring state than is necessary to defray the expenses of their journey to it, since it will be useless to them." [3] But, obviously, it was no easy matter for tourists to estimate precisely the sum required to carry them without embarrassment over the borders of one petty state into another equally petty, but having its own system of currency. Even in the United Provinces the tourist had to be cautious. He was advised not to take too many "schillings" with him, since the metal was base and "not worth a third part of the value" it went at, and, naturally, the value differed in one province and another.[4] He should require bank notes rather than current money, since no coin was taken except "at the intrinsic worth." [5] Similar conditions met one in other countries of Europe, but, as a rule, Spain, Hungary, Russia, and the Scandinavian Peninsula were not included in the Continental tour.

IV

There is abundant evidence that to English travelers the expense of living abroad appeared on the whole low as compared with the cost in England. This we shall have occasion more than once to verify. Beyond an irreducible minimum one's personal expenses depended, of course, upon the individual. These may engage our attention a little later. But there were outlays that were inevitable — for transportation, for inns, for servants, for beggars. We must note, however, that prices were constantly changing,[1] and that any figures here given merely indicate in some measure what might be ordinarily expected. One inevitable expense was the passage money to and from the Continent. The price from Brighton to Dieppe was a guinea for each passenger, and the packet boat sailed twice a week.[2] Mariana Starke, near the end of the eighteenth century, returned from the Continent to Yarmouth by way of Cuxhaven. Each passenger was obliged to procure from the British agent a permission "to embark on board the packet." "This permission," says she, "costs for each gentleman and lady twelve shillings, sixpence"; "for each servant, six shillings, sixpence." The ordinary passage money was three guineas. Servants paid half price.[3] Besides all this, says she, "Each Gentleman or Lady pays one guinea for provisions to the Captain, who finds everything, wine excepted; and each Servant pays half-price. We gave as a present to the Master of the Packet, a couple of guineas; to the Stewards half a guinea, and to the Ship's Company one guinea." [4]

The shortest, cheapest, and most popular route was from Dover to Calais. "Travellers setting out from Dover agree for their passage in the packet-boat to Calais, which is half a guinea for a gentleman, and five shillings for each servant or attendant; the mate and cabin-boy, who wait upon you on board, expect one shilling each as their perquisite. If you are several in company, and you would

hire a packet or vessel to yourselves, the price is five guineas. Before you embark, you carry your baggage to the custom house, where it is searched, for which you pay six-pence, and six-pence more, called head-money. The distance from Dover to Calais is twenty-one miles." [1]

Of the expense of posting and coaching we have abundant data, though we can afford space for only a few illustrations.

For going by post from Calais to Paris the cost for one person with two horses and a driver was £7 9*s.* 7½*d.*, or 171 livres, of which the hire of the chaise came to seventy-two livres. For two persons with three horses the price rose to £9 5*s.* 8½*d.*, or 212 livres, 5 sols. If one had an English chaise the charge was £10 16*s.* 1½*d.*

One unpleasant feature of posting in France was that for some of the posts, styled royal, though in nothing superior to the ordinary posts, a double charge was exacted. Moreover, the traveler was expected to make no sudden changes in his plans. If by post he had set out, by post he must continue. Sterne's post-chaise had broken down near Lyons, but he had to pay for two posts beyond Lyons, because he had started by post! [2] Smollett made his famous journey through France to Italy in 1763, and carefully noted his expenses. Says he: "My journey from Paris to Lyons, including the hire of the coach, and all expenses on the road, has cost me, within a few shillings, forty loui' dores." [3] Two years later, having had his coach refitted and having secured fresh horses and another postilion, he paid at the rate of a louis d'or a day.[4]

For going from Calais to Nice in a coach with four persons, or in two post-chaises with a servant on horseback, Smollett reckons about one hundred and twenty pounds as a liberal estimate for covering all expenses. James Edward Smith, going from Avignon to Italy, hired a carriage "at the rate of twelve livres a day, for as long as it might be wanted to carry us as far as Nice." [5] "Either at Calais or at Paris, you will always find a travelling coach or berline, which you may buy for thirty or forty guineas, and

this will serve very well to reconvey you to your own country." [1]

With the experiences recorded above it is interesting to compare those of a generation or two later. When Leigh Hunt brought his family back from Italy he tells us: "On our return from Italy to England, we travelled not by post, but by *vettura*, that is to say, by easy stages of thirty or forty miles a day, in a travelling carriage; the box of which is turned into a chaise, with a calash over it. It is drawn by three horses, occasionally assisted by mules. We paid about eighty-two guineas English, for which some ten of us (counting as six, because of the children) were to be taken to Calais; to have a breakfast and dinner every day on the road; to be provided with five beds at night, each containing two persons; and to rest four days during the journey, without further expense, in whatever places and portions of time we saw fit." [2]

Those who preferred the cheap stage-coach or the diligence, with its early hours, could travel all over the country, though with less independence. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu went from Paris to Lyons by diligence for "three hundred livres," "all things paid." [3] For mere transportation one paid much less. "The stage-coach from Lyons to Paris sets out from the Rue de Flandre, every other day, at four in the morning. You pay seventy-five livres for your place, and five sols per pounds for your baggage, except twenty-five pounds which you have free." [4]

From Rouen to Dieppe the stage-coach went through in one day for six livres a person.[5] Three-quarters of a century later the price had somewhat advanced, but it still impressed Hazlitt as very low. "Travelling is much cheaper in France than England. The distance from Dieppe to Rouen is thirty-six miles, and we only paid eight francs, that is, six shillings and eight pence apiece, with two francs more to the guide and postilion, which is not four pence a mile, including all expenses." [6]

For short trips the cheap public conveyance was a decided convenience, and the time of starting was not always

unreasonably early. "From Paris you may go to Versailles," says Nugent, "for five and twenty sols with the coche, which sets out twice a day from the Rue Saint Nicaise. You may likewise go with a carosse or stage-coach that holds but four, for a French crown each; or with a postchaise. Another way is by water for five sols as far as Seve, which is half way, either with the boats of Seve or S. Cloud. They set out at eight in the morning from Pont Royal." [1]

We may now turn to Italy. Owing in part to the wretched conditions of government in Italy, posting was not so well managed as in France. De Brosses found it "excessively dear." [2] He complains bitterly of the extortion of the drivers and the owners of carriages in the north of Italy, and brands them as the worst race that ever crawled on the face of the earth.[3] His compatriot, De La Lande, gives particulars: "In the State of Venice the posts are very dear; the two horses of a chaise cost more than eight French livres a post, except for the Venetian nobles, who pay a third less, since they have all sorts of privileges in the State. If one forgets to take a posting ticket before the departure, one pays much more besides." [4]

In the Roman State, "Every draught-horse is charged at four pauls a post, unless it be a post-royal, when the price is six pauls — the only post-royal in the Roman State is out of Rome. Every pair of horses must be driven by a Postillion, whose claim is two pauls a post, but who will not be content without four — every saddle-horse is charged at three pauls a post, unless it be a post-royal, when the price is five — every extra draught-horse is charged at three pauls a post; and to the driver, it is customary to give two pauls, though he has no regular claim." [5]

On the other hand, many carriages were to be had in all the small cities of Italy, and at a lower price than in France. Commonly they were let by private owners.[6] When Smollett went to Rome by way of Siena, he hired a coach for seven weeks for "less than three and a half guineas." [7] At Rome itself, "For ten or twelve pistoles a month a gen-

tleman may have a handsome coach and a pair of horses, except at Lent or about Easter, when there is a great concourse of strangers at Rome, and then they will ask fourteen pistoles a month for a coach and a pair of horses." [1]

How the cost of carriage hire worked out in actual practice may be gathered from a few trips actually taken. It will be noted that the *vetturino* system was commonly the most economical, and, assuming reasonable honesty on the part of the conductor, by far the most satisfactory. As a specimen we may note the journey of Mariana Starke from Nice to Turin in May of 1792. For the carriage there were six horses and for the courier a saddle horse, and the cost was twenty-eight louis-d'ors. "Bearing our own expenses at inns . . . amounted to a couple of crowns a day for dinner and three for supper and beds; we were four in number, besides our courier, who found himself." [2] The same writer records: "We paid from Rome to Florence, in May, 1793, forty Roman Sequins, *buona mano* inclusive, for four mules to our English coach and three to our servants' coach, which was found by the Voiturin. We were four persons besides three servants — had one meal a day — paid the waiters at inns — and gave our drivers one Sequin each for good behaviour." [3]

It is instructive to see how eighteenth-century conditions still prevailed in the early nineteenth century. Hazlitt says that at Turin "We were fortunate enough to find a voiture going from Geneva to Florence with an English lady and her niece. I bargained for the two remaining places for ten guineas. . . . We were to be eight days on the road." [4] From Florence he went to Rome by way of Siena. "We did not meet," says he, "ten carriages on our journey, a distance of a hundred and ninety-three miles, and which it took us six days to accomplish. I may add that we paid only seven louis for our two places in the voiture (which, besides, we had entirely to ourselves) our expenses on the road included. This is cheap enough." [5]

Many travelers in Italy took the route along the Adriatic, particularly on the return from Rome, and went by

way of Loretto to Bologna. For this journey James Edward Smith and his party paid his *vetturino* "eighteen sequins,[1] all expenses included." [2]

The other chief trip in Italy was that from Rome to Naples and return. For the journey to Naples Smith and his party paid "a little more than three guineas, all expenses included, except *la buona mano*." [3] For a distance of one hundred and forty-one miles this seems very reasonable.

The return trip cost nearly a guinea and a half more, but included a stop of two days at Caserta and a day at Monte Cassino. Smith's concluding remark is worth noting. "In this journey we provided our own accommodations at the inns, by way of experiment; but were not so well satisfied as when the whole was left to our voiturin." [4]

As compared with France, or even Italy, Germany was ill-provided with posting facilities for those who wished to travel in comfort. A tourist did wisely to provide his own carriage and to trust as little as possible to the springless public conveyances or the lumbering vehicles that he might chance to find for his private use. As a whole, the country was poor, and the cost of transportation was in a measure adjusted to the average income. For the ordinary post-wagon one paid less than twopence per English mile, "besides two grosses at each stage to the postilion." [5] A traveler late in the eighteenth century observes: "Travelling is cheaper in Germany than in France; for though you pay half a rix dollar, or about one shilling and nine pence, per horse, for every stage, the stages are as long again as those in France. In Franconia, Suabia, and most places near the Rhine, it is a florin, or about 2s. and 4d. per horse; the postillion will expect thirty cruitzers." [6]

Far better were conditions of travel in Holland. So diminutive was the country that no journey could be long, nor could the cost of mere transportation amount to any great sum even with charges far beyond those actually demanded. Already in Misson's time "the rates of places in the stage-coaches and boats were fixed," so that there was "no occasion for contending about the price." The

rates varied "according to the difference of places and distances." [1] Notwithstanding some travel that seems to us to cost very little, Cogan in 1794 declares that travel in Holland is "as expensive as in England, or even more so";[2] and this we may well believe.[3] As an interesting detail he notes: "From Utrecht to Nimeguen is the distance of fourteen hours. There are no turnpikes upon this road; but each traveller is obliged to pay *passagie geld* (passage money) from three-pence, six-pence, to twelve-pence, according to the distance of the stage; so that the tax is confined to persons." [4]

If one preferred to travel in Holland by water,[5] the rates were very reasonable. And this was equally true in the Austrian Netherlands. The prices instanced by Essex in 1773 were typical. The barge from Dunkerque to Nieuport, Bruges, had two classes, first class costing fifteen pence.[6] More sumptuous was the barge that carried the traveler from Bruges to Ghent, a distance of thirty miles, for two shillings and sixpence, including dinner. This boat was fifty-two feet long, and had cabins, windows with sliding sashes, and an awning "over the states room." [7]

V

More difficult than in dealing with the expense of transportation is it to generalize on the expense of hotels or lodgings or food. But we may note how the charges appeared to tourists of various types.

All in all, one could live very well at small expense on the Continent, if one exercised reasonable prudence. "It is a generally conceived notion in England that it is necessary to have a considerable fortune to make the tour of France: so it is, I confess, if a man is determined to be a dupe to Frenchmen, and enter into all the follies, vices, and fopperies, of that vain superficial people; but I can with veracity declare, that during eighteen months I was abroad, it did not cost me 150*l.* sterling." [8]

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu drew upon a wide ex-

perience, and in one of her letters she declares: "Nothing is cheaper than living in an inn in a country town in France; they being obliged to ask no more than 25 sous for dinner, and 30 for supper and lodging, of those that eat at the public table." [1] Mrs. Sterne said that she and her daughter "could save as much money in a year in France as would keep them in clothes for seven in England." [2]

Of Geneva Lady Mary does, indeed, say that, "Every thing is as dear as at London"; [3] but a little later she gives facts that show what one might do on a moderate income: "The Prince of Hesse, who is now married to the Princess of England, lived some years at Geneva on 500*l.* per annum. Lord Hervey sent his son at sixteen thither, and to travel afterwards, on no larger pension than 200*l.*; and though without a governour, he had reason enough, not only to live within the compass of it, but carried home little presents to his father and mother, which he showed me at Turin." [4]

In the second half of the century Lady Knight spent much time on the Continent and lived as became her rank, though her resources were by no means unlimited. In one of her engaging letters, written from Toulouse in 1776, she describes one of her dinners: "I gave a dinner . . . two days since to an Irish lady and a French gentleman; we had a soup and a dish of the stewed beef, a very fine large eel, mutton chops, a brace of the red partridge, an omelet with peaches in it, grapes, peaches, pears and savoy biscuits; a bottle of Bordeaux — sixteen pence — a bottle of our own wine, value three half-pennys. The whole expense amounted to ten shillings, wine included and a very fine cauliflower." [5]

It would be easy to show in detail that in other parts of France and in other countries one could purchase a great deal for very little; but some prices are unexpectedly high. Smollett says: "We have as good tea at Boulogne for nine livres a pound, as that which sells at fourteen shillings at London." [6] In our time neither price would appear cheap.

About 1785 the common charge in France for dinner was forty sous (twenty pence) and forty-five for supper and

lodging. One might also expect clean linen and silver forks.[1] In Smollett's day the usual price was thirty sous "for dinner and forty for supper, including lodging."[2] In 1773, James Essex was at Dunkerque and at the inn shared a supper provided for four people at fifteen pence a head.[3] "It consisted of two fowls boild, a Duck roasted, a very fine codling, a dish of artichoks and a fine sallad, these were replaced by a dish of Tarts, a plate of Apricots, 2 plates of maccaroons with other confectionarys."[4]

Another tourist in 1773 records his expenses at Paris: "We drove to the Hôtel de l'Impératrice in the Rue Jacob, where we have an elegant dining room, with two bed chambers on the first floor, and a bed chamber in the entre-sol, with an apartment for the servant, for three guineas a week. I confess the lodgings are dear, but the situation is good, and the furniture magnificent." For coach hire he paid half a guinea a day and a shilling to the coachman. "We have likewise," says he, "a valet de place, who goes behind the coach, runs in errands, and cheats us when he can. We generally dine at a Table d'Hôte where we find genteel people and good dinners, the price is different at different houses; but for forty sous a head, which is twenty-pence English, we dine most sumptuously on two courses of seven and five, with a dessert and a pint of Burgundy; when two are seated, the table is full. We always sup at home. We buy our wine of the merchant, and our supper is sent from the neighbouring traiteurs."[5]

Smollett, while on the Continent, found that expenses depended largely upon the tourist himself. If he was bent on economy, he could easily curtail his daily outlay and yet live comfortably. "A single person, who travels in this country, may live at a reasonable rate in these towns, by eating at the public ordinaries; but I would advise all families that come hither to make any stay, to take furnished lodgings as soon as they can: for the expence of living at an hotel is enormous. I was obliged at Marseilles to pay four livres a head for every meal,

and half that price for my servant, and was charged six livres a day besides for the apartment; so that our daily expence, including breakfast and a valet de place, amounted to two loui' dores." [1]

VI

But although normal prices on the Continent were often extremely low, the hurried tourist seldom reaped the full advantage of them, and this for many reasons. Tourists were advised, as a matter of principle, not to be too careful of their expenditures. "To travel agreeably," says Misson, "one must spend. 'Tis the way to be respected of every body, to gain admittance everywhere, and to make great advantages of travelling in all respects. Since 'tis but once in your lives that you undertake such a thing, 'tis not worth while to be careful in saving a thousand crowns, more or less. Nothing is more melancholy than to see one's self forced, upon the account of thriftiness, to do things which expose one to the contempt of the rest of the travellers." [2]

This advice might have been spared. The attitude of the average well-to-do English tourist towards expense was very lofty and indifferent. Accustomed to a large establishment at home and to a revenue that to foreigners appeared princely, he scorned small economies and dealt out considerable sums without realizing that he was doing anything unusual. Moreover, on his travels he commonly gave himself freer rein than at home and without complaint paid outrageous bills that he might normally have scrutinized more closely. Provided with money far beyond his needs, the young English aristocrat took delight in lavish spending and lived at The Hague, at Paris, at Rome, at Vienna, in magnificent style. He had his coach, his running footmen, his valet, and other servants in livery, he had his suits of velvet and lace and silk, and he gave costly dinners to repay some of the hospitality he had enjoyed.

There were, of course, English tourists who kept the purse-strings tightly drawn, either because of a saving disposition or because otherwise they could not travel at all. Men like Smollett, who could ill afford any unusual outlay, were goaded to fury at meeting the normal charges exacted from travelers of rank. But as a rule, taking pride in the national reputation for wealth, the tourist scorned to show that even charges ridiculously high appeared to him exorbitant.

There had been a vast increase in English wealth in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries,[1] and extravagance was an inherited trait. Fynes Moryson comments upon the prodigality of the English of his time who would not take the trouble to examine their reckonings.[2] Even Walpole speaks of "the incredible profusion of our young men of fashion. I know a younger brother," says he, "who literally gives a flower-woman half a guinea every morning for the nosegay in his button-hole." [3]

In "The Capuchin," Foote cleverly ridicules the English fondness for spending money in order to make strangers stare. Sir Harry Hamper, who is now making a tour with a "travelling tuterer," had formerly kept a tea-shop in Cornhill.

Sir Harry Hamper. Come, come! Come along, Doctor! Peter, give the postillions thirty souses apiece.

Peter. 'Tis put down, they are to have but five, in the book.

Sir H. No matter; it will let them know we are somebody, Peter.

Peter. What significations that? ten to one, we shall never see them again.

Sir H. Do as you are bid! (*Peter pays the Postillions.*)

Peter. There! Pox take 'em, see how they grin! ay, ay, I dare be sworn you han't seen such a sum this many a day.

1st Post. Serviteur! bonne voyage, Monsieur my lor!

Sir H. There, there, Peter! my lord! I have purchased a title for ten pence; that is dog cheap, or the devil 's in 't.

Peter. Nay, in that respect, the folks here make but little difference between their dogs and your worship, I think; for every mangy cur I have met with, is either *prince,* or *my lord,* or *marquis.*[4]

As for the reputation of the English abroad, the plain-spoken Lady Mary Wortley Montagu does not mince matters. "I know," says she, "how far people are imposed on that bear the name of English and heretics into the bargain; the folly of British boys, and stupidity or knavery of governors, have gained us the glorious title of Golden Asses all over Italy." [1] Very illuminating, also, are the remarks of Baretti on the extravagance of the English during the tour abroad. "I believe it is not necessary to say that a disposition to spend money freely is one of the chief requisites towards the pleasures of such an undertaking. However, there are few English travellers who need this advice; and perhaps it would not be improper to warn some of the most profuse, of the general character this quality has acquired them in Italy, where they are often called dupes and fools; and many of my countrymen have wished for a law to prevent their coming into Italy, unless they come with a certificate, importing that they know the true use of money." [2]

This lordly indifference to expense, together with the reputation for boundless wealth, brought the inevitable penalty, for prices advanced wherever the English went.[3] If Englishmen bought pictures they were at the mercy of glib-tongued professional guides who played into the hands of the dealers. Not seldom they were even ready to pay more than was asked. They offered Canaletto for his mediocre pictures of Venice three times as much as his ordinary price.[4]

Where they had no other amusement at hand they often literally threw their money away. "How frequently," says a close observer, "did I with concern see our young nobility and gentry, who, even travelling for their education, spend their money and time, little to their own improvement, or the credit of their country, frequently collecting mobs in the street, by throwing money from the windows; and in their daily actions confirming Frenchmen in their unalterable opinions, that the English are all immensely rich, and consequently can afford to pay

double what a Frenchman will pay for the same article! People in trade find the English custom so vastly beneficial, that they have their lookers-out on purpose to bring them to their shops and taverns, who have a share in the impositions arising." [1] "The English," says Lady Knight, "pay double for everything in every country." [2]

Even tourists of modest means were commonly charged on the same scale as their extravagant countrymen. An American writing shortly after the French Revolution says: "The English are considered by the Romans as the introducers of high prices into this country. To them it is said to be owing, that the expenses of travelling have increased to an astonishing degree, since the termination of the late continental wars; and that, not so much by the simple occupation, use, and consumption of the conveniences and luxuries of the country, as by the manner in which they squander their money rather than spend it." [3]

Particularly throughout Italy and France greedy coachmen and porters and hotel servants, as well as shopkeepers and landlords, regarded the incautious stranger as legitimate spoil, and strove to catch their share of the golden shower.[4] Every unscrupulous dealer had two prices — one that he would get if he could, the other that he would take if he must. The native, accustomed to bargaining and familiar with prices, had small difficulty in making his own terms. The average tourist, on the other hand, was ill prepared to succeed in such a contest.

Extortion faced travelers as soon as they landed at Calais. There they found the Silver Lion, the Hôtel d'Angleterre, or Table Royal, "extravagant houses all!" [5] and the high prices, though not the comforts, of these inns met them in the most unexpected places.

We are obviously unwarranted in inferring from a few instances that every Continental innkeeper took advantage of his guests, but the concurrent testimony of tourists in France and Italy was that to trust to the fairness of an unknown landlord was hazardous in the

extreme. At Montpellier the manager of a certain house "had the conscience to charge an English sea officer that died there 300 livres (twelve guineas and a half) for only eight days' lodging." [1]

Smollett had his own unpleasant experience at Montpellier: "Put up at the Cheval Blanc, counted the best *auberge* in the place, tho' in fact it is a most wretched hovel, the habitation of darkness, dirt, and imposition. Here I was obliged to pay four livres a meal for every person in my family, and two livres at night for every bed, though all in the same room. . . . This imposition is owing to the concourse of English who come hither, and, like simple birds of passage, allow themselves to be plucked by the people of the country, who know their weak side, and make their attacks accordingly. They affect to believe that all the travellers of our country are grand seigneurs, immensely rich and incredibly generous; and we are silly enough to encourage this opinion, by submitting quietly to the most ridiculous extortion, as well as by committing acts of the most absurd extravagance. This folly of the English, together with a concourse of people from different quarters, who come hither for the re-establishment of their health, has rendered Montpellier one of the dearest places in the south of France." [2]

Elsewhere he notes: "The same imposition prevails all over the south of France, though it is the cheapest and most plentiful part of the kingdom. Without all doubt, it must be owing to the folly and extravagance of English travellers, who have allowed themselves to be fleeced without wincing, until this extortion is become authorized by custom." [3]

Neglect to ascertain in advance the cost of a room or a dinner left the proprietor free to exact as much as he thought he could probably get. "To an Englishman it seems very strange to go into an inn, and make a bargain for his bed, his supper, his horses and servants, before he eats or sleeps; yet this is common in France,

and for a stranger even necessary; for though you will meet with no kind of civil reception at the inns upon the road in France, as with us, at your entrance, you will meet with an exorbitant bill (without this precaution) at your departure." [1]

Young evidently neglected this precaution at Cherbourg. "I was here fleeced more infamously than at any other town in France; the two best inns were full; I was obliged to go to the *barque*, a vile hole, little better than a hog-sty; where, for a miserable dirty wretched chamber, two suppers composed chiefly of a plate of apples and some butter and cheese, with some trifle besides too bad to eat, and one miserable dinner, they brought me in a bill of 31 liv. (1l. 7s. 1d.); they not only charged the room 3 liv. a night, but even the very stable for my horse, after enormous items for oats, hay, and straw." [2] He cautions the tourist: "Let no one go to Cherbourg without making a bargain for everything he has, even to the straw and stable; pepper, salt, and table-cloth."

Later he cites another example of the greed of the spoiler: "Sleep at Nemours, where we met with an innkeeper, who exceeded, in knavery, all we had met with in France or Italy; for supper, we had a *soup maigre*, a partridge and a chicken roasted, a plate of celery, a small cauliflower, two batches of poor *vin du Pays*, and a dessert of two biscuits and four apples: here is the bill:— Potage, 1 liv. 10*s*. — Perdrix, 2 liv. 10*s*. — Poulet, 2 liv. — Celeri, 1 liv. 4*s*.— Choufleur, 2 liv. — Pain et dessert, 2 liv. — Feu & apartement, 6 liv. — Total, 19 liv. 8*s*. Against so impudent an extortion, we remonstrated severely, but in vain. We then insisted on his signing the bill, which, with many evasions, he did, *a l'etoile*; *Foulliare*." [3]

The instances just cited are the more striking to the modern tourist, since extortion, though not unknown, is by no means the rule in modern France. To this day, however, in a good part of Italy, particularly south of Florence, the eighteenth-century habit of taking ad-

vantage of the unwary guest is only too common. Germany has enjoyed a far better reputation in this particular, though one has always found preliminary inquiry concerning hotel charges useful in Vienna, and also in the more frequented parts of Holland.

Strangely like the eighteenth-century complaints are those of Leigh Hunt, whose three years in Italy, from 1823 to 1826, gave him abundant opportunity for observation: "Persons employed to do the least or the greatest jobs will alike endeavour to cheat you through thick and thin. Such, at least, was the case when I was in Italy. It was a perpetual warfare, in which you were obliged to fight in self-defence. If you paid anybody what he asked you, it never entered his imagination that you did it from anything but folly. You were pronounced a *minchione* (a ninny), one of their greatest terms of reproach. On the other hand, if you battled well through the bargain, a perversion of the natural feeling of self-defence led to a feeling of respect for you. Dispute might increase; the man might grin, stare, threaten; might pour out torrents of argument and of 'injured innocence,' as they always do; but be firm, and he went away equally angry and admiring. Did anybody condescend to take them in, the admiration as well as the anger was still in proportion, like that of the gallant knights of old when they were beaten in single combat." [1]

As for the eighteenth-century tourist in Italy, if he condescended to bargain a little he could live very cheaply, though seldom so cheaply as a native even without bargaining. Very significant, as indicating the double standard of prices in Italy, is the experience of James Edward Smith. While on his way to Genoa, he fell in with a Milanese count and put up with him at an inn. "When we came to pay our bill in the morning, I was surprised to find no demand made, but the whole left to the discretion of my companion, who paid in all, for himself and for me, much less perhaps than I should have paid alone; as was the case all the way to Genoa.

Such is the advantage of travelling under the protection of an inhabitant of the country." [1]

A typical Italian city of moderate size is Pavia. Here one could live at "an excellent inn" for about "four shillings by the day" for "dinner and lodging, which is the common rate of the country." [2] At Venice the charges were naturally much higher. The guest who went to the "Scudo di Francia, a celebrated hotel," could have "only two miserable little rooms for twenty sequins a month, nor . . . obtain them for a shorter period," and was asked twelve livres a day for dinner. But, says the traveler, our conductor "readily procured at the Nuova Speranza a very elegant and convenient set of apartments for fifteen sequins, and dinner at six livres each, with an excellent valet de place, who served us during our stay for six livres a day, which was cheap for this season. A Venetian livre is somewhat less than a Roman paul." [3]

Cheap as Italian hotels were in most towns when one paid only the normal price or what the landlord was willing to accept after bargaining, they were often expensive enough to the traveler who trusted to the fairness and honesty of his host. Sometimes the inns that offered least demanded most. The only safe plan, therefore, as in France, was to come to an agreement in advance with the landlord, and even then one might be overreached by leaving some loophole unguarded. [4] Smollett says of an inn on the road between Rome and Florence, "To give you an idea of the extortion of those villainous publicans, I must tell you that for a dinner and supper, which even hunger could not tempt us to eat, and a night's lodging in three truckle beds, I paid eighty pauls, amounting to forty shillings sterling." [5]

The habit of overreaching was nothing new. The sixteenth century Fynes Moryson tells us, "Only the Innkeepers are permitted by all Princes (some more, some lesse) to extorte without measure upon all passengers because they pay unsupportable rents to them." [6]

Of impositions in Italy nearly every eighteenth-century traveler speaks in bitter terms. Already in the seventeenth century Ray, in his "Travels through the State of Venice," complains: "Shop-keepers and tradesmen are false and fraudulent enough, and inn-keepers, carriers, water-men and porters, as in other places, horribly exacting, if you make not an explicit bargain with them beforehand, insomuch that in many places the state hath thought it necessary by public bando and decree, to determine how much inn-keepers shall receive of travellers for their dinner and for their supper and lodging." [1]

Commenting upon the inns of Turin, Keysler in his time complains: "The inns here also stand in great need of better regulations, that travellers may be well used and not be so intolerably imposed upon. There is not a place in all Italy where the entertainment, at the same expence, is so bad as at Turin." [2]

James Edward Smith stayed at the same inn at Lerici that Smollett had denounced years before, and, like Smollett, he had an unhappy experience: "Lerici," says he, "contains an execrable inn. . . . We bargained beforehand, as is necessary in Italy, for our supper and lodging; but, having had coffee next morning, were surprised to find it charged about as much as all the rest put together. On complaining, we were told with the utmost effrontery, that coffee was not in the original bargain." [3]

But it is worth noting that Smith remarks later: "We found the inn-keepers in the north of Italy honest enough to be trusted, at least so much as only to ask the price of our accommodation on entering, and even if that precaution were neglected, we were seldom imposed on." [4]

In the South the grasping instinct was strongest. Breval went from Messina to Naples by felucca, landing here and there along the coast. He found bad accommodations all the way, and once narrowly escaped being shot by an irate landlord whose bill he disputed.[5] The shotgun was not generally used in Italy as a proof of the correctness of the hotel bill, but complaints of the dishonesty of innkeepers

and in general of those who had anything to sell are frequent in eighteenth-century books of travel.

Naturally high prices prevailed in those houses that catered to foreign guests. But the ordinary charges for food and lodging at an eighteenth-century Italian inn appear to a modern tourist very moderate indeed. We must note, however, that De Brosses [1] thought the Italian inns expensive; and that De La Lande [2] remarks upon the extreme cheapness of food in Tuscany, but adds, "Tout est cher dans les auberges."

Mariana Starke, basing her generalization upon a seven years' residence in Italy, says: "Prices at inns are much the same all over Italy, namely, for a large apartment, twenty Tuscan pauls per day — for a smaller apartment, fifteen pauls, and so on in proportion — for breakfast, one livre per head — for dinner, six or eight pauls per head — for a cold supper, one livre per head — for every servant, three pauls per day. And with respect to *buona-mano* to Attendants at inns, the waiter usually expects about one paul per day, though persons who stay but a very short time usually give more. The Cook expects a trifling present, and the chambermaid one still more trifling. The wages of a valet-de-place is four pauls per day throughout Tuscany, he finding himself in board, lodging and clothes." [3]

After this general statement we need spare but few lines for further detail. "At Rome," says Misson, representing the earlier part of the century, "you pay but seven julios [4] in the best inns, and if you make a bargain for a considerable time they will content themselves with six." [5]

In general, throughout the eighteenth century, living at Rome was inexpensive. Lady Knight writes in 1778: "I have now taken a lodging for a year, at six and thirty pounds a year. . . . We are in a palace surrounded by palaces. It is neatly furnished, and I have eight rooms entirely clear from the other families, who only ascend the same staircase. The English pay about as much for two months of apartments, often not quite so good." [6] Three years later she remarks: "We are both fond of Rome, finding it not only

cheap, but the most entertaining place in the world, and were we to stay double the time we have done, we should still have things to see that are new."[1] And she adds, "It is true, Rome is at present very dear, but when I tell you that beef is only three-halfpence a pound, a fine turkey not quite fifteen-pence, that I can have a coach for six hours (or horses to our own, which I please) for three and six-pence, you will think how differently I must be in England."[2] In 1782 she says that, "Though Rome is thirty per cent dearer than it was, yet it is, I believe, the cheapest city in Europe."[3] And in 1791, living not far from the Capitol, she tells a friend: "We have eight rooms, besides a very good kitchen and cellar. . . . We are three miles from St. Peter's. We pay for these apartments about twelve pounds ten a year; in London they would cost us at least two hundred pounds per annum."[4]

Mariana Starke likewise found Rome very inexpensive. "The price of lodgings, while the Papal Government continued, was not exhorbitant — Margariti usually demanded forty paper *scudi* per month for his best apartments, without linen, unless it were during the Holy Week, when the price was higher. Conquelini demanded sixty paper *scudi* per month without linen; but this price was reckoned exhorbitant."[5] "The best *traiteurs* during the Papal Government charged only eight pauls a head for dinner, desert, bread, and wine; and this dinner usually furnished the servants of the family with as much as they could eat. The price of breakfast at a coffee-house was one paul per head — the price of dinner per head at a *traiteur's*, three pauls, bread and wine inclusive."[6]

Living at Naples also was extremely cheap,[7] though the tourist did wisely to be on his guard.[8] At the end of the century, "The price commonly demanded [at Naples] for the best apartments at hotels, and other lodging-houses frequented by the English, is from eighty to one hundred and twenty ducats per month, during winter and spring; and apartments by the night cannot easily be procured under three or four ducats. . . . A good dinner at an hotel

is usually charged at eight or ten *carlini* per head; Servants' living at three or four *carlini* per day each — breakfast is charged so high that most People find their own." [1]

In any case, living in Italy was far less expensive than in England,[2] and so the scale of relative prices has on the whole continued to our own time. How cheaply one could live at Florence in 1845 we see from the experience of Bayard Taylor: "We have taken three large and tolerably well furnished rooms in the house of Signor Lazzeri, a wealthy goldsmith, in the Via Vacchereccia, for which we pay ten scudi per month — a scudo being a trifle more than an American dollar. This includes lights, and the attendance of servants, to whom, however, we are expected to give an occasional gratuity. We live at the *Caffé* and *Trattorie* readily for about twenty-five cents a day, so that our expenses will not exceed twelve dollars a month, each. For our dinners at the Trattoria del Cacciatore we pay about fourteen cents, and are furnished with soup, three or four dishes of meat and vegetables, fruit and a bottle of wine!" [3]

In traveling through Tuscany in the forties of the nineteenth century, Bayard Taylor put up at inns frequented by the common people. "They treated us here, as elsewhere," says he, "with great kindness and sympathy, and we were freed from the outrageous impositions practised at the greater hotels." [4] At Casina, however, "We decided to leave it to the host's conscience not to overcharge us. Imagine our astonishment, however, when at starting a bill was presented to us, in which the smallest articles were set down at three or four times their value." [5]

We may now pass into Germany. The German character has its failings, but "steadiness with honesty" has remained for centuries its distinguishing mark. This appeared in the dealings with tourists, who rarely complain of the charges at German inns and in German shops.[6] Until near the end of the nineteenth century cheapness continued to be a notable feature of the country. Henry Crabb Rob-

inson made a tour of three hundred miles in Germany at a cost of two and a half guineas. "And when it is considered that we included in our tour one of the most fashionable and famous resident towns, and one of the celebrated districts of Germany, it must be allowed that travelling is for me a cheap pleasure." [1]

Bayard Taylor tells a similar story, but we must note that Taylor had a genius for living on almost nothing. "The cheapest country for travelling, as far as my experience extended, is Southern Germany, where one *can* travel comfortably on twenty-five cents a day. Italy and the south of France come next in order, and are but little more expensive; then follow Switzerland and Northern Germany, and lastly, Great Britain. The cheapest city, and one of the pleasantest in the world, is Florence, where we breakfasted on five cents, dined sumptuously on twelve, and went to a good opera for ten. A man would have no difficulty in spending a year there for about $250." [2]

In the eighteenth century Baron Riesbeck found even Vienna inexpensive for those who could make a long stay, though the hotels have long been dear for the passing stranger. "The expence of living," says he, "is likewise less than it is anywhere else; and Vienna is probably the only town in which the price of the necessaries of life is not equal to the quantity of gold in circulation." [3]

A typical watering-place like Cleves on the lower Rhine was counted rather expensive, and the following were the prices in the last decade of the eighteenth century: "To prevent any imposition, but those sanctioned *de part le Roi*, the late King authorized a set of regulations respecting the price of rooms, meals, wines, etc. According to these, you may sleep comfortably for *five guilders* (about nine shillings) per week; breakfast for *six-pence;* dine for *sixteen;* sup for *twelve;* have a bottle of decent Rhenish wine, containing three pints, for *eighteen*, and of Moselle for *sixteen*." [4]

At Hamburg, one of the wealthiest cities in Germany, "the common price for dinner at an inn," says Mariana Starke, "is two marks a head." [5]

In the Low Countries, as already noted, the mere cost of living made a moderate demand upon the tourist's purse. James Essex dined one day in 1773 on the barge plying between Bruges and Ghent. The dinner served for twelve people cost fifteen pence each and was a very elaborate meal, with a first course of soup, boiled beef, stewed peas, French beans stewed, and herrings pickled on greens. The second course included roast mutton, veal, fowls, "soals," and stewed veal. Then followed apricots, plums, pears, "biskits," "crumplins," filberts, butter and cheese.[1]

When compared with the fashionable inns of London the highest priced inns of Holland were inexpensive. One could live at the best inns of The Hague, which compared favorably with any in Europe, for five or six shillings a day. But in London at the *King's Arms* in Pall Mall or at Pontac's in the City "it requires good economy to come off for fifteen shillings or a guinea a day."[2] And this before 1750. A generation or more later, in commenting on the charges at Dutch inns, the English tourist Pratt remarks: "Leaving you, however, . . . undefended amongst the Hollanders, you would not so soon be swallowed up as by the English."[3]

Private lodgings at The Hague were about as expensive as in London, but not so well furnished or so comfortable in winter. "The stranger at The Hague may generally board in the house where he lodges, which is no small conveniency to such as are not obliged to dress and go abroad every day. He pays a shilling for his dinner, or *midmal*, as they call it, and is sure of two or three good dishes."[4]

VII

After a certain point expense is so purely a personal matter that generalization becomes difficult, for the outlay varies according to the tastes and the fortune of the tourist. Particularly is this true in estimating the allowance for beggars. In the Low Countries and in most of Germany beggary was rare, but in Paris, in Lyons, in Tus-

cany, in the Papal States, and in the Kingdom of Naples wretched shadows of humanity, emaciated, deformed, covered with loathsome sores, might be encountered at every church door, while able-bodied mendicants infested the highways and the city squares, and descended in vociferous swarms upon the tourist intent upon some ancient ruin. English travelers in particular were regarded as the surest resource of the "lame and the lazy." So marked was the difference between the gaunt destitution of Italy and the sleek comfort of England that every eighteenth-century English tourist noted as a matter of course the one social condition that most impressed him.

After the traveler had escaped the ordinary beggars of the street he had still to deal with the hotel servants, with the postilions, and the luggage porters. With the ordinary servants of the inn the well-instructed tourist had little trouble. For a day's service he bestowed a few coppers or the smallest silver coin upon the head waiter and gave "a trifle to the gate porter." But the inexperienced tourist dealt out rewards with lavish hand to the troops of servants gathered at the inn door when the coach drew up for departure. Then came the turn of the luggage carriers, who were frequently not connected at all with the inn.

Particularly in France and Italy were these harpies a plague. Both on the arrival and the departure of the coach these volunteer porters followed and pestered the traveler, quarreling over the privilege of carrying his luggage and making their charges as high as they dared. Trained from infancy in the arts of extortion these greedy cormorants were never satisfied, and affected dissatisfaction with the most liberal gratuity if they saw any prospect of exacting more.

If the tourist was traveling in his own coach, he might expect at every stop to have a blacksmith come prying about the carriage and the horses; and unless the fellow was thoroughly incompetent he might be trusted to find a nut or a bolt missing or a shoe that required resetting.

His own work was usually so badly done as to insure a job to somebody in another town.[1]

Little better than licensed beggary were the exactions of pampered menials in high station. In Milan, says Keysler, writing of the state of things about 1730, "The present governor is a strict economist, and has but few guests. He is also difficult of access to foreigners, who are here subject to another inconvenience, that, after only paying their respects to him, without eating or drinking, a multitude of domestics, as the harbinger, gentleman, trumpeter, porter, etc., even to the countess's woman, placing themselves in the way, crowd about them for money, and a stranger cannot get rid of these genteel beggars under several louis d'ors." [2]

At Rome, too, one drawback to accepting any social courtesies was the tax afterwards levied upon the guests. "It is not difficult," says Keysler, "to get acquainted with some of the cardinals, and they are not backward in receiving visits; but nothing, however, is saved by it: For the cardinal's servants are sure to make the guests pay dearly for his entertainment; and so mean spirited are these fellows, that if the very next day after a visit a person enters their master's house again, they surround him soliciting a *b(u)ona mano*, or gratuity. It is the same if one goes to a concert, or a party at play, or on receiving the most trivial civility at any house." [3]

De La Lande found a similar state of things: "Strangers complain much in England of the practice of the domestics, who, after dinner, arrange themselves at the door to receive each a gift from all those who have eaten with their master. In Italy there is something of the sort, though less burdensome. As soon as a stranger has been presented in a house, even without having eaten there, one of the servants comes the next morning in the name of all the others to pay his compliments, and the custom is to give him at least a tester (thirty-two sous) or more, according to the rank of the person who has been presented. As many visits as you pay, so many

testers must you give, without counting what you give for seeing the apartments and pictures of the house.[1] . . . On New Year's Day, in the month of August, and when one is ready to depart, one receives similar compliments, and is obliged to bestow like gifts: but, for all that, it costs much less than in England." [2]

The number of servants that the tourist regularly kept in his employ was naturally regarded as a good index of his wealth and social importance. Even though he might not have taken a servant abroad with him, his first care on arriving at Paris or Turin or Rome, if he wished to maintain his social position, was to secure one or more attendants — at least a valet, and a footman. A man of high quality was expected to maintain his rank by keeping a troop of lackeys. The Earl of Carlisle, writing from Naples in 1768, complains to Selwyn: "These cursed feasts will ruin me in servants. I am forced to have seven here, and have another on the road. Though I hope soon to dismiss some of mine, yet the house cannot well be too large, as we shall not have less than thirteen or fourteen servants." [3]

Another necessity for tourists of high social standing — at Paris, at Turin, at Rome, at Naples, at Vienna — was a carriage. The expense naturally varied with the city. In Paris, "where all the genteel English . . . keep a carriage," it was rarely more than twelve guineas a month. "They will make a demand upon you for a shilling a day for the coachman; but this is a mere imposition upon a stranger, and contrived between the master of the coach and your servant, to whom he gives a shilling a day." [4]

One who actively participated in the social life of the upper classes on the Continent found himself almost inevitably drawn into expensive pastimes. Gambling, great and small, betting of every sort, was the common form of entertainment in the upper ranks of society throughout Europe in the generation preceding the French Revolution. In London it was the curse of the nobility. "At

Almack's," notes Walpole in 1770, "the young men of the age lose five, ten, fifteen thousand pounds of an evening." [1] When these young men went abroad they found card tables at every evening assembly and they continued their gaming as a matter of course. Charles James Fox dissipated a tolerable fortune at Naples and Spa when he toured the Continent as a gay young macaroni. The ordinary gambling that served to while away an idle social hour in France or Italy laid no heavy burden upon young men of prudence, but those who regularly participated in the universal sport added month by month no small item to their expense account. Those who declined to share in games of chance found themselves as a rule out of harmony with their company.

The average tourist, as we have elsewhere remarked, was not especially keen to enjoy the society of the Continent, but his pride would not permit him to be singular in his dress and in his lack of conformity to social conventions. Very curious are the details in the guidebooks of the time. Note the following advice, addressed to the English in Paris in the year 1770: "For dressing hair, never give more than six livres per month. Ladies give twelve to be drest in the highest mode; and both gentlemen and ladies are drest every day."

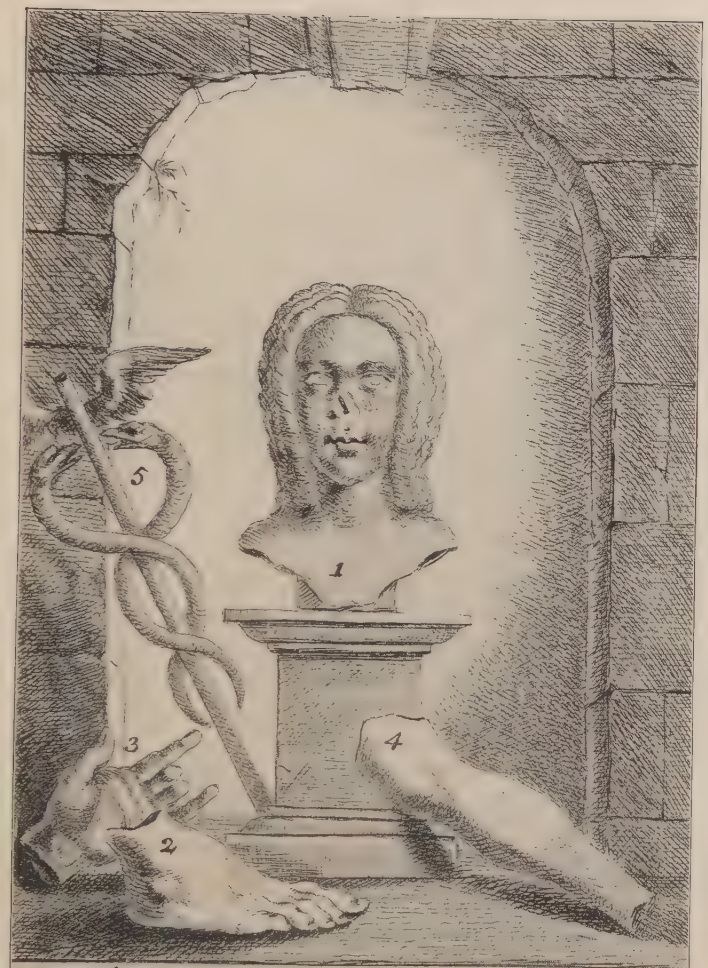
Within comparatively narrow limits one could estimate before leaving home the cost of one's wardrobe: "One great article of expense at Paris is cloaths. You will meet no where with greater cheats than the French taylors, it is therefore my advice to you to buy everything yourself; and, even at the merchant's, be very cautious not to give so much as they ask you. For making a plain suit of cloaths, you give eighteen shillings, and for the richest laced cloaths thirty shillings. The suits most generally used are velvet, silk, and plain cloth. A black velvet suit, with very rich gold waistcoat, will cost you sixteen guineas, making and all. A silk suit, nine guineas. A cloth suit, lined with silk, six guineas and a half. Each of these suits have two pair of breeches. If you use

gold trimmings, fur lining, or lace, as I advise you to buy the articles from the merchant, you will see, and be a judge of, the additional expence. But if the cloaths here mentioned, which are such as are usually bought at Paris, cost you a greater price than is here set down, you will be imposed upon." [1]

What one purchased abroad naturally varied with the taste and the means of the tourist. To return from Italy or France with nothing characteristically Italian or French was not to be thought of. The rich young Englishman usually bought a picture or two, some mosaics, a clever statue, and perhaps what he took to be antiquities; for the eighteenth century was notable for collections of every sort, and the collector had been taught in his youth to admire the works of art brought from Italy by earlier tourists. So assiduous were the English in gathering curiosities that the Romans used to say, "Were our Amphitheatre portable, the English would carry it off." Unfortunately, in nothing does expert knowledge count for more than in the purchase of pictures, statues, coins, vases. In such transactions the unwary Englishman was the easy prey of the glib deceiver. He filled great boxes with sham antiques, with Raphaels and Domenichinos and Andrea del Sartos manufactured by some dauber in the galleries and with touching confidence shipped them to his ancestral halls in England.

Misson enumerates the specialties of various Italian cities that one might advantageously buy: At Rome, prints, paintings, maps, plans of towns, perfumes, gloves, etc.; at Naples, "Stockings, Waistcoats, Breeches, Caps, and other Works of Silk; perfum'd Soap, Snuff-boxes of Shell inlaid with Silver, good Spanish Snuff"; at Venice, "*Points.* All sorts of Works in Glass and Crystal: Snuff-boxes; Silk Stuffs; Fine Scarlet." [2]

French ingenuity and artistic skill supplied all Europe with "books, watches, engravings, tea-cups, snuff-boxes, buckles, dressing gowns, etc." [3] Caution, however, was



1 *Head from* Herculaneum; *whether* Jupiter Tonans, *or* Venus *of* Paphos, *doubted.*
2 *The Foot, with the Toes entire, of* Juno Lucina.
3 *The Hand of the* Apollo *of* Delphos.
4 *The Calf of the left Leg of the Infant* Hercules.
5 *The* Caduceus *of* Mercurius infernalis.

SOME ANCIENT ARTISTIC TREASURES

necessary in buying anything. Shopkeepers, particularly in Paris and in Naples, added to their incomes and to the tourist's discomfort by extortionate charges. As for Paris, "There is nothing," we are told, "which a stranger ought to be more careful of . . . particularly an Englishman, than laying out his money; for he will never go to buy anything, even of the most trifling nature, in which they will not attempt to cheat him." [1] His rule should therefore be never to give more than a third of the price first demanded.

Smollett says of the dealers in Paris that the most reputable of them "think it no disgrace to practice the most shameful imposition." [2] Smollett is a chronic fault-finder, but an English traveler of more equable temper, touring in 1814 through France, visiting Dieppe, Paris, Lyons, the Pyrenees, and returning through Toulouse, assumes the facts to be well known and attempts an explanation: "The rapacity with which they (the French) attack the purses of English travellers is the commercial spirit in the only way in which it can at present exert itself. The higgling disposition of the French, which is so teazing to strangers, arises from their way of living; — buying their daily food almost by the mouthful: a handful of spinach, a cucumber, a little fruit; the value small, but uncertain, and of course subject to perpetual bargaining. If you are obliged to higgle about a sous, you will naturally do the same in greater matters: and thus it becomes habitual." [3]

But Birkbeck's party appears on the whole to have suffered little from overcharges, for he goes on to say: "Our party, consisting of Mr. G., Flower, myself, and my son, a youth of fifteen, performed the journey for £70 sterling each person, including all our expenses, excepting a few purchases which had no relation to travelling. We had no servant, and were tolerably attentive to economy." [4]

On this trip they were gone eighty-six days and spent on an average sixteen or seventeen shillings a day. A

writer more than a generation earlier maintained without hesitation that a heavy outlay for travel in France was largely due to one's folly. This we may well believe, though we see that incidental items multiplied greatly and almost inevitably the cost of one's tour.

CHAPTER X

THE CONTINENTAL TOUR: FRANCE AND SPAIN

I

We are now prepared to follow a typical tour and to view more closely some of the countries that most attracted the tourist. Where to go and what to see was not easy to decide offhand for one's self. But fashion had much to do with the choice of the places visited and relieved the tourist of the necessity for over-anxious thought about the matter. In our day, the average tourist, in theory at least, shapes his tour on the Continent about as he pleases, with little reference to prescribed custom, and unless he joins a personally conducted party following routes that have been well beaten for centuries, he is as likely as not to go into many out-of-the-way corners. But a century or two ago, although many travelers drifted somewhat aimlessly, the far larger proportion charted their course with some care before they left home and selected places that had an established reputation.

On one matter eighteenth-century tourists were practically all agreed, and that was that a grand tour on the Continent without a visit to Italy was no grand tour at all. Any one, however, who went to Italy generally spent time enough on the way thither and on the way home to get a fair general acquaintance with France and Germany and the Low Countries.

In the eighteenth century, as in our time, certain cities stood out as preëminent, and these, or some of them, must be visited by any one who pretended to make the grand tour. Whatever else could be viewed along the route was clear gain, but of places of minor interest there

were at best very large omissions. Accordingly, a few cities — Paris, Turin, Venice, Florence, Rome, Naples, Vienna, Dresden, Berlin, Amsterdam — to cite a few out of many, really determined the tourist's route, for the path he followed was commonly the one that led most directly from one great center to another.

In part, this limitation of travel to conventional routes was a necessity. One might, indeed, imagine that at a time when nearly all land travel was by carriage a good many places that now appear somewhat inaccessible would have seemed easy to reach. We forget that a hundred and fifty years ago one necessarily spent from five to eight or even ten times as many hours in covering a given distance as is now the case when one is hurled at dizzy speed to one's destination. The grand tour at best consumed in mere journeying a very long time, much of which must be spent upon the road and in little wayside inns of painfully modest pretensions. There was, moreover, so much to be seen on the conventional tour that time was lacking for making experiments. It must be admitted, too, that for the most part tourists manifested little desire to visit places off the beaten track. Their interest in wild scenery was very small, and their attention was very fully absorbed by the cities of European reputation. Of the country they saw more than enough on the way from one town to another.

We must remember that the eighteenth century, to a remarkable degree, delighted in social life. Zimmerman might write a large book on solitude, and Cowper might sigh for a lodge in some vast wilderness, but there is little evidence that voluntary recluses were much more numerous than they are to-day.

To a considerable extent travel throughout Europe followed the lines of the immemorial trade routes. These ancient paths had been established by necessity, often passing through valleys determined by high mountain-barriers, and connecting cities whose prosperity was foreordained by their situation — a seaport, a town

at the junction of two rivers. The choice of the tourist's route was, obviously, in considerable measure determined by the topography of the country, by the state of the roads, by the relative convenience or safety of travel by land and by water, and by the situation of the places deemed best worth a visit. With these cities in view he mapped out his route and on the way took in such other places as he could without too much trouble.

In the space that we can allow it is clearly impracticable to attempt to rival an eighteenth-century guidebook by describing, or even enumerating, one by one the towns that tourists visited. But, on the other hand, to give no account of the most typical points of interest would result in dealing with mere generalities. We may, therefore, select some characteristic cities and towns on the most traveled routes and endeavor in a few words to point out what were their special features of attraction.

II

Practically every Englishman who went abroad traveled more or less in France. In fact, unless he entered the Continent by way of Hamburg or through the Low Countries, or wandered far out of the ordinary paths by sailing for a Mediterranean port, he could not easily escape going through France, even had he so desired.

But France was peculiarly alluring to most Englishmen. Any one with a little time to spare could make a considerable tour there without great trouble or expense. One had only to slip across the Channel to find one's self amidst a civilization strangely fascinating, and unlike what was to be seen at home. Tourists from every part of Europe trooped into France — Spaniards, Italians, Germans, Russians, Swedes, Hollanders; for French manners were the most polished, French cookery the most exquisite, French conversation the most brilliant, French literature the most entertaining. By going to France one came in contact with international culture.

TOUR OF FRANCE AND SPAIN

For years before the Revolution France was a delightful place for English tourists, especially for those who belonged within the charmed circle of society. Everything English was in favor, and visiting Englishmen, like Gibbon and Hume and Garrick, received the most marked attentions. Frenchmen gave themselves to the sincerest type of flattery — imitation, and strove, according to their light, to transform themselves into Englishmen. They "read Shakespeare; drank tea; dressed like jockeys, imported race-horses; set up English clubs and had *assemblies à l'anglaise* destructive of the old French salon."[1] Smollett in 1763 observed with satisfaction that the French were beginning to imitate the English in simpler dress and in the use of cold baths. James Edward Smith noted in 1786 that "the prevailing sentiments of most ranks were much in favour of the English, as the wonderful adoption of our tastes and fashions of late years and the avidity with which our publications were read, abundantly evince."[2] Arthur Young in his *Travels*[3] comments on the new fashion, borrowed from England, of passing some time in the country. We must note, however, with Leslie Stephen, that this imitation of English ways by Frenchmen trained to a very different type of living was "ridiculous because superficial."[4]

But the fact that France saw so much that was attractive in English customs and habits not unnaturally made France more delightful to Englishmen, and when they sought a change of air and scene they swarmed across the Channel in great numbers. They went to Paris[5] as a matter of course, but they also distributed themselves widely throughout the country. After the Seven Years' War it became increasingly the fashion to run over to the Continent for a brief round of travel, with no intention of making the elaborate grand tour. That was understood to be the affair of a young man, and it was made once in a lifetime. But a short and relatively inexpensive circular tour through the Low Countries or a corner of France involved no great preparation and interfered little with one's ordinary affairs at home.

Not only the easy accessibility of France, but the cheapness of living as compared with England, made it popular with people of moderate incomes. Even Englishwomen who were accustomed to comfort at home found the Continental tour agreeable, and spent a good deal of time in France. The Dowager Countess of Carlisle, for example, made a long sojourn at Aix, at Nîmes, at Avignon, and at Beaucaire. In her letters she gives interesting details of her life in Provence.[1]

Partly for learning the French language and French manners, and partly for economy, many English people resided for years in various French towns, remaining in one place as long as they were satisfied and then moving on to another. A good instance of the moderately well-to-do type is afforded by Lady Knight. From 1778 to 1786 she was in Italy. In 1786 she went by way of Marseilles to Avignon and there remained several months. At Nîmes she resided nearly a year. Another change took her to Vienne; and then, in 1789, she withdrew from troubled France to Italy.

Before the middle of the century Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, writing from Dijon, says, with pardonable exaggeration: "There is not any town in France where there are not English, Scotch, or Irish families established. . . . Here are in this town no less than sixteen English families of fashion." [2] She had difficulty in selecting an out-of-the-way town in France where she might meet her scapegrace son without being "likely to find any English," and where he might if he pleased "be quite unknown; which is hardly possible in any capital town either of France or Italy." [3] She finally selected Valence.

Once a place had established itself in the favor of the English, it continued to draw other Englishmen, for there one might expect to find not merely one's countrymen but also inns, and sometimes houses to rent, that were intended to satisfy the demands of hurried, fault-finding tourists and of well-to-do families making a protracted stay.

But the comforts they sought were by no means every-

where attainable. Some of the cities and towns of France, up to the time of the Revolution, were among the most luxurious and splendid in Europe, but many parts of the country were sunk in misery. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's picture of the destitution in 1718 is pitiful, and it accurately describes the conditions in many small communities two generations later. She mentions the "objects of misery" that one commonly met and adds that "all the country villages of France show nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition."[1] An English tourist in 1773, contrasting France with Holland, might almost seem to be copying Lady Mary: "The whole kingdom swarms with beggars, an evidence of poverty, as well as defect in the laws. This observation was confirmed at every inn I came to, by crowds of wretches. I have often passed from the inn-door to my chaise through a file of twenty or thirty of them."[2]

To Englishmen, indeed, notwithstanding the lavish display of wealth in favored centers, France as a whole seemed poor. Horace Walpole characteristically writes to Conway in 1771: "The instance of their poverty that strikes *me* most, who make political observations by the thermometer of baubles, is, that there is nothing new in their shops. I know the faces of every snuffbox and every tea-cup as well as those of Madame du Lac and Monsieur Poirier."[3]

Into this state of chronic poverty France, as we have elsewhere seen, had gradually sunk in the course of the long reign of Louis XIV. The recovery was gradual as the eighteenth century progressed, and did not bring prosperity to all parts of the country alike. Even the French cities, though often picturesque and fascinating from the modern point of view, commonly presented in their older quarters a network of dark, narrow, dirty alleys and streets occupied by a poverty-stricken population. Many of the surviving ancient portions of Dinant, of Evreux, of Vitré, of Rouen

— though now more scrupulously cleansed — show what was once a normal urban type.

Those who know the flourishing city of Clermont-Ferrand to-day, with the fashionable watering-place Royat in the suburbs, may be interested to note Arthur Young's impressions of the place in 1789: "Much of it forms one of the worst built, dirtiest, and most stinking places I have met with. There are many streets that can, for blackness, dirt, and ill-scents only be represented by narrow channels cut in a night-dunghill." [1] Similar conditions were not rare in French provincial towns and may have tended to check the exploratory ardor of the not too eager tourist.

Throughout France the contrasts were striking. Young speaks of "bridges that cost 70 or 80,000*l.* and immense causeways, to connect towns; but," he adds, "what traveller, with his person surrounded by the beggarly filth of an inn . . . will not condemn such inconsistencies as folly?" [2]

The keen-sighted Dr. Moore cautions the reader who is inclined to overrate the prosperity of France: "To retain a favourable notion of the wealth of France, we must remain in the capital, or visit a few trading or manufacturing towns; but must seldom enter the chateau of the Seigneur or the hut of the peasant. In the one we shall find nothing but tawdry furniture, and from the other we shall be scared by penury." [3]

One writer in 1769 with some exaggeration expresses the opinion that there is not "in all France, one well fed, well cloathed, *warm*, and substantial husbandman — which, of all mankind, is to the state the most useful member." [4] And Wyndham, who chiefly aims to gather up the current opinions of his time, presents a similar view: "Some of the princes of the blood, and a few of the nobility, are more magnificent in their palaces and equipages than any of the English; but the other ranks of life are despicable, when compared with the riches, elegance, and opulence of the nobility and gentry of England, even those of an inferior class." [5]

III

Inasmuch as English tourists in France commonly meant in any case to see Paris, there will be advantage in point of clearness if we consider first the trip to Paris, with a glance at a few places on the way, and then take up the other portions of the country. But at best, in our survey of France, we can touch upon only a few representative towns without attempting to rival the details assembled by Nugent or De La Force. As already remarked, to write a guide-book to eighteenth-century France is no part of our task.

The most popular way of going to Paris from London was to cross the Channel from Dover to Calais and then to drive down through Abbeville, Amiens, and Chantilly. Many tourists landed at Boulogne, whence they joined the stream of travel from Calais to Paris. Still others from various English ports landed at Havre or Dieppe and proceeded through Rouen to the capital. And many more entered France from Brussels and other points in the Low Countries.

We may well begin with Calais. This now flourishing commercial city was in the eighteenth century mainly of interest to the tourist as the chief gateway to France. No Ruskin had arisen to point out the dignity and rugged beauty of the ancient church tower of Calais, and few tourists spent more time in the town than the leisurely conditions of eighteenth-century travel required. "The town," says Nugent, "is small and consists only of eight streets, that run from the market-place. But as this is the thoroughfare of the English in time of peace to France and Flanders, the place is pretty populous." [1]

Boulogne, farther down the French coast, was a very dull town, but its position as a seaport brought a good number of English tourists as birds of passage. The mere sights of the place were not sufficient to detain many visitors beyond a few hours, but the convenience of access to England and the cheapness of living made the quiet old

seaport a more or less permanent refuge for a considerable colony of Englishmen, many of whom had seen better days.

On the way from Calais or Boulogne to Paris one passed through old Abbeville, the charm of which, with its red-gabled fronts and its wealth of carving, had as yet hardly been discovered. Amiens was more appreciated. The situation of the city made it a convenient place for spending the night. It was recommended also for a longer stay, being very cheap and affording excellent opportunities for learning French.[1] Few Englishmen passed through Amiens "without a visit to the cathedral," [2] and, despite its Gothic architecture, they commonly bestowed upon it very hearty praise.[3]

Not on the main route from Calais to Paris, but a convenient halting-place between Paris and the port of Dieppe, was the picturesque city of Rouen, which was certain to be visited by any one making the favorite tour of Normandy. The streets were narrow, as in the older quarters they still are, and none too clean, but its array of magnificent buildings and its historical associations brought many English visitors.

Before arriving at Paris the tourist coming from Calais usually passed through Chantilly and spent at least a little time in seeing the palace, celebrated for its magnificence, and in strolling through the forest, which, with its many birds, its canals and fountains and cascades, made "this one of the most charming places upon earth." [4] But even Chantilly sometimes made an unpleasant impression, for here was a trap for the unwary. "Within one hundred yards of the palace," says Nugent, "and almost adjoining the stables, is the post-house, where you are very well entertained, but extravagantly dear, so that you must be upon your guard in ordering dainties, if you consult economy." [5]

Those who followed the post-route to Paris had only to see Saint-Denis, with its great abbey containing the gorgeous royal tombs, and then they entered the capital of France, which was in a sense the capital of Europe.

IV

Two Continental cities, Paris and Rome, were, in the estimation of the eighteenth-century tourist, of more importance than any others; and to spend much time abroad without visiting these two capitals was to leave the best unseen. A great city like Paris, with its population of five or six hundred thousand inhabitants [1] and its manifold attractions, cannot well be disposed of in a few words, but in our survey details must largely be left to the makers of guide-books. What chiefly concerns us is the impression that the city as a whole made upon English tourists.

The fascination that Paris had for all types of minds before the French Revolution we can even yet in a measure understand. But in the eighteenth century more truly, perhaps, than in our own day, Paris was France and the center of civilization. Most eighteenth-century books of travel assumed without discussion the preëminence of Paris over every other city of France, and, with an occasional reservation on some detail, over every other city of the world. Men and women of every type flocked there to get a glimpse of the fashions and follies that all strove to copy. To many Englishmen Paris was the only thing worth crossing the Channel for, particularly if they had made the Continental tour in their youth. Nowhere else, at all events, was society so organized as to concentrate all the talent of a great kingdom in one spot.

Paris ministered to the taste of travelers of every sort — to the scholar, to the amateur in art, to the lover of music, to the mere pleasure-seeker. Even the cautious Andrews, in his "Letters to a Young Gentleman," [2] observes: "At your time of life, Paris will in some respects prove a more agreeable abode than London. You will in particular meet with a much more frequent recurrence of sights and shews to please you."

When travel was not interrupted by war Englishmen went there in droves [3] and took up their abode for some weeks or

months in the fashionable and expensive quarter of Saint-Germain.[1] In the last third of the century the quarter near the Palais Royal and the Place des Victoires was also popular.[2] Good lodgings, however, were expensive and not always easy to get. And at times even the best did not entirely satisfy the critical tourist. Most Englishmen found Paris inferior to London in plain, unpretending comfort. Then as now, and far more than now, Parisian houses were cold in winter. Walpole writes in 1767 to George Montagu: "I shall not think of my journey to France yet; I suffered too much with the cold last year in Paris, where they have not the least idea of *comfortable*, but sup in stone halls, with all the doors open."[3]

In any case the process of getting comfortably settled demanded considerable attention from the tourist at the outset. But the makers of guide-books gave minute "directions for strangers upon their first coming to Paris," to keep them from going astray: "As soon as you enter Paris, you will be stopt in your chaise, and your pass and plumbings, and every corner of the whole chaise will be examined. When they have done, you order the postilion to drive to the hotel you intend to lodge at; otherwise he will endeavor to carry you to his own favourite house, which has him in fee. You will probably be followed from the place of search, or from your entrance into Paris, to your hotel, by men-servants out of place, many of whom can speak a little broken English, and have generally written characters in their pockets of some English gentlemen whom they have served. You may venture upon one whose character you most approve of, and let him immediately begin and stay with you, and assist in taking off your trunks, etc., but do not hire him till the next day, when your banker or correspondent is along with you, and you are thoroughly satisfied as to his character. Thirty sols, or fifteen pence English a day, is the usual wages, out of which he finds himself in every thing, unless you give him a livery."[4]

With the path thus smoothed, the most timid tourists could hardly fail to take courage. At all events they came.

Walpole complains, in September, 1765, of the swarms of English in the city, and expresses his satisfaction that most of them are going away soon. "It certainly was not my countrymen that I came to live with," says he.[1]

What to do with one's time in Paris was in part a matter of individual taste. But travelers bent upon making the conventional tour followed the lead of the guide-books, of which even then there was no lack.[2] Nugent suggests an "Order to be observed in seeing the curiosities of Paris": "You may begin, then, and spend three whole days in seeing the Palace Royal, which is not too long a time for examining the finest collection of paintings in Europe. The next day you may visit the Hotel d'Antin, and that of count Toulouse. Then you may see the palace of the Tuilleries and the Louvre, the square called Place Vendôme, and the Place des Victoires, all of which are not far distant from one another." [3]

Popular as Paris was with Englishmen, the city in the eighteenth century, if judged by modern standards, was far from being a paradise. The streets had for generations had an unsavory reputation for filth,[4] and their indescribable odor [5] could be detected long before one entered the city. One tourist in 1787 characterizes the air in several parts of Paris and the environs as "abominably fetid and highly putrid." [6] Babeau [7] finds the streets of Paris well cared for. But such is not the opinion of eighteenth-century travelers.[8] Many of the streets were, indeed, well paved, and they were supposed to be swept. But up to the time of the Revolution the rubbish and sweepings were not regularly collected and removed. Unmentionable vessels were emptied from windows at night into the streets, and the fragrance in the morning was overpowering. This practice was, of course, not unknown in London. But Paris was the arbiter of fashion and propriety for the rest of the world!

As Paris had no footpaths, the mud in wet weather was spattered upon every pedestrian by the swiftly driven carriages of the gentry. Arthur Young comments severely

LONDON IN HOLIDAY ATTIRE — THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION

upon the usual condition of the streets in his day: "Walking, which in London is so pleasant and so clean that ladies do it every day, is here a toil and a fatigue to a man, and an impossibility to a well dressed woman. The coaches are numerous, and, what are much worse, there are an infinity of one-horse cabriolets, which are driven by young men of fashion and their imitators, alike fools, with such rapidity as to be real nuisances, and render the streets exceedingly dangerous, without an incessant caution. I saw a poor child run over and probably killed, and have been myself many times blackened with the mud of the kennels. Hence all persons of small or moderate fortune are forced to dress in black, with black stockings." [1] Obviously, every stranger of any social pretensions was compelled to follow the fashion and make frequent use of carriages, though the charges were high [2] and the quality low. Throughout most of the century rigid custom prescribed that a well-born tourist who spent some little time in any of the larger Continental cities should have a coach, a coachman, and a lackey, and that after a certain hour he should not appear in the streets without a cane in his hand and his hat under his arm. Broadly speaking, this rule was not relaxed until the French Revolution, though a growing simplicity of attire marked the last quarter of the century, particularly among those who strove for new effects.

But although the streets of Paris were narrow and not too clean, they had long had throughout Europe a reputation for being exceptionally well lighted at night.[3] And so they were, in comparison with most Continental cities, with "some eight thousand candles in damaged lanterns, which went out every now and then with a gust and left all in darkness." [4] By 1785 these had given place to the argand cylinder lamps or "lampes angéliques"; which, as a delighted contemporary notes, produced "an astonishing brightness, without smoke." [5]

Every city has its unattractive sides, which expose it to criticism. In the eighteenth century Englishmen took no small pleasure in pointing out features in which London

surpassed Paris. Before 1730, Breval, comparing London with Paris, remarks: "With regard to regular publick Places, the Advantage, notwithstanding their pompous Decorations, is indisputably on our Side. There are but four of these to the best of my Remembrance in all Paris, and the biggest not so large as Red-lion-Square." [1]

Horace Walpole often makes caustic comments upon the things that he dislikes at Paris. Characteristically he remarks in his letters: "The charms of Paris have not the least attraction for me, nor would keep me an hour on their own account. For the city itself, I can not conceive where my eyes were: it is the ugliest beastliest town in the universe. I have not seen a mouthful of verdure out of it, nor have they anything green but their treillage and window-shutters. Trees cut into fireshovels and stuck into pedestals of chalk, compose their country. Their boasted knowledge of society is reduced to talking of their suppers, and every malady they have about them, or, know of." [2] "Perhaps this is her [Madame Roland's] first vision of Paris, and it is natural for a Frenchwoman to have her head turned with it; though what she takes for rivers of Emerald, and hotels of ruby and topaz, are to my eyes, that have been purged with euphrasy and rue, a filthy stream, in which every thing is washed without being cleaned, and dirty houses, ugly streets, worse shops, and churches loaded with bad pictures. Such is the material part of this paradise." [3] And again: "It is not pleasant to leave groves and lawns and rivers for a dirty town with a dirtier ditch, calling itself the Seine." [4]

Of the same tenor is the criticism of a professional fault-finder like Hazlitt, about a half-century later. He finds the streets narrow, the pavement bad, and he is constantly afraid of being run over by reckless drivers. In general: "Paris is a beast of a city to be in—to those who cannot get out of it. Rousseau said well, that all the time he was in it, he was only trying how he should leave it." [5]

Travelers often remarked upon the sharp contrasts

everywhere presented at Paris. One of the most friendly critics complained of the long line of washerwomen along the banks of the Seine: "This is an abominable nuisance, and renders the views up the river, from the center of the Pont de la Concorde the most complete mélange of filth and finery, meanness and magnificence I have ever beheld." [1] But notwithstanding some defects Paris was a brilliant city to look upon, and constantly improving in appearance.[2] Dr. Rigby in 1789 found there a greater number of handsome buildings than in London.

Paris before the Revolution was not yet filled with the artistic spoils of half Europe, as it was after Napoleon's great campaigns, but it was already rich in libraries [3] and works of art. The King's Library, the nucleus of the present Bibliothèque Nationale, already contained by the middle of the century "ninety thousand printed volumes and near forty thousand MSS." [3] There were collections of pictures at the Louvre, the Tuileries, and particularly at the Palais Royal, which were among the foremost in Europe.[4]

To see all these treasures, conscientious tourists made the rounds prescribed in the guide-books. The poet Gray writes from Paris to his friend Aston: "Our Mornings have been mostly taken up in Seeing Sights: few Hotels or Churches have escaped us, where there is anything remarkable as to building, Pictures or Statues. Mr. Conway is as usual the companion of our travels, who, till we came had not seen anything at all; for it is not the fashion here to have curiosity." [5]

The chief aim, indeed, of most people of fashion was to waste time as gracefully as possible. Eighteenth-century Parisians were not notably fond of out-of-door sports, — though here and there an enthusiast took up English horse-racing and fox-hunting and boxing,— but when arrayed in all their finery, they enjoyed strolling in the public gardens, or taking the air in a coach. An observer about 1770 remarks: They are "more extravagant in their dress than in their eating and drinking: for though

a Frenchman eats nothing but soup meagre every day in the week, you will rarely see him without his lac'd coat, silk stockings, powdered hair, and lac'd ruffles, which are often tack'd upon either false sleeves or a shirt as coarse as a hop-sack." [1]

A favorite place of resort throughout the century for Parisians and for tourists was the gardens of the Tuileries. "Hither the ladies flock to reap the fruits of their morning labour at their toilets, and the men no less vain and extravagant than the women, to display their feathers and embroider'd coats." [2] "The entrance into these gardens," says Andrews, "is free to persons decently clad; but vigorously interdicted to domestics in livery, or women of servile appearance. Whoever they may be that are admitted, they must not seem of the low classes." [3] Not far away was the Palais Royal, with its great enclosed garden, its crowds of curious sight-seers and women of questionable character. Other attractive recreation centers were "the course or ring for taking the air in coaches: the garden of Luxemburg: the garden of Condé: the garden of Soubise: the king's garden: the garden of the arsenal: the gardens of the archbishop near Nôtre Dame: besides the Place Royale, and the avenues of the Hôtel de Breton Villiers, where a great many people walk in the evening." [4] Especially popular was the promenade along the fortifications. "Paris being walled in, the ramparts, more than half round the whole city, are adorned with four rows of stately trees, in the center of which is a broad road for coaches, and on each side very fine shady walks. Upon these ramparts are to be seen, every fine evening, many of the people of fashion in their coaches, which are often gaudy, but oftener truly elegant, and painted in a most exquisite manner; not with *arms*, *crest*, or *initial letters*, but with a variety of pastoral scenes." [5]

In the days of walled towns there was usually a swift transition from city to open country; and such was the case at Paris. Hazlitt makes an interesting comment

THE GARDEN AND WEST FRONT

PALACE OF THE TUILERIES

upon the state of things in his time: "It is a blessing to counterbalance the inconveniences of large cities built within walls, that they do not extend far beyond them. The superfluous population is pared off, like the pie-crust by the circumference of the dish — even on the court side, not a hundred yards from the barrier of Neuilly, you see an old shepherd tending his flock, with his dog and his crook and sheepskin cloak, just as if it were a hundred miles off, or a hundred years ago. It was so twenty years ago. I went again to see if it was the same yesterday. The old man was gone, but there was his flock by the road-side, and a dog and a boy, grinning with white healthy teeth, like one of Murillo's beggar-boys." [1]

When the tourist wearied of the galleries or the streets he could sip coffee, tea or chocolate at a café [2] or could drop in at the Cabinet Littéraire in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, and for four livres a month have the privilege of reading the English newspapers.[3] After the diversions of the day there was still no lack at night. Especially popular with tourists were the theaters. "Their operas at Paris," says Nugent, "are extremely fine, the music and singing excellent, the stage large and magnificent, and supplied with good actors, the scenes well suited, and changed almost imperceptibly; the dancing exquisite; the cloathing rich and proper, and with great variety; they are frequented by a vast concourse of the nobility, who usually join in the chorus with the actors." [4] At the playhouses comedies were very popular; and as for tragedy, "The most sprightly and fashionable people of both sexes flock to these entertainments in preference to all others, and listen with unrelaxed gravity and attention." [5]

In any case there was abundant opportunity for killing time. Says Andrews: "The amusements at Paris have by some fretful peevish people been represented of insufficient variety to please the different taste of those numerous travellers that croud hither from all parts of Europe.

It is difficult to tell upon what ground this complaint is founded. The theatres are open all the year, and there is no day in the whole twelvemonth, which does not afford some pastime or shew, either temporal or spiritual, if one may use such an expression." [1]

One might discourse endlessly upon Paris, upon the churches, the palaces, the gardens, the theaters, the opera, but for our purpose it is necessary to touch upon only a few matters. Of particular interest to us is the brilliant society that made Paris preëminent in Europe, and even more important is the all-pervasive influence of the Parisian standards of dress, of manners, of speech, which extended their imperious sway to every portion of Europe that was thought to be worth visiting — to Madrid, to St. Petersburg, to Bologna, to Rome, to Naples, to Vienna, to Berlin, as well as to the innumerable petty courts of Germany. "Few nations in Europe," says Sherlock, "have retained their original characters. They have almost all adopted the French fashions and customs; it is a uniform that they all wear; some aukwardly enough — others with more grace. The very small towns of Germany have the same simplicity that they had in the time of Tacitus; but in the large cities everything is *à la Française*. It is so much better for the manners and the table; and so much the worse for the morals. It were to be wished that the Italians, who have nothing to lose in point of morals, would imitate the French in everything. In the north of Italy they are much Frenchified; but the inhabitants of the South are, dissimulation excepted, such as nature formed them." [2]

Polite society throughout Europe in the eighteenth century was far more compact and acted more as a unit than in our democratic days. There was, therefore, far more pressure upon the traveler to conform to conventional rules than in our time. Smollett complains of the tyranny of fashion in France, and other tourists echo the complaint in Italy and Germany. But even Smollett felt obliged when at Paris to conform in every

CROWNING THE BUST OF VOLTAIRE AT THE
THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS, 1778

particular to the dictates of French fashion: "When an Englishman comes to Paris, he cannot appear until he has undergone a total metamorphosis.[1] At his first arrival it is necessary to send for the taylor, peruquier, hatter, shoemaker, and every other tradesman concerned in the equipment of the human body. He must even change his buckles, and the form of his ruffles; and, though at the risk of his life, suit his cloaths to the mode of the season. For example, though the weather should be never so cold, he must wear his *habit d'été* or *de mi-saison*, without presuming to put on a warm dress before the day which fashion has fixed for that purpose; and neither old age nor infirmity will excuse a man for wearing his hat upon his head, either at home or abroad. The good-man, who used to wear the *beau drap d'Angleterre*, quite plain all the year round, with a long bob, or tye perriwig, must here provide himself with a camblet suit trimmed with silver for spring and autumn, with silk cloaths for summer, and cloth laced with gold, or velvet for winter; and he must wear his bag-wig *à la pigeon*. This variety of dress is absolutely indispensable for all those who pretend to any rank above the mere bourgeois. On his return to his own country all this frippery is useless.[2] . . . Since it is so much the humour of the English at present to run abroad, I wish they had antigallican spirit enough to produce themselves in their own genuine English dress, and treat all the French modes with the same philosophical contempt which was shown by an honest gentleman, distinguished by the name of Wig-Middleton. That unshaken patriot still appears in the same kind of scratch perriwig, skimming-dish hat, and slit sleeve, which were worn five-and-twenty years ago, and has invariably persisted in this garb, in defiance of all the revolutions of the mode."[3] And in his vigorous fashion the indignant British censor continues: "Of all the coxcombs on the face of the earth, a French *petit maître* is the most impertinent; and they are all *petit maîtres*, from the marquis who glitters in lace and embroidery to the *garçon*

barbier covered with meal, who struts with his hair in a long queue, and his hat under his arm." [1]

A generation or more after Smollett's day, the well-known traveler Eustace even ventured to recommend the Scotch Highland costume in preference to the French: "A few improvements might make it perfect, and qualify it admirably for all the purposes of a national habit, and would very soon, by its intrinsic merit and beauty supersede the *monkey* attire of France." [2]

In order to escape amused comment, even though politely concealed, English tourists were in general advised to take with them into France only indispensable articles of dress and to add to their wardrobe after their arrival: "Into a small trunk I would have you put a dozen of shirts; they ought to be much coarser than the English in general wear them; otherwise their slovenly manner of washing (which is by beating them with a board against a stone in cold water) will soon oblige you to buy others; half a dozen pairs of shoes; a pair of boots, and buckskin breeches, would be requisite, as the French leather is not proof against water: your stockings should be silk, which is the fashion of France, even among the meanest mechanics; these, with the cloaths on your back and the hat on your head, with the best French dictionary and grammar extant, are all the luggage you ought to take; for at the first town you propose to reside at, you should fit out, *à la mode de France*, and continue so as long as you reside in that country." [3]

He is a bold and not always wise man who defies the judgment of the world; and even so sensible an Englishman as Arthur Young, while at Paris, yielded obedience to fashions that he felt to be absurd. And although an occasional grumbler objected, the great throng of tourists fell into line and as far as possible conformed their dress and their manners to the standards of Paris. Some English exquisites, indeed, with the proverbial zeal of new converts, quite overdid the matter both at home and abroad, and became the laughing-stock of Europe.

The diffusion of French fashions throughout the Continent proceeded in the leisurely eighteenth-century way, owing to the slow means of transport. The inevitable result was that, in proportion as cities were out of touch with Paris, fashions were likely to be months or even years behind those of the French capital. This was true, in a measure, in England itself. For example, in 1774, in a letter to the Countess of Ossory, Walpole says: "I hope there was no graver reason for his (Lord Ossory's) not coming, than not having a coat trimmed with Brussels-point, or buttons to his cloaths, edged with fur, which our English travellers, who never see good company in Paris, are made to believe by their tailor, are French fashions, and which I, who did live in good company, never beheld there; nor, indeed, anything in dress that was very absurd." [1]

Only by reasonable conformity to established modes could an ordinary tourist — we can, of course, take no account of Franklin in his plain cloth suit — hope to be admitted to Parisian society, the epitome of all that was illustrious in France. That society has been so often described by brilliant pens that there is no need of going over ground already familiar. It is enough to point out a few characteristic features that particularly concern the tourist.

We have already remarked upon the interest that Frenchmen in the eighteenth century had begun to take in the English and their ways. But the fact is notable that true Parisians had long given little heed to the rest of the world. "If something foreign arrives at Paris," says Walpole, "they either think they invented it, or that it has always been there." [2] The growing popularity of English fashions and ideas as the century progressed was in a sense a forerunner of the Revolution.[3] One may question whether eighteenth-century England and Englishmen altogether deserved to be idealized and idolized in the fashion that became popular in the quarter-century before the French Revolution, but love is proverbially

blind. At all events, English institutions as a whole marked a high point of perfection in comparison with any thing that France or Italy or Germany had attained.

Although many Frenchmen were eager to adopt English ways, they were not notable for acquaintance with England. Walpole complains: "I could not conceive that they knew so very little of a country which has lately been so much in vogue with them." [1] Throughout the century Montesquieu and Voltaire were marked exceptions in their real familiarity with the great island kingdom. Most French visitors to England caught a mere glimpse.

Upon these French birds of passage we have two characteristic comments: Gilly Williams writes to Selwyn from Brighthelmstone (Brighton) in 1764: "You would laugh at our collection, though I assure you we are much obliged to France for sending us twice a week some very extraordinary exotics. Barbers, milliners, barons, counts, arrive here almost every tide, and they stay here till their finances are so exhausted, that they decamp *upon* the stage-coach and not in it." [2] And Walpole in 1783 tells Mann in one of his letters: "We have swarms of French here daily; but they come as if they had laid wagers that there is no such place as England, and only wanted to verify its existence, or that they had a mind to dance a minuet on English ground; for they turn on their heel the moment after landing." [3] What Walpole writes is never to be taken too literally. He had himself entertained in May, 1769, a large party of French gentlemen and ladies of quality at Strawberry Hill,[4] and he observed in his "Memoirs of George III" [5] that after the peace with France numerous French travelers visited England,[6] some even going as far as Ireland.

In far greater numbers were Englishmen in France; and, if their rank permitted, they were very well received in Parisian society. What made social intercourse easier and English travelers more welcome was the growing popularity of English literature, at least in translations,

in the generation just before the Revolution. Richardson, for example, in Walpole's phrase, had "stupefied the whole French nation." [1] With few exceptions, however, Frenchmen had little or no mastery of spoken English; [2] and it may be doubted whether even the most Anglicized Frenchmen fully understood the temperament of their English guests.

The French and the English saw so many things from different points of view that it was only with large reservations that most Englishmen praised the French people. As elsewhere pointed out, the average lower-class, eighteenth-century English estimate of the French was hostile and contemptuous,[3] and some of this feeling was inevitably shared by English tourists. The English traveler Clenche remarks as a matter of course that "all wise men naturally have a perfect aversion for the French." [4] And three generations later Lady Knight, who spent much time in France and enjoyed her life there, judged the French people severely. Writing to a friend in 1793, she says: "Ambition and avarice are the two leading passions of the French, consequently self-love governs them, and I should be ashamed to say how very few I know or have known that I do not think hate all other nations; nor do I believe anything can be more hateful to the English nation than that the French should be so mixed in our society; they will undermine our national character. I wish a tax was to be laid on all tutors and gouvernantes of that nation, nay even on all servants." [5]

Judgments so unreserved cannot be accepted without qualification. But undoubtedly some charges have a large basis of truth. For one thing, the English regarded the French people in general as lacking in delicacy. Says Hazlitt, "A Frenchman (as far as I can find) has no idea answering to the word nasty." [6] This charge is repeated by English travelers of every type. James Edward Smith cites a striking experience of his in a French stage-coach. His companions were reputable people of the middle

ranks of life, several merchants, "a lawyer, an elderly woman of genteel appearance, and a beautiful girl of sixteen. . . . Shall I record that in this company the most undisguised and shocking descriptions were given of the debaucheries of the capital, and particulars which would scarcely be whispered in English discussed with the utmost exactness." [1] Hazlitt had a similar experience in the diligence between Evreux and Paris.[2] "The Gentleman's Guide" (1770), in an unquotable passage,[3] comments upon the astonishing frankness of the conversation of "gentlemen and ladies" [4] in company at Montpellier. One does not expect Smollett, the author of "Roderick Random" and "Humphry Clinker," to be easily shocked at conversational freedom, but he says of French people in his usual sweeping fashion: "They are utter strangers to what we call common decency; and I could give you some high-flavoured instances, at which even a native of Edinburgh would stop his nose." [5]

The charge of indelicacy was a very old one,[6] and it is not unheard even in our day. A mild instance is the following, cited by Birkbeck, who was traveling in southern France: When the diligence halted, "With the curiosity common to travelers we attended to the alighting of this party: as the lady [7] stepped out of the carriage she discovered a lapse of stocking, and continuing her chat with the gentleman who had handed her out, she deliberately adjusted it and tied her garter. This is characteristic of southern France, and tends to settle a point in natural history, — that a French lady's knee is as modest as the elbow of an English lady; which I am satisfied was the case in this instance." [8]

From indelicacy to indecency the step was short. English tourists complain of the filthy practices almost universal in French towns, that made it painful for "a person of the least delicacy or decency" to "walk through their streets." [9]

Very common, too, among men and women of all classes, notwithstanding the stress laid upon forms of polite-

ness, was "the habit of spitting up and down their houses and churches." [1] This practice, observes Young, "which is amongst the highest as well as the lowest ranks, is detestable: I have seen a gentleman spit so near the cloaths of a dutchess that I have stared at his unconcern." [2] "In point of cleanliness," he remarks in the same passage, "I think the merit of the two nations is divided; the French are cleaner in their persons, and the English in their houses; I speak of the mass of the people, and not of individuals of considerable fortune." [3] But the king's ceremonial ablutions were usually on a very limited scale. For his bath at the *coucher*, "the grand chamberlain presents him a towel moistened at one end . . . and His Majesty washes his face and hands and wipes himself with the unmoistened end." [4] And there is no place allowed for any more elaborate cleansing in the morning ceremonial. This solemn function was witnessed morning and evening by those whose rank entitled them to be present, and they doubtless took pleasure in limiting themselves to the same regimen as their sovereign.

The various sights of Paris were entertaining and instructive. But there still remained the brilliant French society, access to which was by no means a matter of course for English tourists. Walpole writes West in 1739: "We have seen very little of the people themselves, who are not inclined to be propitious to strangers, especially if they do not play and speak the language readily." And twenty-five years later, commenting on Englishmen who were dissatisfied with their reception at Paris, he observes in a letter to the Earl of Hertford: "If they are not content now, I wish they knew how the English were received at Paris twenty years ago — why, you and I know they were not received at all." [5] Another Englishman in 1769, commenting upon strangers at Paris, remarks: "Nine tenths of them are never admitted into good company — or in other words, into their supper parties, and all beside is mere form and ceremony — whereas at London, Rome, and Naples, etc., a stranger

of any rank gets into the most agreeable parties with little trouble: in this respect the unsociableness of the French destroys the true politeness." [1]

The common complaint of the lack of French hospitality was doubtless often in part due to the fact that a French host felt no obligation to seek out strangers in order to feed them. Lady Morgan tells of "an English gentleman, resident at Paris," who assured her "that an Irishman, whom he had known in France many years, left his small fortune to the only Frenchman who had ever offered him a dinner; at once to mark his own gratitude and the rarity of the event." But she adds: "The outcry, indeed, amongst the strangers who now visit Paris, against the want of hospitality in its inhabitants, is much more universal than it is well founded. . . . No hospitality, and indeed no fortune, could hold out against those legions of the idle and unoccupied, who, in the exuberance of wealth, or of curiosity leave England to — Promener leur ennui ailleurs." [2] And she adds: "Few persons, I imagine, well introduced by letters of recommendation, or by their personal talents, or celebrity, will join in this outcry against French hospitality; or will deny that the access to a French house, where the stranger has once been received, is both easy and gracious. It is, however, quite true, that dinners of ceremony are by no means so general in Paris as in London or Dublin." [3]

Unquestionably, the reception that the tourist got depended largely upon his social standing and his personal characteristics. For example, just after the great Revolution had spent its fury, the genial John Carr was received with the most unaffected kindness into the households of French people of charming manners. At the conclusion of his visit he says: "I had to part with those who, in the short space of one fleeting month, had by their endearing and flattering attentions . . . made me forget that I was even a *stranger*." [4]

Once admitted to French society the English as a rule found much to criticize. Lady Montagu's satirical por-

trait of French ladies in 1718 anticipates the sketches of half a century later. "I have seen all the beauties, and such —— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on, a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe, that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly raddled." [1] Travelers admit that the ladies of Paris have "the most enchanting airs in the world and an eternal show of vivacity in their eyes." [2] But, says one, "the women of rank make themselves hideous by great blotches of paint upon their cheeks, which, in some ladies, are as well defined as the circumference of a circle, and as red as the Saracen's Head upon a sign-post." [3] But in spite of the too abundant rouge and puffs and powder, Englishmen of social instincts found themselves, particularly during the second half of the century, very much at home in many circles of Parisian society. As in some of the higher society of England, cards and billiards occupied a good part of the day. Says Nugent: "They are much addicted to gaming, which is the very soul of all their assemblies, and the only means for a foreigner to ingratiate himself in their company." [4] And Walpole observes: "In French houses it is impossible to meet with anything but whist, which I am determined never to learn again. I sit by and yawn; which, however, is better than sitting at it to yawn." [5] Gambling was, indeed, almost obligatory for one who wished to be popular in Parisian society.[6] For, as Dr. Moore remarks upon his admittance to exclusive companies under the patronage of a French marquis: "Nothing can be a greater proof of his influence in some of the most fashionable circles than his being able to introduce a man without a title, and who never games." [7] And it was well

he did not, for, as Smollett observes, people of high rank "learn to play not barely for amusement, but also with a view to advantage." [1] Or, in the words of a much earlier writer, "Even the ladies do not want tricks to strip a bubble." [2]

Obviously, eighteenth-century Parisian society had no very rigid standard of morals. One might, indeed, observe that an Englishman of fashion had no need to go abroad in order to become an accomplished rake. But Paris offered irresistible attractions to a free-liver. Immorality was there cultivated as a fine art. "This libertinism," says Keysler, "takes so with young travellers that they look upon it as the chief accomplishment that they are to acquire in France; and, indeed, the young gentlemen who come from Paris are as well known as a bird is by its note." [3]

Two generations later, Carr, one of the friendliest of critics, remarks: "The married women of France feel no compunctious visitings of conscience in cherishing about them a circle of lovers, amongst whom their husbands are merely more favored than the rest." [4] He is good enough to add that he thinks the relations platonic.

Moralists as a rule tend to deliver sweeping judgments, and Paris was a frequent theme for denunciation. Beyond question Paris was a perilous city for wealthy young strangers who were not averse to forbidden pleasures. But exaggeration is easy; and the sober judgment of Nugent is probably not far astray: "The young people (of France) are debauched and irreligious; but we must own that this is compensated by the solidity and judicious behaviour of those who are more advanced in life." [5]

But, after all, the chief complaint against the French was of another sort,— that they could not be trusted. They were "charged with insincerity in their complaisance, and with being little better than genteel hypocrites in their cringes and impertinent ceremonies." [5] It is indeed true that manners in the higher circles of English

society were in a measure an imitation of the manners of Paris, with their ease and gayety. Many Englishmen of fashion found in France all that made life seem worth living. Young men were sent abroad as much for the sake of learning the graces as for any other reason. But in general English imitation of French traits was liable to be awkward. "What strikes me the most, upon the whole," says Walpole, "is the total difference in manners between them and us." [1] The Frenchman was trained from his earliest childhood to respond instinctively to the lightest touch, and to utter small courtesies with every breath. The more impassive Englishman remained stolid. Less graceful in manner and in speech, he prided himself on his blunt sincerity. "I am very far from thinking," says one, "that the plain and honest character of an Englishman is not preferable to a glittering superficies of politeness." [2] Most Englishmen took the French too seriously. "A Frenchman," says Dr. Moore, "not only means nothing beyond common civility by the plentiful shower of compliments which he pours on every stranger; but also, he takes it for granted that the stranger knows that nothing more is meant." [3]

Whether sincere or not, French courtesy smoothed the way for multitudes of English tourists. Nearly all strangers found the French people amiable.[4] People in France did not stare at clothes out of fashion,[5] and they even tolerated English French. Of this considerate kindliness Moore cites a striking instance. At Strassburg he attended a play which presented the English in a ridiculous light. "An old French officer, who was in the next box to us, seemed uneasy and hurt at the peals of laughter which burst from the audience at some particular passages: He touched my shoulder and assured me that no nation was more respected in France than the English." [6] Elsewhere Moore remarks: "A stranger, quite new and unversed in their language, whose accent is uncouth and ridiculous in the ears of the French, and who can scarcely open his mouth without making a blunder in grammar or idiom, is heard with the most

serious attention, and never laughed at, even when he utters the oddest solecism or equivocal expression." [1]

But as most Englishmen were measurably aware of their deficiencies, the French not unnaturally found them inclined to be silent in company. Englishmen, in their turn, accustomed to hear the French extolled for brilliancy in conversation, noted with wonder the silence of French people when they might have been expected to be talkative. Says Young: "I came to this kingdom expecting to have my ears constantly fatigued with the infinite volubility and spirits of the people, of which so many persons have written, sitting, I suppose, by their English firesides. At Montpellier, though fifteen persons and some of them ladies were present, I found it impossible to make them break their inflexible silence with more than a monosyllable, and the whole company sat more like an assembly of tongue-tied quakers, than the mixed company of a people famed for loquacity." [2] Young notes the same thing at Nîmes and at Rouen: "Of all *sombre* and *triste* meetings a French *table d'hôte* is foremost; for eight minutes a dead silence, and as to the politeness of addressing a conversation to a foreigner, he will look for it in vain. Not a single word has any where been said to me unless to answer some question." [3] Even in our day the tourist in France can hardly avoid noting that Frenchmen not already acquainted are unlikely to distract their attention from the serious business of eating for the sake of exchanging remarks with strangers.

The discussion of French traits has drawn us away from the capital. Our survey of Paris is necessarily incomplete at many points, since we can only glance at a few characteristic features and pass on. But we have observed enough to realize some of the features that compelled every tourist to include Paris in his Continental journey.

We must now glance at a few other characteristic French cities. We cannot enumerate all the various excursions commonly made from Paris, — to Saint-Cloud,

to Marly, to Saint-Denis, to Vincennes, to Fontainebleau,— but we must give a word to Versailles. The splendor of this royal abode had already somewhat faded in the course of the eighteenth century. The magnificent gardens and fountains were often neglected, and the hedges and trees withered.[1] Some Englishmen, to their credit be it said, had sufficient discernment to criticize the defects at Versailles. Walpole in 1739 describes "the great front" of the palace as "a lumber of littleness, composed of black brick, stuck full of bad old busts, and fringed with gold rails."[2] Another traveler finds in 1769 that "the ornaments of Trianon and Marly . . . are in a most false and vicious taste."[3] And still another, commenting on the palace, observes in 1773: "The apartments are dirty, which cannot be wondered at, when you are told that all the world rove about the palace at pleasure; I went from room to room as my choice directed me, into the King's bed-chamber, dressing-room, etc., in all of which were numbers of people, and many of them indifferently clad."[4]

By the middle of the century Versailles had lost also much of the social brilliancy that had marked it in the days of the great Louis. The court was eclipsed by the Parisian salons. But, nevertheless, no tourist felt that he had seen France until he had seen Versailles, for, as Babeau remarks, "all the courts of Europe were modelled on that of Versailles"; as were "all the salons on that of Paris."[5]

The visitor could go by water as far as Sèvres and then by carriage to the palace, or he could drive all the way. Nugent remarks: "You may have a gay and easy gilt coach or chariot, and a coachman, with a good pair of horses, for twelve livres, which is about ten shillings a day, to attend you from seven in the morning till midnight, and to carry you to Versailles, etc." One required a special contract, witnessed before a notary, to enable the coachman to pass outside the gates of Paris.[6]

Visitors could look up in De la Force[7] the ceremonial

attending the dining and supping of the king in public and be admitted to gaze upon the meals of His Most Sacred Majesty. At Versailles, too, one might, like Burke, mingle in the gayly attired throngs that moved through the long corridors and the vast halls of the palace. The court doubtless was, as an English lady assured Young, "amazingly splendid," and assuredly one of the most memorable sights of Europe.

V

What remained to be seen in France besides Paris and its environs was, in the opinion of most tourists, of relatively small importance. Whoever made the grand tour set out sooner or later for Italy and followed the traditional routes. Yet the journey to Italy compelled even the most indifferent traveler to see, at least in passing, more than one notable provincial city. Tourists really bent upon getting an intelligent familiarity with the country supplemented this conventional journey by various pilgrimages in the great region west of the Rhone and south of the Seine. With the improvement in accommodations at the inns and the bettering of the means of travel, a tourist could shape his course through France very much as he pleased, though we need hardly remark that his curiosity did not lead him very often to places of minor importance that lay off the main routes. It is, indeed, rather amusing to see with what haste the average traveler, after a stay in Paris, took his flight for the South. His route commonly led him down the valley of the Rhone, partly by carriage and partly by boat, on the direct way to Italy.

Contemporary guide-books supply the details: "Those who intend," says Nugent, "to travel from Paris to Italy must set out for Lyons, to which city there are three different routes, viz., two post-roads, and a third used by the diligence. Again there are four different routes from Lyons to Italy; the first and pleasantest, but longest about,

is by Marseilles and Toulon, at either of which places there are daily opportunities of vessels going to Genoa; but if you don't like the sea, you may proceed by the post-route from Aix to Nice, and thence by land to Genoa, or any other part of Italy: the second, somewhat shorter, is by Geneva and Swisserland; the third, still shorter, is by Grenoble and Briançon: and the fourth, as short as the preceding, is by Pont Beauvoisin. The diligence from Paris to Lyons sets out every other day from the *Hotel de Sens*, near the *Ave Maria*; the price to each passenger seventy-five livres. For your baggage you pay five sols a pound, except twenty-five pounds, which you have free. There are likewise coaches at the same place that set out every third day at four in the morning, and winter and summer go through Burgundy. You have also water carriages from Paris to Lyons; the fare to each passenger is thirty five livres, and you are ten days upon the road."[1] "From Lyons you may go down as far as Avignon by water; for there are boats that descend the Rhone almost every day, and move with great expedition on this rapid river."[2]

The entire valley of the Rhone presented the double attraction of being a part of the ordinary route to Italy and of offering a large number of towns full of Roman remains; at Vienne a temple; at Orange an arch and a vast theater; at Nîmes an exquisite temple and a magnificent amphitheater; at the Pont du Gard, a stupendous Roman aqueduct; at Arles an ancient theater, an amphitheater, and many broken survivals of the wealthy Græco-Roman city. And these are but a hint of the riches of this famous district.

Part of the stream of travel setting toward Italy naturally tended toward Dijon. This charming old city was popular with strangers, being notable for the cheapness of living and the courtesy of the inhabitants. As early as 1730 sixteen English families were settled there.[3] Of high reputation was the French spoken at Dijon. "The Gentleman's Guide" remarks:[4] "Here the French language is spoke with greater propriety than at Paris, or any other town in the

kingdom, tho' Blois had formerly that reputation. I do not know any town in France preferable to this for the residence of any gentleman."

Lyons, the second city of the kingdom, with a population of about a hundred thousand,[1] was, as we have seen, on the main route to Italy, and thus caught a good many tourists as they went through. Gray incidentally remarks in one of his letters that while he was there "near thirty" English were then passing through Lyons "on their way to Italy and the South." [2] Here, too, Evelyn a century earlier had met at the Golden Lion "divers of his acquaintance, who, coming from Paris, were designed for Italy." [3]

Dr. Moore counted Lyons the most magnificent town in France, after Paris. Its situation brought commerce, wealth, and population. The inns were famous for their lavish display of plate, and they were thronged during the tourist season by Englishmen on their way to or from Italy. The great merchants lived on a grand scale and impressed strangers with their profusion. Mrs. Piozzi says: "Such was the hospitality I have here been witness to, and such the luxury of the Lyonnois at table, that I counted thirty-six dishes where we dined and twenty-four where we supped. Every thing was served up in silver in both places." [4]

But Lyons had the unkempt appearance so common in French provincial towns in the eighteenth century. Critical strangers noted "the extreme narrowness of the streets, which are badly paved and ever dirty; and the villanous ragged paper windows, with which every house (except those of the richest merchants) is so abominably defaced." [5]

At Lyons one had the choice of continuing down the Rhone or of turning to the east for the journey over the Alps. If one had no time to spare, the journey was uninterrupted until the mountains were safely scaled. But more leisurely tourists paused a little to see Grenoble and the Grande Chartreuse, and perhaps spent a few days or weeks at Chambéry.

Grenoble, situated on the Isère and encircled by snow-

capped mountains, with the crest of Mont Blanc filling the horizon to the east, saw a good number of English tourists every year on their way to or from Italy.

Many English tourists went up from Grenoble to the Grande Chartreuse, thirteen miles distant, — one of the most interesting specimens in France of a great monastery. There was little of the medieval that greeted the eighteenth-century visitor to the Grande Chartreuse, for it had eight times been rebuilt after fires. The poet Gray visited it twice while on his long tour, once with Walpole and once alone on the return journey, and was profoundly impressed by the romantic surroundings. The narrow road up the mountain gorge was counted dangerous and struck terror to the heart of the traveler.[1] As an illustration of the changing attitude toward wild scenery it is very suggestive to contrast Gray's well-known description of the monastery and its situation with the account by Clenche, who many years before had visited "this miserable place." Clenche found it "Scituate in the most solitary place that can be found in the world, amongst horrid mountains, worse than the Alpes, and the way from Chambéry, hewn out of the side of rocks in steps, with continual precipices, a roaring torrent in the bottom, and through the melancholy shade of pines and fir-trees; the house large, but far from being beautiful or regular. . . . A stranger that is so foolishly curious as to come here is lodged for a night; and a father, whose particular business it is, entertains him, and in the morning he records himself in a book at his going away." [2]

But it is time to return to the tourist making his way down the Rhone. A little below Lyons was Vienne. The town was dingy and dismal, as it is to-day, but its antiquity was obvious to the most careless eye, and to the archæologist it was a place of rare interest.

If the tourist descended the Rhone by boat, as he was commonly advised to do, he was in some trepidation until he had safely passed the Pont Saint-Esprit, where the river runs "with considerable rapidity." [3]

The next point of interest was Orange, a few miles to the

east of the Rhone. The great glory of Orange, in the eye of the modern tourist, is the Roman theater. But an Englishman like Clenche passes it by without mention, and merely notes Orange as "a little town very ancient, as the ruines of the antiquities do show."[1] Breval was three times at Orange, the last time in 1730. He remarks upon the theater: "The Area within is now a kind of Suburb to Orange, fill'd with poor and mean tenements like the Amphitheatres of Nîmes and Arles."[2] On his last visit he found the famous triumphal arch cleared of much of the accumulated rubbish. Up to 1721 two-thirds of it had been buried in the soil.

A little farther south lay Avignon, facing the castle-crowned heights of Villeneuve. Ancient Avignon, with its encircling crenellated walls, and the palace of the Popes — grim and mighty — rising above the Rhone and the broken arches of the medieval bridge, was singularly picturesque. In the Franciscan church was the tomb of Petrarch's Laura. Outside the town walls in every direction stretched vineyards alternating with groves of olives and oranges and lemons.

Avignon commonly served as a stopping place for tourists on their way to or from Italy. Trade was small, but there were many wealthy inhabitants and many social attractions.[3] We note with interest that Avignon was "the residence of a vast number of handsome English gentlemen, who were obliged to fly their country with the unfortunate chevalier in 1745."[4] "There are some very good sort of English there," writes the Dowager Countess of Carlisle to Selwyn in 1779.[5] The life was not exciting but very wholesome for jaded tourists. People kept early hours and unless bent upon evil found little in their surroundings to lead them astray.

From Avignon travelers commonly made a little détour to the southwest for the sake of seeing Nîmes and the noble Roman aqueduct that spans the Gard. The ancient buildings at Nîmes — the exquisite temple known as the Maison Carrée,[6] the Roman baths, and the magnificent Roman amphitheater — were highly esteemed by tourists, who

counted the place "a second Rome." [1] Arthur Young thought the temple to be "beyond comparison the most light, elegant, and pleasing building" [2] he had ever seen. Throughout the easy-going eighteenth century the amphitheater here, as at Arles, was half-buried in the accumulations of soil. The area was "filled up . . . with little houses of tradesmen," [3] and on the exterior shabby tenements made a squalid fringe.[4] Not until after the Revolution was the structure restored to something like its original state. But although old buildings were somewhat neglected by the authorities, the tourist business, as Smollett's account shows, was sufficiently active. "I had no sooner alighted at the inn than I was presented with a pamphlet, containing an account of Nismes and its antiquities, which every stranger buys. There are persons, too, who attend in order to show the town, and you will always be accosted by some shabby antiquarian, who presents you with medals for sale, assuring you that they are genuine antiques, and were dug out of the Roman temple and baths. All these fellows are cheats; and they have often laid under contribution raw English travellers, who had more money than discretion." [5]

After Nîmes the next main halting-place was Arles. At Arles Breval notes that the amphitheater "is crowded, to the scandal of the Magistrates, with beggarly tenements, that compose a sort of dirty little Town, and quite obstruct the View of one of the most magnificent Fabricks of the kind that is to be met with any where out of Italy." He goes on to speak of "the difficulty and expence of clearing away such immense heaps of rubbish, a charge few cities could or would at this time be at, merely to preserve an antiquity of no manner of use to the publick." [6] There can be little question that the eighteenth-century tourist far less keenly appreciated the classical, and particularly the medieval, remains at Arles than does the educated tourist of our day. Saint-Trophime, with its exquisite cloister, stirred no enthusiasm in minds that obstinately regarded all medieval architecture as barbarous.

Aix in Provence, easily reached by the tourist on the way from Arles to Marseilles, was extremely popular with the English. The modern tourist finds much of the town rather dingy and dull, but, according to eighteenth-century standards, it was handsomely built, adorned with "spacious squares and beautiful fountains," [1] and in attractiveness was counted inferior only to Paris. Says "The Gentleman's Guide": [2] "This town will perhaps please you better than any you have yet seen in France, tho' deficient in amusements, except when the parliament is setting: in winter it is extremely pleasant."

Those who preferred to coast along the Riviera to Italy rather than cross the mountains found it convenient to embark at Marseilles, then a prosperous commercial city of about a hundred thousand inhabitants.[3] One of the most ancient cities in Europe, Marseilles nevertheless offered singularly little in the way of antiquity to attract the tourist, and practically nothing noteworthy of any other period. But social life was agreeable there and sometimes tempted travelers to make a considerable stay,[4] even beyond the time necessarily spent in the city while arranging to go elsewhere.

Nearly forty miles southeast of Marseilles lay Toulon, a flourishing seaport which many tourists preferred to Marseilles as a point of departure for Italy. Eight miles east of Toulon, Hyères attracted tourists who sought a mild climate. One day, says Arthur Young, his "landlord worried" him "with a list of the English that pass the winter at Hyères." [5]

As for other now popular resorts, they had not yet begun to attract the routine tourist. Cannes was only an old coast town in the eighteenth century, though Smollett's sharp eyes detected the possibilities that have made it the most exclusive, as well as the most expensive, watering-place of the Riviera.

The Riviera was, indeed, only beginning to be appreciated in the middle of the eighteenth century. Dr. Thomas Linolett in 1714 had discovered the attractions of Nice, which

was not yet a French possession, and from that time on it became increasingly popular as a health resort for the "hectic English" on their way to or from Italy. Smollett passed about a year and a half in the place, leaving there in May, 1765. He recorded his characteristic impressions and confessed that the only friendships he made at Nice were with strangers sojourning like himself for a season. Dupaty notes in 1785 that "the country houses of the environs of Nice are peopled with English, with French, with Germans; each of them is a colony." [1] James Edward Smith, who was at Nice somewhat later, was "disgusted with the gross flattery paid here to strangers, and to the English in particular. The whole neighborhood has the air of an English watering-place." [2]

Nice was popular, but judged by the scale of modern resorts, it was a small affair. Arthur Young, who visited the town in 1789, tells us that "the place is flourishing; owing very much to the resort of foreigners, principally English, who pass the winter here, for the benefit and pleasure of the climate." And in proof of its popularity he goes on to say: "Last winter there were fifty-seven English and nine French; this winter they think it will be nine English and fifty-seven French." [3]

A few miles east of Nice lay Monaco, where in 1785 Dupaty noted "two or three streets upon precipitous rocks; eight hundred wretches dying of hunger; a tumble-down castle; a battallion of French troops." [4] But of the throngs of strangers who in our day have made the neighboring Monte Carlo the most famous center of gambling in the world there was no sign in the eighteenth century.

VI

The ordinary tour from Calais through Paris to the Alps or the Mediterranean was no small undertaking, and it demanded as great an outlay of money and time as many travelers could afford. They therefore went, as we have seen, through to Italy by way of Paris and Lyons, ignoring

everything in France outside a few notable cities. A typical case is Dr. John Moore, who saw little besides Paris, Lyons, and Strassburg.[1] But less hurried travelers, particularly if not bent upon going to Italy, endeavored to see some other portions of France. Babeau points out that already in 1672, Le Sieur de Saint-Maurice had printed a guide for the use of strangers traveling in France. In this book he describes the principal routes that the Germans, the English, and the Hollanders followed in going to Paris. Then he outlines "le grand et le petit tour de France" — the grand tour by Lyons, Marseilles, Toulouse, Bordeaux, and Paris; the little tour from Paris to Tours and Poitiers.[2] These plans for a tour remained popular throughout the eighteenth century, and were followed with manifold variation by English travelers. If they returned from Italy through France, they were likely to vary their course by coming up through the country to the west of the Rhone.

In Italy, the geographical situation of Rome and Naples in a sense compelled a tour following one of two or three routes. But France in the eighteenth century was covered with a network of well-kept post-roads leading from Paris to the chief seaports of the north and the south and to the larger cities of the provinces. Yet until the advent of the motor-car, which has made the remotest corners of France easily accessible, luxurious tourists, even within recent years, showed some disinclination to venture far from well-known centers. To enumerate all the places in France which are now counted as of exceptional interest, but in the eighteenth century were commonly neglected, would be an endless task. Some regions, indeed, as, for example, La Vendée, were ill provided with roads, but the lack did not greatly disturb the average tourist, who had no desire whatever to traverse La Vendée. Even yet it is by no means an ordinary tourist center. But as an indication of the change in attitude since the eighteenth century, we may comment upon a few districts of another type.

A good representative of average eighteenth-century taste is Nugent, who omits from his "Grand Tour" what-

ever is not likely to serve the needs of ordinary tourists. For example, he makes no mention of Cluny, Seez, Fougères, Vichy, Biarritz, Pau, LePuy, Bourg (with the wonderful church of Brou), Périgueux, Angoulême, and scores of other places. Too much should not be made of mere omission from a guide-book of moderate size, but some places at least in this list would find mention in the briefest of modern guides. No portion of France to-day is more admired than the valley of the Loire, where, among other attractions, are the châteaux of Azay le Rideau and Chenonceaux, the fascinating abbey of Fontevrault, and the richly restored château of Langeais. But Nugent passes them all by in his "Grand Tour" without a word. To Clenche, Amboise was nothing but "a wretched little wall'd town" with an "old ruinous castle." [1] Blois had "nothing good in it but its scituation." [2] Breval in his day made the round of the châteaux in the valley of the Loire, but he omits all mention of Azay-le-Rideau, Chenonceaux, and the historic ruins of Loches.

But we must not imagine that eighteenth-century tourists failed to get keen satisfaction from a good number of the regions they visited. In their fashion they were fond of the valley of the Loire. The ancient city of Tours attracted many English, some of whom constantly resided there. "No city in France," says Evelyn, "exceeds it in beauty or delight." [3] He spent nineteen weeks in the place; and eighteenth-century tourists felt very much at home there. The French spoken at Tours was regarded as exceptionally good, and the ways of the people agreeable. As for Blois, "this," says Nugent, "is one of the pleasantest cities in France . . . Here the French tongue is spoken in its greatest purity." [4] But the beautiful château was much neglected in the eighteenth century, and so badly out of repair that few tourists found it worthy of praise.

Further up the Loire, Orléans, with its historic memories, its handsome streets, its interesting architecture, its quiet and beautiful environs with their wealth of plain and forest, satisfied the taste of the eighteenth century and

attracted a good share of English tourists. "'Tis now," says Nugent, "one of the largest and pleasantest cities in France. . . . The streets are neat and broad, and the houses in general are fair and beautiful, though ancient." [1]

West of the Rhone Valley and south of the Loire are some of the most interesting towns in France, most of which, however, received little or no intelligent attention from eighteenth-century tourists. As a single instance, take Carcassonne, perhaps the most picturesque example in France of the fortified towns of the Middle Ages. But Breval devotes twenty lines to Carcassonne without special mention of the medieval fortifications, merely observing that "it has a strong modern castle which commands it." [2] Clenche's remarks are distinctly contemptuous. Carcassonne, says he, "is in two parts, both distinctly Wall'd, call'd the citty and the town, but neither of them worth notice, nor yet the castle; the country here is stony and barren, and about this town are the first olive-trees I have found." [3]

The modern tourist will, however, be interested to learn that Breval sufficiently appreciated the exquisite church of Brou to count it "as well with respect to its architecture as to the monuments . . . one of the noblest modern Pieces in the South of France." [4]

Naturally enough, the wild and beautiful valleys that cut into the northern slopes of the Pyrenees were neglected by tourists, for here, as elsewhere, the charm of the mountains was hardly felt. Throughout Europe the change in taste since 1750 has opened scores and even hundreds of resorts in the mountains and along the seashore that to eighteenth-century tourists seemed to offer nothing.

We can by no means consider all the provincial towns of France that were visited by curious and active tourists. We must remember that individual Englishmen often hid themselves in unfrequented corners of the country. But with few exceptions the towns along the main routes absorbed the interest of sight-seers.

Such a tour was Sterne's in 1762. "On Monday the

nineteenth of July, as near as can be made out, the Sternes began the long and expensive journey to Toulouse by way of Lyons, Avignon, and Montpellier, travelling by post most of the way, as was Sterne's custom. Their chaise, which was narrow and cramped, despite the care for Lydia's feet, they piled with baggage, before and aft, mountains high. For such a load were necessary at least four horses with two postillions, which would be exchanged for fresh ones at the successive stages. As the posts were then farmed out by the king, the exactions were most oppressive, especially at royal posts like Lyons, where one paid double. . . . Sterne chose the longest route to Toulouse with the manifest intent of sight-seeing. To this end he took along, as any one may see, the 'Nouveau Voyage en France,' by Piganiol de la Force, the Baedeker of the period, who mapped out all the post-roads, and described all the things which a traveler should observe by the way and at the halting-places." [1]

Sterne and his family spent more than a year at Toulouse, and their choice is not surprising. Those who wished to make a prolonged stay in France found the old historic city full of interesting survivals of medieval and Renaissance architecture, and remarkably inexpensive. "The Gentleman's Guide" unreservedly says: "I know no town in France where an Englishman may learn the polite arts and sciences at so easy a rate, or live cheaper, or more to his satisfaction, on a small income." [2] Lady Knight lived a considerable time at Toulouse, and she writes in 1776: "Most of the Irish, Scotch, and a few English that are here game high, but there is a great deal of very good company." [3]

But here as elsewhere there were some drawbacks. Even after the French Revolution we are told: "Toulouse is large and well-built, but horribly filthy. It contains 67,000 inhabitants, and has much the appearance of prosperity. How the people of this place, and of some others in the South of France, can tolerate the detestable stench of their own nuisances, is marvellous." [4]

Easily accessible to tourists on the way to or from Italy, Montpellier offered special attractions to Englishmen, many of whom passed a few days or weeks in the town. Says Nugent, "Vast numbers of consumptive people flock hither from all parts of Europe, especially from England, to breathe this air, which is said to have a good effect upon bodies of a moist and phlegmatic temperament." [1] Even the irascible Smollett, who was there shortly before Sterne, has a good word for the place, which was noted for its sociability and the beauty of the women. The day after Smollett's party arrived, "we were visited," says he, "by the English residing in the place, who always pay this mark of respect to new comers. They consist of four or five families, among whom I could pass the winter very agreeably, if the state of my health and other reasons did not call me away." [2] Sterne found the English families living in "houses or apartments near one another for free intercourse"; [3] and he remained several months.

In general, as we see, Montpellier suited even captious English tourists. But the author of "The Gentleman's Guide" complains: "This town has been long famous for (what I, and many of my countrymen sadly experienced it does not in the least degree possess) a salubrious air and skilful physicians." [4]

We might fill many pages with specimen routes that were followed by well-known tourists, but of course nobody dreamt of going everywhere. One city deserves a word of mention. Rheims, with its wonderful cathedral, its ancient abbey of Saint-Remi, its Roman triumphal arch, its well-built houses, and, moreover, its easy accessibility, drew a good number of tourists on their way through northern France to Italy. Gray writes in 1739 to Aston: "On Monday next we set out for Rheims (where we expect to be very dull) there to stay a Month or two, then we cross Burgundy and Dauphiny, and so go to Avignon, Aix, Marseilles, etc." [5]

Last of all, we may note the route from Paris to Bordeaux and thence to Bayonne and Madrid. "This," says Nugent,

"is one of the longest, most curious, and most convenient tours a traveller can take thro' France; being a journey of about one hundred and seventy leagues, thro' a fruitful, populous country, where the roads are very good, and you meet with the best of accommodation in the public inns. It is the road generally used by those who go from Paris to Madrid." [1]

The post-route proceeded from Paris through Orléans, Blois, Amboise, Tours, Poitiers, and thence through unimportant towns to Bordeaux. The stage-coach followed much the same route (with the omission of Tours) as far as Poitiers. From here it went through Saintes to Blaye. From Blaye a vessel carried passengers up the Garonne to Bordeaux. Tourists going on to Bayonne went by way of Belin, Belloc, and Saint-Vincent.[2]

Tourists bound for Spain could also proceed by coach from Bordeaux to Dax and thence by private carriage or by water to Bayonne. The road to Madrid passed through Saint-Jean de Luz, Irun, and Burgos.[3] This route from Paris to Madrid was "much the shortest way"; but the longer route through Languedoc to Narbonne by Limoges, Toulouse, Carcassonne, and Perpignan, or by Lyons and Lower Languedoc through Nîmes and Montpellier, was by far the pleasanter.[4]

To some of these places we have already given a word of comment. We can now pause for a mere glimpse of Poitiers and Bordeaux. Poitiers, the capital of the old province of Poitou, was frequently included in the grand tour of France, and was visited on the way to or from Bordeaux. In mere area Poitiers was surpassed only by Paris, but, as Nugent remarks, "within the compass of the walls there are a great many gardens, meadows, and corn-fields." [5] With its walls and towers and its multitude of ancient churches and monasteries, the city constantly reminded the tourist of the Middle Ages, as it does to-day. But there was not much doing at Poitiers, and as a resort it was far less popular than Dijon or Tours or Aix.

Bordeaux, the great Atlantic seaport of the south of

France, with its beautiful situation, its spacious harbor filled with ships from all the seas, with its picturesque streets, its ancient twin-towered cathedral, and its manifold public institutions, had been famous for hundreds of years and naturally received its share of the stream of travel. Tourists found the older streets within the fortifications too narrow and ill-built, but they were enthusiastic over the magnificence of the buildings in the newer quarters. As is the case to-day, one had to make a special effort to get to Bordeaux, but few cities in France gave more satisfaction to those who made the long journey.

VII

One who ventured to travel in Spain was rather an explorer than an ordinary tourist. There were, indeed, numerous English and French and Dutch merchants at the chief Spanish seaports, and there were a few travelers in Spain and even in Portugal;[1] but the extreme difficulty of Spanish travel prevented more than an occasional venturesome sight-seer from attempting to extend his tour to the Iberian Peninsula. Even in the middle of the eighteenth century one had to submit to inconveniences hardly to be paralleled to-day in the remoter portions of South America. As late as 1776, Sherlock had an interview with Voltaire in which Spain was mentioned. The octogenarian sage remarked: "It is a country of which we know no more than of the most savage parts of Africa, and it is not worth the trouble of being known. If a man would travel there, he must carry his bed, etc. When he comes into a town, he must go into one street to buy a bottle of wine, a piece of a mule in another, he finds a table in a third, and he sups. A French nobleman was passing through Pampeluna: he sent out for a spit; there was only one in the town, and that was borrowed for a wedding."[2]

Voltaire's lively picture must not be taken to represent the whole of Spain. "For some time back," says Bourgoanne, "very tolerable inns are to be met with in Spain.

On the roads along which the coaches run, some are established, provided with beds, linen, and even plate; and the innkeepers are allowed to keep eatables for travellers. Besides, on this road there are others which are pretty good, particularly in principal towns; but every where else to the present day one must expect inns entirely destitute of conveniences, and so disgusting, in short, as not to falsify the accounts of travellers. . . . But who will take a trip to Spain merely to behold, here fine roads traversing arid plains, as is the case in the two Castilles; there dreadful roads in countries blest with fertility and industry, as along the coasts of the kingdoms of Valentia and Catalonia; to meet with towns deserted and in ruins, a court not abounding with delights, few monuments, the arts but in their cradle, a burning climate and the Inquisition?" [1]

The ordinary directions to tourists are sufficiently suggestive of the state of Spanish civilization: "To travel commodiously in Spain, a man should have a good constitution, two good servants, letters of credit for the principal cities, and a proper introduction to the best families, both of the native inhabitants and of strangers settled in the country: the language will be easily acquired."

For his journey the tourist was advised to purchase three strong mules. "In his baggage he should have sheets, a mattress, a blanket, and a quilt, a table-cloth, knives, forks, and spoons, with a copper vessel sufficiently capacious to boil his meat. This should be furnished with a cover and a lock. Each of his servants should have a gun, slung by the side of his mule." [2]

"To travel as an economist in Spain, a man must be contented to take his chance for conveyance, and either go by the post wherever it is established, or join with officers going to their various stations; to hire a coach, or quietly resign himself to a calash, a calasine, a horse, a mule, or a *borrico*. These last are the most convenient for the purpose of crossing the country, or of wandering among the mountains. If he is to traverse any district infested by banditti, it will be safe for him to go by the common carriers; in

which case he will be mounted on a good mule, and take the place which would have been occupied by some bale of goods." [1]

The tourist was advised to begin his Spanish trip in autumn, in order to avoid the burning heat of summer. His route as commonly outlined was singularly like the ordinary tourist round to-day, and included at the outset Bayonne, Burgos, Valladolid, Segovia, Madrid. In the course of the winter he was to see Toledo, Cordova, Seville, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malaga, Granada, Carthagena, Murcia, Alicante, Valencia, Barcelona. Touring in the spring to the west he could go to Saragossa, Aranjuez, Salamanca, and Leon, seeing various places in "Galicia, the Asturias, and the provinces of Biscay." This was the plan followed by Joseph Townsend, the geologist, in 1786, 1787.[2]

But the tour in Spain was at best a very modified form of pleasure. The roads were neglected and often impassable except on horseback or muleback, the carriages primitive, the inns ill-kept and filthy, the cities dilapidated and sadly lacking in the most ordinary sanitation. In the latter half of the eighteenth century improvement was noticeable, particularly in the roads and the means of public conveyance,[3] but even down to our own day a traveler has had only to deviate a little from the beaten track to encounter conditions that he can hardly believe possible in Europe.

It is, then, needless for our purpose to follow the few eighteenth-century travelers who ventured into Spain. Our business is with the average tourist who kept to the ordinary routes.

CHAPTER XI

SWITZERLAND AND THE MOUNTAINS

Most people who flock to Switzerland as to a summer paradise fail to consider how recently it has been included as an essential part of an extended European tour; for, with the exception of a half-dozen interesting cities, Switzerland had little to offer the eighteenth-century tourist besides lakes, waterfalls, mountains, and glaciers. Protected behind its mountain barriers, Switzerland led a tranquil and moderately prosperous existence. In a peculiar sense it was isolated from the rest of Europe and played small part in the councils of the great powers. Tourists commonly devoted little time to Switzerland, and their attitude was that of the world in general. As is well known, the taste of travelers before the middle of the eighteenth century did not much incline toward rough and precipitous scenery,[1] but toward the softer beauties of the verdant plain, the quiet lake, and the mossy dell. A grazing flock of sheep, a piping shepherd, an ivy-grown ruin, presented a picture that seemed ideal. Poets now and then bestowed perfunctory descriptive epithets upon mountains, but in general sought more inviting themes. As for the English tourists of the first half of the eighteenth century, trained as they were to admire debased neo-classic architecture and artificial ruins and cascades, and trees trimmed into the shape of peacocks and birds of paradise, they were unlikely to go far out of their way for the sake of viewing the rugged peaks and the frightful chasms of the Alps,[2] but they hastened on to the cities in which they found delight. The ecstasies of Ruskin over the beauty and grandeur of mountain scenery would have been intelligible to few of the contemporaries of Addison and Swift and Pope.[3] The poet Gray was, indeed,

one of the early admirers of rough mountain scenery, and this, too, notwithstanding his timid disposition. But in accord with eighteenth-century conventions tourists in the presence of mountains ordinarily exhibited terror, or at all events showed no liking for them. Mountains were gloomy, frowning, oppressive, and a disfigurement of the landscape. The seventeenth-century Misson finds it "matter enough of astonishment, that any one should venture himself among the cliffs and precipices of such dismal mountains." [1] This feeling was centuries old and was first overcome in the eighteenth century itself. At a safe distance a traveler might now and then appreciate even a mountain. Misson himself remarks: "There cannot be a more pleasant road than that between Geneva and Lausanne. . . . We rarely lost sight of the lake; and sometimes on the other side piles of lofty and forked mountains, always glittering with immemorial snow, which gives to the prospect a very pleasing variety." [2]

His contemporary, Dr. Northleigh, was not so courageous: "We were no sooner passed the bridge of Pontbeauvoisin, but we were sensible of the difference of the country; for whereas we had left behind us the fertile plains of Dauphiny, the other side of the banks of the same river represented to our view the frightful Alps, the precipices whereof would have been more dreadful to us, had not the many vineyards we found on the first ascent taken off a great part of the horror we had conceived at the first sight of them." [3]

Even late in the eighteenth century the dread of the mountains survived: "Far off lay the mountains of Switzerland, forming a most awful and tremendous amphitheatre. When first I turned my glass upon them, if I may so express myself, and brought their terrors closer to my eye, I started with affright! My friend the curate perceiving my amazement, said to me, *Ah! Monsieur l'Anglais, vous voyez là de belles horreurs!* And in fact they were so. . . . Perhaps on approaching, and having them continually in view, they would not appear so dreadful as at first; but even yet at so great a distance, I could not behold them

through a glass without terror; and even was pleased that I was distant from them." [1]

In general, the estimate of scenery is that of Keysler, in commenting on the road from Lucca to Pistoia: "The first five miles are over a most charming plain. . . . There cannot be a finer scene than the plain country hereabouts." [2] Entirely in harmony is Bromley's admiration for the plain of Lombardy: "I never travelled a more pleasant road than this thro' Lombardy from Milan hither, the country all flat and plain, and exceeding rich." [3]

That the ordinary English tourist had small admiration for the Alps cannot, then, be especially counted against him. He was but conforming to the spirit of his age, which, with Pope, felt that "the proper study of mankind is man." Moreover, as Palgrave well remarks: "There was nothing of charm, no romance, in the painfulness with which mountain regions were traversed two hundred years since and later; nor could the discomforts of the road attune a traveller's mind to the contemplation of the sublime. Hence Alpine scenery, peaks and passes, left Addison with no feeling but of horror and repugnance, and only wakened even Gray himself to a dawning sense of their latent poetry." [4] Accordingly, until the eighteenth century was far spent, the Alps, except as they could be viewed from a distance, were to most Englishmen an entirely undiscovered country.[5] Few tourists, in fact, would have known what to do with their time if they had gone to the mountains. They hardly imagined that rational men would climb a mountain unless compelled to do so. Any one foolish enough to risk his life in scaling a difficult peak would have run the further risk of having his sanity called in question by stay-at-home people.[6]

Moreover, even if tourists had cared to visit the mountains, they would have had to put up with the roughest accommodations and to fare like the peasants. Tourist hotels in places like Zermatt or the Rhone Glacier, now

among the most popular resorts in Switzerland, were not dreamed of. At Zermatt, indeed, there was no hotel until 1839.[1] Coxe records at the Grimsel Pass on a day in August: "Last night I lay in the hayloft, without any covering: I declare my blood has scarcely recovered its circulation."[2] On the Col di Tenda, as late as 1792, we are told: "The inn here is a crazy hovel, containing scarcely one whole window, and no sitting room, except that which serves in common for postillions, porters, gentlemen, poultry, and hogs."[3] Even as late as 1847 those who crossed the Simplon were warned in a popular guide-book: "This village (Simplon) is the most miserable and most wretched cluster of wretched hovels to be met with between Ostend and Naples. The inn (post-house) is dear and dirty; damp sheets, hard bread, hard water, hard old hens, and of course hard eggs; this is what the *Red Mask*[4] calls 'good accommodation.'"[5]

Most of the mountain inns[6] remained bad notwithstanding the constantly increasing stream of travel into Italy. But at least a part of the insufficient accommodation was due to the irregularity of the arrival of guests. "At one of the inns," says Sharp, "I asked the servant maid if they were not often a long time without seeing company? 'Yes,' said she, 'sometimes, in the winter, we are three or four days without seeing a soul, and then they come in such crowds that we can hardly provide beds for them.'"[7] Moreover, the charges were often extortionate. Keysler advises the traveler about to cross Mont Cenis: "It is the more necessary here to include lodging and entertainment, as by that means the extravagant impositions of the inn-keepers are prevented, as the postilions know the prices of wines, and all kinds of eatables."[8]

Naturally enough, then, in view of all these obstacles, the account of eighteenth-century mountaineering for pleasure in Switzerland does not make a long story. During the greater part of the century tourists on their way to or from Italy regarded the high mountains as

something to be avoided if possible, and in crossing the Alps they did so with all expedition. Timid travelers did not venture them at all, but coasted along the Riviera from Marseilles or Toulon to Genoa and thence to Spezia or Leghorn.

In the seventeenth century the occasional tourists who visited Switzerland kept for the most part to the towns, and this continued to be the rule until the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Gilbert Burnet in 1686 wrote interestingly of the cities and of the country as a whole,[1] but he had little to say of the districts that most attract the modern tourist.

The eighteenth-century return to nature brought with it a new insight into the beauty of wild mountain scenery. Albrecht von Haller's poem on "The Alps" was a revelation to the world and a forerunner of all the nineteenth-century poetic rapture over mountains. Yet for three quarters of a century after Burnet wrote, Switzerland occupied little of the time of tourists except as they saw it incidentally on their way to other parts of Europe. In the four volumes of Nugent's "Grand Tour" — the successor of Misson's famous book — very few pages are devoted to Switzerland, though Nugent professes to give a complete guide to all that is best worth seeing on the Continent.

A generation later than Nugent's book, Archdeacon Coxe's admirable account of Switzerland marks the dawn of a new era in Swiss travel. He takes a genuine delight in the contemplation of the grandeur of the mountains, and has the point of view of the modern tourist. In traversing the Furca Pass he observes: "I frequently quit my party, and either go on before or loiter behind, that I may enjoy uninterrupted, and with a sort of melancholy pleasure, these sublime exhibitions of Nature in her most awful and tremendous forms."[2] Throughout his book Coxe shows real appreciation of the scenery of the Alps, though his praise is somewhat formal and heavy. He is at his best in his account of the Rhine Fall: "A

scaffolding is erected in the very spray of this tremendous cataract and upon the most sublime point of view; the sea of foam rushing down; the continual cloud of spray scattered to a great distance, and to a considerable height; in short the magnificence of the whole scenery far surpassed my most sanguine expectations, and exceeds all description." [1]

In the same spirit of enthusiasm Dr. Moore writes of his Swiss tour, "in which a greater variety of sublime and interesting objects offer themselves to the contemplation of the traveller than can be found in any other part of the globe of the same extent." [2] And later he adds: "No country in the world can be more agreeable to travellers during the summer than Switzerland: For besides the commodious roads and comfortable inns, some of the most beautiful objects of nature, woods, mountains, lakes intermingled with fertile fields, vineyards, and scenes of the most perfect cultivation, are here presented to the eye in greater variety, and on a larger scale, than in any other country." [3]

In company with the Duke of Hamilton and others, Dr. Moore went up on the glaciers by Chamonix, merely for the sake of the scenery.[4] Commonplace as this exploit may now appear, it was of marked significance as indicating the changing attitude toward mountains before 1780. Englishmen are commonly credited with taking in new ideas slowly. But when they really grasp a new conception they adopt it very thoroughly. So it was with the conquest of Switzerland by the ever-increasing army of English tourists who came to enjoy the mountains and not to shudder at them. The closing years of the eighteenth century and the opening years of the nineteenth witnessed the final triumph over the prejudice against mountain scenery, and, in Leslie Stephen's happy phrase, Switzerland became "the playground of Europe." [5]

In 1818, the serious lack of an English guide-book to the country was supplied by Daniel Wall's English ver-

sion of Ebel's pioneer work, under the title, "The Traveller's Guide through Switzerland";[1] and since that day the stream of English tourists has been unfailing.

But although Englishmen, like other tourists, avoided the mountains, they were often seen in Swiss cities, particularly during the second half of the eighteenth century. Bern was noted for its social life and its cordiality to strangers, and Geneva enjoyed an exceptional reputation as a safe place to send a young man with his tutor; while Basel, Zurich, Lucerne, Lausanne, each had attractions sufficient to hold the passing tourist for a more or less protracted stay.[2] The life in these cities was commended as simple and wholesome. One had excellent opportunities for learning French by being received as a member of a cultured family, and could easily share in the pleasures of a society that lacked the sophistication and dangerous allurements of the fashionable assemblies of France and Italy. In 1785, social gatherings at Bern, we are told, "begin about four or five in the afternoon and continue till eight, when the parties usually retire to their respective houses."[3] Zurich suffered no wild extravagance. As late as 1776, we read: "Among their sumptuary laws, the use of a carriage in the town is prohibited to all sorts of persons except strangers; and it is almost inconceivable that, in a place so commercial and wealthy, luxury should so little prevail."[4] At Basel one could, indeed, keep a coach, but "no citizen or inhabitant" was "allowed to have a servant behind his carriage."[5] Similar regulations of one's dress and deportment prevailed in many other parts of Switzerland. Games of chance in particular were under the ban of the law.

Along with Bern, Geneva won the special favor of English tourists,[6] and impressed them with its population of twenty-four thousand inhabitants,— the largest in Switzerland. Tourists were advised that they could "not choose a more agreeable place of repose, after the various toils of a fatiguing voyage";[7] and this reputation continued throughout the eighteenth century. "The

goodness of the air, the mildness of the government, and the plenty of all things, together with the conversation of the inhabitants, who are sprightly and polite, make this a most agreeable city to live in; insomuch that it is stiled the court of the Alps." [1] The inhabitants honored Sunday "with the most respectful decorum during the hours of divine service; but as soon as that" was "over, all the usual amusements" commenced.[2] People of wealth and leisure were fond of going for social gatherings a little distance outside the city. The summons to return to their homes before it should be too late to pass through the gates strikingly indicates the primitive conditions still surviving late in the eighteenth century. "They generally continue these circles till the dusk of the evening and the sound of the drum from the ramparts call them to the town; and at that time the gates are shut, after which no person can enter or go out, the officer of the guard not having the power to open them without an order from the Syndics, which is not to be obtained but on some great emergency." [3]

Without question all these cities proved interesting to Englishmen. In general, however, as we have observed, the eighteenth-century tourist was bent upon visiting other countries than Switzerland. The Swiss cities were not indispensable to the success of his tour, and he did not make his long journey for the sake of seeing mountains, though in going through the great passes on his way to Italy he could not avoid seeing some notable scenery. In the lowlands the roads were in many cases excellent; in the higher regions of the Alps they left much to be desired. Only the Col di Tenda (1778), the Brenner (1772), and the Arlberg (1786) were passable for carriages.[4] But such as they were, the routes over the Saint-Gotthard, the Great Saint-Bernard, the Simplon, Mont Genèvre, Mont Cenis, and other passes were much used, though the crossing of the mountains caused most travelers some perturbation.

To traverse these roads, says Keysler, "There is scarce

any other way . . . than in post-chaises which will hold two persons, with a covering over head, and room for two trunks behind: they have but two wheels, and one of the two horses runs within the shafts, and bears the stress of the burden. . . . The rugged rocks and narrow roads, and the short turnings along the mountains, render it extremely difficult for four-wheeled carriages to travel through Savoy." [1] Where the road was impassable for wheeled vehicles, they were taken to pieces and carried over on muleback. The novel experience made a deep impression upon travelers. Two or three typical descriptions will enable us to get the point of view of the earlier tourists far better than any comment of our own. The first is Evelyn's account of his passage of the Simplon in 1646, going over from Italy.

"The next morning, we mounted again through strange, horrid, and fearful crags and tracts, abounding in pine-trees, and only inhabited by bears, wolves, and wild goats; nor could we anywhere see above a pistol-shot before us, the horizon being terminated with rocks and mountains, whose tops, covered with snow, seemed to touch the skies, and in many places pierced the clouds. Some of these vast mountains were but one entire stone, betwixt whose clefts now and then precipitated great cataracts of melted snow, and other waters, which made a terrible roaring, echoing from the rocks and cavities; and these waters in some places breaking in the fall, wet us as if we had passed through a mist, so that we could neither see nor hear one another, but trusting to our honest mules, we jogged on our way. The narrow bridges, in some places made only by felling huge fir-trees, and laying them athwart from mountain to mountain, over cataracts of stupendous depth, are very dangerous, and so are the passages and edges made by cutting away the main rock; others in steps; and in some places we pass between mountains that have been broken and fallen on one another; which is very terrible, and one had need of a sure foot and steady head to climb some of these preci-

pices, besides that they are harbours for bears and wolves, who have sometimes assaulted travellers. In these straits, we frequently alighted, now freezing in the snow, and anon frying by the reverberation of the sun against the cliffs as we descend lower, when we meet now and then a few miserable cottages so built upon the declining of the rocks, as one would expect their sliding down." [1]

Smollett went over the Col di Tenda in March, 1765; and his experience, as will be seen, does not materially differ from that of travelers crossing Mont Cenis and other high mountains. He started at three in the morning and at four began the ascent. It was, he says, "by far the highest mountain in the whole journey: it was now quite covered with snow, which at the top of it was near twenty feet thick. Half way up, there are quarters for a detachment of soldiers, posted here to prevent smuggling, and an inn called La Ca, which in the language of the country signifies the house. At this place, we hired six men to assist us in ascending the mountain, each of them provided with a kind of hough to break the ice, and make a sort of steps for the mules. When we were near the top, however, we were obliged to alight, and climb the mountain supported each by two of those men, called coulants, who walk upon the snow with great firmness and security. We were followed by the mules, and though they are very sure-footed animals, and were frost-shod for the occasion, they stumbled and fell very often; the ice being so hard that the sharp-headed nails in their shoes could not penetrate." [2] On the other side the travelers slid down on a kind of sledge. "At Coni we found the countess C— from Nice, who had made the same journey in a chair, carried by porters. This is no other than a common elbow-chair of wood, with a straw bottom, covered above with a waxed cloth, to protect the traveller from the rain or snow, and provided with a footboard upon which the feet rest. It is carried like a sedan-chair; and for this purpose six or eight porters are employed at the rate of three or four livres a head per day, according to the season, allowing three days for their return. Of

these six men, two are between the poles carrying like common chairmen, and each of these supported by the other two, one at each hand; but as those in the middle sustain the greatest burthen, they are relieved by the others in a regular rotation. In descending the mountain, they carry the poles on their shoulders, and, in that case, four men are employed, one at each end." [1]

The ordinary pass for travelers coming through France was that leading over Mont Cenis and down to Turin; [2] and hence this mountain appears frequently in the accounts of tourists. Gray crossed it with Horace Walpole in the autumn of 1739, taking six days for the passage. They were, as Gray says, "as well armed as possible against the cold with muffs, hoods, and masks of beaver, fur boots, and bear skins"; [3] and such was the common equipment of well-to-do tourists for a passage of the high mountains.[4]

One of the most detailed and interesting accounts of the crossing of Mont Cenis is Sharp's, though there are so many that selection is difficult: [5] "The passage into Italy is composed of a very steep ascent, almost three miles high; then of a plain, nearly flat, about five or six miles long; and, lastly, of a descent, about six miles in length. . . . Both going and returning, when you arrive at the foot of the hill, your coach, or chaise, is taken to pieces and carried upon mules to the other side, and you yourself are transported by two men, on a common straw chair,[6] without any feet to it, fixed upon two poles, like a sedan chair, with a swinging-foot-board to prop up your feet; but, though it be the work of two men only to carry you, six, and sometimes eight, attend, in order to relieve one another. The whole way that you ride in this manner being fourteen or fifteen miles, when the person carried is corpulent, it is necessary to employ ten porters." [7]

The cool-headed Arthur Young supplements some of this detail: "To those who, from reading are full of expectation of something very sublime, it is almost as great a delusion as to be met with in the regions of romance: if trav-

ellers are to be believed, the descent *rammassant* on the snow, is made with the velocity of a flash of lightning; I was not fortunate enough to meet with any thing so wonderful. At the *grand croix* we seated ourselves in machines of four sticks, dignified with the name of *traineau;* a mule draws it, and a conductor, who walks between the machine and the animal, serves chiefly to kick the snow into the face of the rider. When arrived at the precipice, which leads down to Lanebourg [Lans-le-bourg], the mule is dismissed, and the *rammassang* [sic] begins. The weight of two persons, the guide seating himself in the front, and directing it with his heels in the snow, is sufficient to give it motion. For most of the way he is content to follow very humbly the path of the mules, but now and then crosses to escape a double, and in such spots the motion is rapid enough, for a few seconds, to be agreeable; they might very easily shorten the line one half, and by that means gratify the English with the velocity they admire so much." [1]

Of the danger involved in this passage Baretti also makes light: "And *a propos* of mount Cenis, let no one be frightened by the dismal accounts, so frequent in the books of travel-writers, of the bad road over dangerous precipices through Savoy or the Apennines. These dangerous precipices exist no where, but in the imagination of the timorous; for wherever there is any dubious pass, the Italian postilions have common sense enough not to venture their necks along with those of their passengers, but they desire them to alight and assist in conquering the difficulty, if there are no people of the country at hand." [2]

The passage of the Alps was never easy, and, especially in winter, was doubtless now and then sufficiently terrifying to a novice who was expecting to be frightened,[3] but the imagination of the eighteenth century magnified the difficulty and the danger until nearly every traveler who had accomplished the feat fancied himself more or less of a hero — in spite of the fact that the crossing was an everyday affair for the hardy Swiss porters.

But although the danger was exaggerated by inexperi-

enced tourists with weak nerves, the difficulty need not be unduly minimized. The paths were narrow and steep, covered with ice and snow in winter, and occasionally exposed to avalanches. The ordinary traveler may be pardoned for showing some apprehension when an unimaginative maker of guide-books like Nugent details for the prospective tourist the dangers of "the frightful mountain called S. Godard. This mountain is two miles high, and very dangerous in winter, because of the great heaps of snow and stones, which the violence of the winds rolls down the precipices. But the most hazardous part is the bridge on the Russ, called the bridge of hell, from the horrid noise the water makes as it tumbles from the rocks, and from the slipperiness of the bridge, which renders it difficult even to foot passengers, who are obliged to creep on all-fours, lest the fury of the winds should drive them down the rocks." [1]

If in our day the Alps had to be traversed on the old narrow roads by the old means of conveyance, they would even yet be dreaded. In Smollett's opinion, "Certainly no person who travels to Italy from England, Holland, France, or Spain, would make a troublesome circuit to pass the Alps by the way of Savoy and Piedmont, if he could have the convenience of going past by the way of Aix, Antibes, and Nice, along the side of the Mediterranean, and through the Riviera of Genoa, which from the sea affords the most agreeable and amazing prospect I ever beheld." [2]

After the Alps, the Apennines were no great obstacle to tourists, though the slow toiling up the rough, steep roads was a tiresome experience. Every traveler from Bologna to Florence had to traverse this mountain barrier, which required a three days' journey.[3] Lady Mary Wortley Montagu [4] called it "a dreadful passage." Yet on the whole the Apennines were suited to eighteenth-century taste much better than the Alps, and, in the opinion of the Earl of Carlisle, "though not so wonderful . . . much more beautiful, being covered with a great quantity of timber,

and the cottages in the most romantic situations in a very delightful manner." [1]

The foregoing brief survey by no means includes all that might be said on the mountain experiences of eighteenth-century tourists; but the other mountain districts in the regions traversed on the grand tour call for no special comment, since they were in general merely difficult rather than dangerous.

CHAPTER XII

ITALY

I

In the eighteenth century the shortest tour abroad was a notable experience, and a journey to Italy an achievement to be boasted of for the remainder of one's life. Nothing, indeed, is more striking than the contrast between the weakness and poverty of the country as a whole and the fascination that it exerted upon all Europe. The exquisite landscapes, the music, the art, the architecture, the ruins surviving from the great past, gave Italy a unique place. Pilgrims and scholars and pleasure-seekers had made their way there for centuries.[1] The very unlikeness of Italy to England in almost every particular was an added attraction: and in the eighteenth century Englishmen flocked there in greater numbers than ever before, for the sojourn in Italy was "considered as the finishing part of a polite education."[2]

But the interest of the ordinary tourist was mainly that of curiosity. The political power of Italy was shattered into fragments and the country had ceased to be the intellectual leader of Europe, as it had been in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. Italy now drew attention more as the picturesque survivor of a splendid past than as an active participant in anything demanding initiative and strenuous endeavor. To the student making the grand tour Italy was the most interesting museum in the world, and though a land from which the efficient life had largely departed, it remained still notable because of the part it had played in history.

To us of to-day eighteenth-century Italy seems in many particulars like something fantastical and unreal, so differ-

ent is it from the Italy we know, penetrated as it now is in remote recesses by the railway, the motor-car, or the bicycle. Within the past forty years, through the wonderful transformations wrought by electricity and modern machinery, Italy has made infinitely more progress than in the whole course of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. But even yet, in out-of-the-way districts, the traveler finds many of the conditions of a century or two ago. In a hundred towns of Italy there are squares and streets substantially unchanged since the eighteenth-century tourist looked upon them. And as for pictures and statues, a good proportion of those that are to-day most famous are enumerated in the guide-books of Misson and Nugent and De La Lande. But one now misses the brightly colored costumes of the olden time, the powdered wigs, the high headdresses of fine ladies, the gaudy gilded chariots, the sedan chairs. For us the eighteenth century can never live again.

In the eighteenth century degeneracy was writ large over most of the country and was a subject of comment in every tourist's account of his travels. One wearies a little of the insistence of travelers in dwelling on this theme, but the fact was so forced upon their attention at every turn that they could not escape it. The decline of Italy from the proud position it had held in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries had long been in progress. Even at the end of the sixteenth century, "Italy had retrograded, crushed by foreign oppression. . . . Excepting Venice, which was even then in its decline, the other cities of Italy retained scarce a shadow of their former power. Their earlier commercial supremacy was a thing of the past." [1] Says a writer in 1743: "The Italians are so intirely taken up with what the People and Country were seventeen hundred Years ago, that they neglect the present Condition of both. Their Cities are now thin of Inhabitants, their soil barren and uncultivated, and themselves a pusillanimous, enervate, lazy people." [2]

Not unnaturally, there grew up, in process of time, a

widespread and exaggerated conception of Italy as a land of faded splendor with its glory all in the past, and with a present of poverty and dirt and lawlessness, while everywhere the bandit followed his desperate trade. This is the conception which appears in Mrs. Radcliffe's romances and which is based wholly upon tales picked up from travelers and her reading of books of travel. Justified as this view in some degree was, it took account of none but surface facts.

In striking contrast with this common estimate of Italy as a land hopelessly sunken in poverty and weakness is the enthusiasm with which travelers kindle at the thought of the delights to be found there. Eighteenth-century tourists of the most varied type are at one in their praise of this garden of Europe. The veteran traveler Misson, summing up a wide experience, says: "I have observed that those who speak of Italy are usually full of prejudices in favor of that fine country. Most young travellers being persuaded that they shall find there an infinite number of surprising rarities, go thither with a resolution to admire every thing they meet." [1]

In Addison's preface to his "Remarks on Italy," he observes: "There is certainly no place in the world where a man may travel with greater pleasure and advantage than in Italy. One finds something more particular in the face of the country, and more astonishing in the works of nature, than can be met with in any other part of Europe."

Nugent echoes Addison's opinion in almost the same words, and says that "Italy, for fine cities, surpasses all the rest of Europe." [2] Northall, in the preface to his "Travels through Italy," remarks upon the popularity of the Italian tour: "What Egypt was to the ancients, Italy is to the moderns. . . . Italy, thus enriched by nature and adorned by art, is therefore justly esteemed the most agreeable and most useful part of Europe to a lover of antiquity, and the polite arts and sciences; nor is it strange that it should be much frequented by foreigners of taste in this learned and refined age." [3] And Eustace, in the same tone of enthu-

siasm, says: "No country furnishes a greater number of ideas, or inspires so many generous and exalting sentiments. To have visited it at any period, may be ranked among the minor blessings of life, and is one of the means of mental improvement." [1]

English moralists now and then remarked with scorn upon the low moral tone of Italy, but they had little influence in diverting the stream of travel into other channels.

As a rule the tourist wasted little time upon the country districts, which in general were thinly inhabited and destitute of the comforts of life. Italy was in a peculiar sense a land of cities. The Roman type of civilization magnified the importance of the city at the expense of the country; and the conditions of life in the Middle Ages had continued many ancient traditions, which, even in the eighteenth century, were by no means extinct. "In England and France," says Nugent, "'tis customary for the nobility and gentry to spend part of their time in the country; but 'tis not so in Italy, for here most people of distinction live in the cities, out of which there are very few castles or noblemen's seats to be seen, especially in comparison to what we observe in France and England." [2]

Of the popularity of various Italian cities we have a long succession of testimonials from English tourists. The special favorites were Turin, Milan, Venice, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and Naples. But there were also a good number of others that in their measure were notably popular. All in all, apart from the marked eighteenth-century neglect of mountain regions and the patronizing and often contemptuous attitude toward places the main interest of which was medieval, there was not much in the eighteenth-century round that tourists in our day have greatly modified, even though they travel by rail rather than by the old-fashioned carriage. And if we were to make a list of the fifty places in Italy now most deserving attention, we should find a good proportion of them in the ordinary routes of the eighteenth-century tourist.

II

A glance at the map of Italy and at the principal thoroughfares traversing the peninsula is sufficient to show that, as in France, a few chief cities largely determined the route of the tourist. On the other hand, some cities, though almost inevitably included in the itinerary, were regarded merely as necessary halting-places on the way. Still others, interesting in themselves, though not easily accessible, were left in their lonely isolation and rarely if ever visited. To see any town that involved even a slight detour was, for one who had a fixed agreement with a *vetturino*, commonly impracticable, to say nothing of the unavoidable hardships to be encountered in out-of-the-way places. Of some of the cities most commonly visited we must take account, though at best we can find space for but a few.

But before giving attention to the cities we must consider for a moment the routes by which they were commonly reached. And even before outlining the routes we must take account of the disposition of the tourist himself. There were a few beaten tracks which tourists followed with remarkable fidelity. "No English traveller that ever I heard," says Baretti, "ever went a step out of those roads, which from the foot of the Alps lead straight to our most famed cities. None of them ever will deign to visit those places whose names are not in every body's mouth. They travel to see things, not men. Indeed they cannot help crossing both the Alps and the Apennines in two or three parts; but always do it in such haste, that their inhabitants are as much known to them as those of the Arimaspian cliffs. Our Mountaineers, secluded in a manner from the rest of the world, never awake their curiosity." He cites a small region north of Vicenza, thought by some to be peopled by those Cimbri whom Marius defeated. "Yet they remain perfectly unexplored by those very Britons who make it a point to spend a part of their income and

consecrate a part of their life to the visitation of distant regions and to the knowledge of foreign customs and manners. Their poor curiosity will hardly extend farther than pictures and statues, or carnival festivities and holy-week ceremonies; nor could any of them be forced half a mile out of the most beaten track by my frequent expostulations. What a pity that so many young gentlemen of good parts, and never cramped for want of money, should all be so perverse on this particular." [1]

One of Walpole's lively letters to West in 1739 expresses with exactness the spirit of the ordinary English tourist in Italy: "Dear West, I protest against having seen anything but what all the world has seen; nay, I have not seen half that, not some of the most common things; not so much as a miracle. Well, but you don't expect it, do you? Except pictures and statues, we are not very fond of sights; don't go a staring after crooked towers and conundrum staircases." [2]

Englishmen were, indeed, commonly credited with marked individuality and independence of character. But on their travels they were, as a rule, less bent upon adding to the general stock of knowledge than upon checking off in a catalogue the things that other tourists had seen. As long as a region was not in the ordinary itinerary, they cheerfully neglected it, but when it had been enough talked about to be put in the list of things that must be seen, they flocked thither and made the fortune of the district. As Hazlitt remarks with some annoyance: "The English abroad turn out of their way to see every pettifogging, huckstering object that they could see better at home." [3]

But there were large tracts of the country rarely if ever visited by the tourist and hardly accessible even if he had the desire to see them. Nearly half of Italy was thus neglected. The whole of the great region below a line drawn from coast to coast through Rome and Loretto was practically unknown, with the exception of the stretch between Rome and Naples and a circle of perhaps fifty

miles about Naples. With this entire region Misson troubles himself very little; "that country," he says, in his famous "New Voyage to Italy," [1] "being almost impracticable and very little frequented, because of the bad inns, in which you find nothing at all to eat; those people being accustomed to provide the strangers with fire and utensils only; an experience that I have made at Salerne." Thus neglected, much of the inland region south and east of Naples was almost as unknown as South America. Indeed, to this day the greater part of Italy that Misson left out of account is little frequented by tourists. They may run down by rail to Brindisi on their way to the East, or to Reggio on their way to Sicily, but they usually pass through as one might through a desert.

There is no lovelier part of Europe than Sicily, yet in the eighteenth century only an occasional tourist found his way thither. Those who went had to face much discomfort as soon as they left the cities on the coast and attempted to go across country. The roads were mere trails, the inns extremely primitive or altogether lacking, and the danger from brigands by no means imaginary. Breval says in 1723: "Sicily is a ground very few Englishmen have trod before me as observers." [2] Nor did many English hasten to tread it after him. Indeed, if we count up the English travelers of any note who went about the island in the eighteenth century, we enumerate a very small company.[3]

We need not, therefore, pause to comment upon Palermo, with its exquisite survivals of the medieval period, notably that architectural gem, the Capella Palatina; upon Monreale, with its vast expanse of medieval mosaics; upon Segesta, with its marvelously preserved Greek temple; upon Selinunte, with its stupendous temple ruins; upon Girgenti, with its wonderful group of ancient temples; upon Syracuse, with its catacombs, its vast, rock-hewn ancient citadel, its Greek theatre, its historic quarries, and its charming excursions; upon Taormina, perched on its rocky nest above the blue straits and facing the

towering mass of snow-covered Ætna. Surely, nothing but conditions known to be almost unendurable could have kept tourists away from such a natural paradise as Sicily.

But there were other interesting regions of Italy, far more accessible, that shared the same neglect,[1] and which were viewed, if at all, with entire lack of intelligent appreciation. Baretti is again a witness: "I have seldom or never met in the books of English travellers with any account, even short and imperfect, of those parts of northern and western Italy, which are, one may say, but a stone's throw from the great road of Rome. These gentlemen will tell you of Turin, Milan, Brescia, Venice, and some other towns on that side, that they are very well built towns, very populous, and very rich; but they never tell by what means they are, and have been, maintained for so long a space of time in the state they describe them." [2]

To the modern tourist there are few more attractive hill towns than Perugia. In the middle of the eighteenth century it counted about sixteen thousand inhabitants, not all, it must be confessed, of the best reputation.[3] Travelers taking the middle route to Rome often found it convenient to spend a night there; and in their accounts they enumerate some of the sights, but they display no understanding of the peculiar charm of the place. Smollett's account is amusingly vague. Whether, indeed, he troubled himself to see what he reports is not entirely clear. But at all events, to the beauty of the situation of this old Etruscan city, with its walls and gates, and the magnificent views in every direction, he seems blind: "There being no relays at the post, we were obliged to stay the whole day and night at Perugia, which is a considerable city, built upon the acclivity of a hill, adorned with some elegant fountains, and several handsome churches, containing some valuable pictures by Guido, Raphael, and his master Pietro Perugino, who was a native of this place." [4]

Knowing as we do the usual conditions of travel in

Italy, even on the beaten thoroughfares, and the usual indifference of tourists to places outside the conventional round, we can easily see why Nugent puts a number of extremely interesting towns such as Volterra, Arezzo, Chiusi, Montepulciano, Cortona, Orvieto, into a list of "by-places," to be seen, if convenient, in going by way of Bologna and Florence to Rome.[1] A similar list of places that he names on the route from Venice to Rome by way of Ancona and Loretto includes San Marino, visited from Rimini; Urbino, visited from Pesaro; Assisi, Perugia, Gubbio, Fabriano.[2]

We need hardly remark that tourists in Italy in the period we are considering commonly avoided the mountains and made comparatively little of the lakes, though the Borromean Islands, with their artificial gardens, frequently drew travelers to Lake Maggiore. The exquisite Monte di Brianza, terminating in the triangle between the two arms of Lake Como, was, as Baretti observed, perhaps "the most delightful province in all Italy, and yet very seldom visited by English travellers."[3] It is a striking fact that De La Lande's account of Italy, filling eight volumes, merely gives the names of the lakes[4] without detail.[5]

As already remarked elsewhere, the taste for wild mountain scenery was still in its infancy a century and a half ago; and the Middle Ages and their works were despised as barbarous. Moreover, to most tourists the ordinary routes offered more than they could well see in the time at their disposal. None but the seasoned traveler could expect to profit by independent exploration, and comparatively few English tourists had the slightest desire to deviate from the conventional lines. And why, after all, should a gay young fellow exile himself in remote provincial towns, far from his English associates? His acquaintance with the language and the literature was practically nothing. He cared little for art, nothing for antiquity, except as a source of curiosities for his museum, and even on the main routes he was vexed with the unavoid-

able annoyances of the journey and the unlikeness of the inns to those of England.

The facts already presented sufficiently explain, and in some measure justify, the tourist's preference for the conventional routes affording at least a moderate degree of comfort. These routes we find outlined in the old guide-books,[1] and also in the narratives of travelers. There is no lack of useful suggestions on the choice of places to visit both before and after arriving in Italy. But Misson very sensibly remarks: "'Tis almost impossible to fix the road that ought to be taken by those who design to travel to Italy, since the choice of that depends on the place where they intend to enter the country, and the time they resolve to spend in it. Only, in general, they ought to consult the map, and so take their measures, that they may see the last days of the carnaval at Venice, the Holy Week at Rome, and the octave of the Sacrament at Bologna; to avoid being at Rome during the great heats, etc. . . . If they cannot be at Venice during the carnaval, they ought at least to be there on Ascension Day." [2]

We cannot go into great detail, but must content ourselves with presenting a few routes that were most important. These are obviously the routes leading to Rome and to Naples, as well as those connecting Turin, Milan, Venice, Genoa, Bologna, Florence. In the great region drained by the Po the variety of possible routes is bewildering.[3] But in the selection of routes throughout a good part of Italy personal choice had comparatively small play. The tourist must conform to the obstacles presented by mountain barriers and shape his course as passes and valleys dictated.

The configuration of the great chain of the Apennines permitted but two main routes from the cities of northern Italy to Rome. One route connecting Florence [4] and Rome passed through Siena, running down the west side of the peninsula some miles back from the coast. This route was one hundred and fifty-three miles long, and

touched Poggibonsi, Siena, Borgo, Lucignano, Buon Convento, Radicofani, Acquapendente, Viterbo, Rome.[1]

The other main route closely followed the coast of the Adriatic. Setting out from Venice — as one coming over the Brenner might well do — one went by gondola to Chioggia, and then, crossing the mouths of the Adige and the Po and a good number of other streams and wet places, arrived at Ravenna. Thence one proceeded through Rimini, Pesaro, Fano, Sinigaglia, Ancona,[2] and Loretto, and by Foligno, Spoleto, Terni, Narni, and Otricoli to the Papal city — a distance of three hundred and four miles from Venice.[3] As there were interesting places to visit both on the east and on the west side of Italy, the tourist was advised to go down the one side and to return on the other.

Besides these two main routes, one less popular,[4] though intensely interesting to the student of the Middle Ages, ran from Bologna over the Apennines through the center of the peninsula, passing by way of Perugia and Assisi and finally joining the main road from Ancona to Rome.[5] Goethe traveled this way on his famous Italian journey, visiting, besides other places, Perugia, Assisi, Foligno, Spoleto, and Terni. But the accommodations on this route left much to be desired.

From Rome one could go to Naples by land or by sea, but, as already remarked, the roads in the great region south of Rome were wretched at best, even on the main route to Naples, and in the less frequented parts, were mere bridle-paths. One land route from Rome to Naples began with the Appian Way, and touched Terracina, Fondi, Mola, Gaeta, and Capua.

Another, a little farther inland, passed through Monte Cassino, but before reaching Naples joined the other road and proceeded through Capua and Caserta. But neither route was very satisfactory to the tourist who depended for his comfort upon the inns along the road.

The routes already outlined were in general closely followed, but to some degree they were modified to suit

individual taste or convenience. In addition to the great towns, the tourist would inevitably pass through many others more or less notable and bestow upon them such attention as his taste dictated and his time permitted.

The tourist who had come by sea along the Riviera to Genoa or Leghorn, or over Mont Cenis to Turin, commonly went down the west side of the peninsula to Rome and reserved Venice for the end of the journey. William Bromley's trip, for example, made about the close of the seventeenth century, is typical of the route followed by the average traveler throughout the eighteenth century. It includes Genoa, Milan, Pavia, Parma, Reggio, Bologna, Florence, Lucca, Pisa, Leghorn, Siena, Montefiascone, Rome, Via Appia, Capua, Naples (where he spends five days), Rome, Otricoli, Narni, Terni, Spoleto, Loretto, Ancona, Fano, Pesaro, Rimini, Ferrara, the Adige and the Po (which he crosses by ferry), Rovigo, Padua, Venice, Verona. The attentive reader will notice some striking omissions, but one hurried traveler could not see everything.

When Addison made his famous journey to Italy his guide-book was Misson's "New Voyage to Italy," which in the French or in translation served at least two generations of tourists. Addison spent over four years abroad, remaining in France about eighteen months to perfect himself in the language. Then resuming his travels he coasted from Marseilles to Monaco and thence to Genoa. From here he made his way to Venice through Pavia, Milan, Brescia, Verona, and Padua. His route to Rome took him down the east coast and enabled him to visit Ferrara, Ravenna, Rimini,— with a side trip to the little mountain republic of San Marino,— Pesaro, Fano, Sinigaglia, Ancona, and Loretto. From Rome he proceeded to Naples by land, saw the city and the environs, and returned to Rome by sea. After carefully studying Rome and the neighborhood, he went by way of Siena, Leghorn, Pisa, and Lucca to Florence. Before leaving Italy he saw also Bologna, Modena, Parma, and Turin, and

finally went over Mont Cenis to Geneva. His choice of places was admirable, but he saw very few outside the usual round. In Switzerland he visited a few towns, among which were Fribourg, Bern, and Zurich. To Vienna he journeyed through Innsbruck and Hall and returned to England by way of Germany and Holland.

About a generation after Addison's tour, Keysler, a German traveling tutor by profession, outlined in an excellent hand-book a route followed by multitudes of tourists. In many features his route strikingly resembles Addison's, though the order is very different. Following this route the tourist crossed Mont Cenis to Susa and Turin,[1] made an excursion to the Borromean Isles, Milan, and Pavia, and proceeded to Genoa by way of Alessandria. From Genoa he went by ship to Leghorn and from there by carriage to Rome, through Pisa, Lucca, Florence, Siena, and Viterbo. After Rome came a trip to Naples by way of Velletri, Fondi, and Capua. Returning to Rome he followed the coast road along the Adriatic from Loretto to Ravenna and then visited a good number of cities in the region north of the Apennines — Bologna, Modena, Reggio, Parma, Piacenza, Cremona, Mantua, Verona, Vicenza, Padua, Venice. Keysler calls attention to the fact that the post-houses along the Adriatic coast road gave the traveler better accommodations than on the route from Florence to Rome,[2] and brought him in contact with people more satisfactory to deal with; for, says he, "they conclude" that travelers on the way to Rome "are strangers to the road, and therefore think it allowable to take all advantages they can of the unexperienced."[3]

Keysler's route, with the places he singles out for a visit, is admirable, and although it necessarily leaves many interesting cities untouched, it includes much that is most characteristic in Italy. Such, then, in the order followed by Addison or by Keysler, was the normal track of the English tourist, though not every tourist attempted so much.[4]

But the ambitious scholar tried to do more and followed, with some variations, the plan suggested by Eustace for an elaborate classical tour lasting a year and a half and including the greater part of the peninsula. The tourist making this tour visits in order Brussels, Liège, Spa, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, Bonn, goes along the Rhine to Coblenz, Mainz, Strassburg, crosses the Rhine, sees Mannheim, and traverses the Palatinate and the territories of Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Salzburg. By way of the Tyrol or the Rhetian Alps he goes through Innsbruck over the Brenner Pass to Trent, Bassano, and Mestre. Thence he may send his carriage by land to Padua and embark for Venice. From Venice he goes to Padua by the Brenta, visits Arqua and the Euganean Hills, then Ferrara and Bologna, and proceeds by the Via Emilia to Forli. Then he turns to Ravenna, skirts the Adriatic to Rimini, and makes an excursion to San Marino. Advancing along the coast toward Rome he goes through Ancona, Osimo, Loretto, and Macerata to Tolentino, and from thence, over the Apennines to Foligno, Spoleto, Terni, and Civita Castellana, he arrives at Rome by the end of November. He is warned not to cross the Apennines as long as there is danger of malaria from the Pontine Marshes and the Campagna. After spending December in Rome, he goes to Naples for January, February, and March, and studies the environs. Returning to Rome the week before Easter he sees in April, May, and June the region about Rome, — Tibur (Tivoli), Ostia, Antium, Præneste, the Sabine Mountains, — and spends July and August in the hill country about Albano. In September he turns toward Florence, visits Vallombrosa, Camaldoli, and La Verna, and winters in Florence and other Tuscan cities. Early in February he passes the Apennines to visit Modena, Parma, Piacenza, Lodi, Cremona, Mantua, Verona, allowing four or five days or more to each. From Verona he goes to Peschiera and Lago di Garda; thence by Brescia and Bergamo to Milan, Como, Lago Maggiore, Vercelli, Tor-

tona, Genoa, and along the Maritime Alps by Savona to Nice, and concludes his Italian tour with Turin.

This is without question an admirable tour, as far as it goes, but in view of the striking omission of the whole of Sicily, of Orvieto, Assisi, Perugia, Cortona, Chiusi, Gubbio, Urbino, Siena, Volterra, and a score of other places of interest alike to the classical and the ordinary tourist, the concluding remark of Eustace is particularly suggestive: "If while at Naples, he find it safe or practicable to penetrate into the southern provinces of Calabria and Apulia, he will not neglect the opportunity; and, with the addition of that excursion, by following the road which I have traced out, he will have seen every town of note, and indeed every remarkable plain, hill, or mountain in Italy." [1]

III

But it is time to turn from routes to the cities themselves. It is hardly necessary to consider in detail every place that tourists visited, and such a procedure would manifestly carry us far beyond our limits, but we may well single out a few typical cities of special interest. We have already observed that tourists generally followed routes that had long been established. But in laying out their itinerary tourists naturally modified their plans for a great variety of reasons. More than one place owed a good part of its popularity to the fact that it was conveniently situated on one of the conventional lines of travel.

A good instance is Chambéry, in Savoy. This old city, on one of the main eighteenth-century routes to Italy and in the midst of charming mountain scenery, drew many English tourists for a protracted stay. But the Earl of Cork and Orrery, to cite one example, confessed his disillusion when he really saw the place: "How have I been mistaken in my expectations of Chamberry? I had read so much in news-papers, treaties, and modern his-

tory of this metropolis, that I have painted it in my own mind a noble, large and magnificent city, adorned with churches, steeples, convents, and palaces, decorated again by pictures, statues, and costly furniture. Judge, then, of my surprise, when I beheld it one of the poorest, dirtiest, filthiest towns that I had ever seen. The houses are dark, the streets narrow, the convents miserable. The houses of the nobility are uninhabited, except by vermin. Grass grows plentifully in the court-yards. Not a coach, nor a chair, unless filled with passengers, is ever heard rumbling thro' the streets." [1] Enclosed as it was within its old ramparts, Chambéry doubtless now and then gave an English country gentleman, accustomed to his own broad fields, an unpleasant sense of confinement, but in its poverty and its dirt it was a fair specimen of many of the smaller cities of Italy.

Of a different type was Turin, which lay on the much-traveled route leading over Mont Cenis and afforded many English tourists their first glimpse of an Italian city. The extreme regularity of the plan of the city was exceptional in Italy, and this, in the eyes of tourists who admired symmetrical streets and squares and formal gardens, gave it an added charm. Walpole found three or four Englishmen there in November of 1739, among them Spence, the Oxford professor of poetry, who was traveling with the Earl of Lincoln.[2] Sharp in 1766 tells us that young Englishmen "complain of the dullness and melancholy of the court, which throws a gloom over the whole face of Turin"; [3] but tourists in general managed somehow to enjoy their stay there.

A city of over sixty thousand inhabitants without the suburbs, Turin was large enough to insure considerable society, and yet was not overgrown. There was less luxury and less vice than in other large cities.[4] "'Tis a very pleasant town," says Misson; "all its avenues are chearful and delicious; and that which makes us more sensibly charmed with the free and sociable manners of the inhabitants is our abhorrence and late experience

of that intolerable sourness and unsociableness that reigns over all the rest of Italy, where we conversed more with statues than men." [1] Nugent,[2] two generations later, echoes the opinion of Misson: "It is one of the finest cities in Italy for the magnificence of its buildings, the beauty of its streets and squares, the number and sociable temper of its inhabitants, and for all the conveniencies of life." [3] And he adds, "the inhabitants speak French almost as well as Italian." [4]

The young Earl of Carlisle writes to Selwyn from Turin on March 30, 1768: "I have entertained myself in this town as well as I expect to do in any town in Italy, in short, as well as in any, except London; having met with great civilities from everybody." [5]

Agreeable as the social life of Turin was, it had nevertheless, like Paris and Naples, its rigid standards of dress and deportment,[6] to which the passing stranger of recognized social position had to conform, however unwillingly. James Edward Smith complains that "persons of any sort of figure" seem "to use their legs very little here at any time. A carriage is esteemed quite necessary to a gentleman; and when I wished now and then to make a friendly visit without ceremony, I was told it would ruin my reputation for ever to go on foot, or at best could only be excused on the score of my being a stranger. Nor are the Turin people less ceremonious in dress. A visit to a superior cannot possibly be paid without a sword and *chapeau de bras*." [7]

Turin had a famous library and other notable things which the guide-books record, but to enumerate these is not a part of our duty.

After leaving Turin one had a wide choice. The most notable city on the coast was Genoa, but shut in by its barrier of mountains, Genoa was easily accessible only by sea.[8] Travelers who coasted along the Riviera in preference to making the difficult crossing of the Alps were likely to visit Genoa on their way. As a matter of convenience, then, we may dispose of Genoa early in our

survey of Italy. Genoa the Superb owed its title, in part, to its magnificent situation and in part to its palaces. The Via Balbi and the Via Nuova were two of the most famous streets in Europe. Great wealth had flowed into the city through the channels of trade; and the excess of shrewdness that the Genoese displayed had long since won them the reputation "of being a treacherous, overreaching set of people, . . . so cunning that it would be impossible for a Jew to get bread amongst them." [1] As at Venice, the nobles of Genoa for centuries had not disdained to turn their attention to commerce and to banking, and some of them had incomes of a million a year.[2] But here, as elsewhere, the nobles had degenerated, and they displayed little of the energy of their ancestors. "Public opinion is nothing here,"[3] says Dupaty, the French tourist. Yet the Genoese people had the proud distinction of maintaining their independence in the eighteenth century in the face of Austria.[4]

Visitors to Genoa as a rule express little enthusiasm. Dupaty finds the streets dirty and filled with beggars.[5] So numerous were the mendicants that Mrs. Piozzi says: "A chair is, therefore, above all things, necessary to be carried in, even a dozen steps, if you are likely to feel shocked at having your knees suddenly clasped by a figure hardly human; who perhaps, holding you forcibly for a minute, conjures you loudly by the sacred wounds of our Lord Jesus Christ to have compassion on his wounds;" [6] at the same time showing them. No particular significance need be given to the presence of the beggars, who were only too common throughout the peninsula. Yet in a measure they showed that Genoa shared the decay of the rest of Italy. In other respects, Genoa had a somewhat unpleasant reputation, which appears to have been fairly earned. Tourists commonly remarked upon the affability, but also upon the penuriousness, of the nobles, the lack of interest in art, the public permission of games of chance, and the dullness of the city.[7] Cicisbeism here, as elsewhere, was general.

Women had more privileges at Genoa than in most of the cities of Italy; they were far better educated than in any other part of Italy, though some tourists remark upon their distaste for reading;[1] and they might have been expected to make the city the social rival of Turin, at least. Such rank it never attained, and at best it can hardly be called a favorite sojourn of English tourists. But whatever its drawbacks, it was one of the gateways to Italy, and it saw every year a cosmopolitan society gathered from all parts of Europe — from England, "Germany, France, Sweden, and Russia" — that met in the *conversazioni* to which one might with no great difficulty find admittance. Dull as the *conversazioni* usually were, with their endless games of chance and their vapid chatter, they were not lacking in outward splendor. The palaces were "magnificently furnished with pictures, gildings, lustres";[2] and the entertainments, although "more costly than elegant,"[2] were fairly typical of what one might expect to find elsewhere in Italy.

When we pass from Genoa to the region drained by the Po, we find an open country in which the tourist could journey in any direction at his convenience. We cannot follow him from point to point, but must single out for a word of comment a few favorite cities. And we may well begin with Milan.

Milan was the third city in Italy for wealth and population, and in De La Lande's opinion was "of all the cities of Italy the one where strangers were most favorably received."[3] All sorts of foreign money circulated there;[4] and even in Misson's day there were two men "who made it their business to show the rarities of the place to strangers."[5] The people of Milan were "commonly compared to the Germans for their plain honesty, and to the French for their fondness of pomp and elegance in equipages and household furniture."[6]

Under the Spanish domination Milan and the surrounding country had been overloaded with debts; commerce had been reduced to almost nothing, agricul-

ture neglected and the people impoverished. In the course of the eighteenth century, after Milan came under Austrian rule, reforms of all sorts were introduced. Wealth followed industry, and reasonable contentment prevailed. "The period of Maria Theresa," says Tivaroni, "in the memory of the Lombards who could compare it with the Spanish, remained the age of gold." [1]

Milan was noted for its comfort and cheapness, [2] but it had no such fascination as did Naples or Rome, and never won an assured place as the favorite abode of English travelers who could afford the time for a protracted sojourn. De La Lande advises the tourist to spend four days at Milan. In this time a busy man could easily see the pictures at the Brera, the collection of medals, the churches, and the great hospital, though, of course, he could make little or no acquaintance with the people. As already remarked, there was no lack of welcome for foreigners, particularly for the English, at fashionable balls and assemblies. But the society the hurried tourist saw was mainly that which paraded the streets in carriages in the evening and passed and repassed in the great place about the cathedral.

From many points of view, particularly in its buildings, brilliantly representing many types of architecture, and in its collections of art, Milan unquestionably offered notable attractions. But tourists were disposed to be critical. Especially did the cathedral in its partly finished state fail to satisfy the taste of many, though they were awed by its size. Burnet's comments are typical: "The dome hath nothing to commend it of architecture, it being built in the rude Gothic manner; but for the vastness and riches of the building it is equal to any in Italy, St. Peter's itself not excepted." But he goes on to say: "The riches of the churches of Milan strike one with amazement, the building, the painting, the altars, and the plate, and everything in the convents except their libraries, are all signs both of great wealth and of a very powerful superstition. But

their libraries not only here, but all Italy over, are scandalous things." [1]

Beside Burnet's impressions we may place those of De Brosses, more than a half-century later. The lively French traveler was enthusiastic over Milan until he had visited Rome. But, says he, "Rome has so many other beautiful things that I have seen since, that they have entirely spoiled Milan for me." [2] He would like, he says, to withdraw all the superlatives that he had put into his earlier letters. An opinion of this sort must not be taken for more than it is worth, but it unquestionably represents a not infrequent attitude toward Milan in the eighteenth century.

In going from Milan to Venice one was likely to see Verona and Padua. To the mere tourist Verona offered less for a long stay than Florence or Rome, but the swift foaming river, the girdling mountains, the quaint beauty of the medieval city, and the solemn dignity of the great Roman amphitheater, gave the little city a marked individuality. Few situations in Italy were more delightful. Evelyn, with his English fondness for country life, said that of all places he had seen in Italy he would there fix his residence. Mrs. Piozzi counted Verona the gayest town she had ever lived in; and this, after a long experience with society in London and on the Continent. The city had come up since Misson's day, when it looked "like a poor place," with little trade and with not many of the landed gentry who made any great figure. In the eighteenth century Verona saw every year a multitude of tourists, but, for the most part, they rapidly viewed the amphitheater, the churches, and the other sights, and passed on to Venice, to Florence, to Rome.

In going from Verona to Padua many travelers passed through Vicenza. This little city possesses in the façade of its town-house the greatest masterpiece of Palladio, to say nothing of his famous Olympic theater and a score of notable palaces, but in general the comments of tourists on Vicenza are contemptuous. Misson calls

the town-house "an indifferent structure, as indeed," he adds, "are many others which pass among them for mighty magnificent buildings"; and later travelers echo his opinion.

One who was bound for Venice could hardly avoid visiting Padua. The university no longer attracted English students as it did in the reign of Elizabeth, when young Oxonians who traveled in Italy were accustomed to carry home certificates of matriculation at Padua,[1] but despite the partly deserted thoroughfares there was a quiet charm in the place that still brought many tourists. Not every one, it is true, displays the enthusiasm of the clerical Dr. Warner, who writes to Selwyn in 1778: "Oh sir, you must come to Padua! There are a thousand things worth seeing, and I think there would be good society found in it. I am much pleased with it. The grass indeed, grows in the streets, but perhaps I like it the better for that reason." [2]

Like most other Italian cities, Padua, in the eighteenth century was in a depressed state. Trade had greatly fallen off; the population had sadly dwindled; beggars swarmed at every corner. Tourists bent upon social pleasure felt the air of melancholy that brooded over the place, and not many thought of making a prolonged stay there, as had so commonly been the case in the sixteenth century. The renowned church of St. Anthony still was an attraction to the devout from all over Italy, but to stolid English tourists it was a mere object of curiosity. Most of the other churches excited little interest. The French tourist De La Lande devotes half a page to Giotto's frescoes in S. Annunziata nell'Arena,[3] but visitors in general in the mid-eighteenth century are not much concerned with medieval art.

IV

When at Padua one was at the threshold of Venice. Few tourists neglected Venice, for the charms of the island

city were unique. The marvelous situation of the place, with the tides of the sea sweeping past the walls of stately palaces, appealed strongly to the imagination and drew multitudes from every country in Europe. In the Carnival season the number of strangers rose to thirty thousand.[1] In 1766, Venice still ranked as the third city in Italy,[2] but she was nevertheless the mere shadow of her former self and possessed only the tradition of the days when she was Queen of the Adriatic and made her might felt in the Far East.

The so-called Republic of Venice was in reality a narrow oligarchy, in which the common people counted for nothing.[3] Not only were the common people excluded from all voice in the government, but so, too, were most of the nobility. The direction of affairs was in the hands of a few of the richest families, while the rest of the population acquiesced in entire indifference.[4] A diminutive army of four thousand men was charged with guarding the Venetian provinces and with maintaining, in some degree, the dignity of the state. But beggars and worthless vagabonds swarmed in the city streets and in the outlying country. Thieves greatly disturbed the public tranquillity and personal security.[5] Yet we may note that the city was lighted at night by three thousand lanterns.[6]

Many things were, indeed, in a bad way. All classes of society were impoverished. The nobles did nothing useful and occupied their too abundant leisure with gambling and licentiousness. The old commercial preëminence of Venice, along with her old aggressive spirit, had long since vanished. "The art of glass-making was in great decadence . . . the manufacture of iron had declined."[7] The workers in gold had lost their cunning. But in her poverty and weakness Venice had not lost her arrogance. The jealous suspicion that had come down from an earlier day forbade the nobles to hold any conversation with ambassadors or foreign ministers.[8] Even to address them through a third party was hazardous.[9] Rightly enough Sharp remarks: "The law therefore renders the life of a foreign minister exceedingly dull and unsociable; besides that it stops the

channel through which young gentlemen on their travels would naturally find access to the best company." [1] But, says De La Lande, "the reserve that Venetians of the highest class affect for the foreign ministers does not extend entirely to those who have relations with them and who see them." And, he adds, "in everything that does not concern the government one enjoys the greatest freedom at Venice, and strangers are not disturbed there." [2] Nevertheless, spies were ever on the alert, and early in the century it behooved "every prudent person to be upon his guard, and to observe the strictest caution in talking of state affairs at Venice." [3] In Keysler's day the suspicious government did not permit company to gather freely for conversation in the coffee-houses round St. Mark's Place.[4]

Not unnaturally, the Venetian nobility avoided possible trouble by having no unnecessary relations with foreigners. The traditional exclusiveness had in the course of generations hardened into a fixed social usage. Strangers might meet members of the Venetian nobility at a *café* or on the Broglio, but were not commonly admitted to their houses or to their social gatherings,[5] and accordingly found "less society at Venice than in most of the cities of Italy" [6] — a situation that many English tourists found not hard to bear. The nobles of Venice were, indeed, sadly degenerate and well deserved the cutting satire of Goldoni.[7]

But although close relations with the Venetian nobility were not easy to establish, this lazy, decadent city, with its multi-colored spectacles, was a delightful place. Strangers agree that there were few cities where one found so much politeness as at Venice [8] and where one was made more thoroughly at home. Venice was one of the half-dozen cities of the peninsula that tempted foreigners to make a prolonged stay.[9] Evelyn spent six months there while on his Continental tour. Naturally, the tide of English tourists at Venice ebbed and flowed. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in a letter of October 14, 1739, says: "Here are no English except a Mr. Berlie and his governor, who arrived two days ago, and who intend but a short stay."

But in an undated letter, possibly written in 1740, she complains of "this town being at present infested with English, who torment me as much as the frogs and lice did the palace of Pharaoh, and are surprised that I will not suffer them to skip about my house from morning till night; me, that never opened my doors to such sort of animals in England. I wish I knew a corner of the world inaccessible to *petit-maîtres* and fine ladies." [1]

The attractions of Venice, even apart from the unique situation and the exquisite buildings, were many. Even to jaded tourists the Carnival, with its long-continued festivities, offered something unique. Strangers, accordingly, flocked to Venice, and if possible arranged their tour so as to be there at Ascension time, when was "the winding up of the Italian season of amusements for foreigners." [2] The great fair in the Piazza of St. Mark began with the Feast of the Ascension, and on Ascension Day the Doge wedded the Adriatic with his ring. Besides the out-of-door spectacles, eight or nine theaters, including opera houses, offered abundance of comedy for every taste.[3] Tragedy was out of fashion.[4] Throughout the performance of the play or the opera there was a constant buzz of conversation, but as soon as the ballet dancers flitted across the stage the chatter ceased [5] and the eyes of the spectators eagerly followed every movement. Strangers were warned not to sit in the pit, for the gilded youth of Venice had the pleasant habit not only of throwing the rinds of oranges and other fruit from their boxes, but also of spitting upon the heads of humbler folk who sat below them.[6]

Although the various forms of entertainment at Venice afforded many strangers abundance of pastime for months, tourists of active temperament often found that the novelty of Venice rapidly wore off, and the city became tiresome. Englishmen in particular, accustomed as they were to brisk walks over the hills or to riding across country after the hounds, felt the confinement irksome. "When you wish to take the air here, you must submit to be paddled about from morning till night in a narrow boat, along dirty

canals; or, if you don't like this, you have one resource more, which is, that of walking in St. Mark's." [1]

Critical tourists enumerate many other drawbacks. One finds the water an invitation to gnats; and, as every one knows, they are at times an intolerable nuisance in the Venice of our own day.[2] Moreover, at certain seasons the stench from the canals was overpowering.[3] In a letter to Selwyn the lively Dr. Warner breaks out: "But if the eye, with its neighbour nose, suffers itself to be carried down the Grand Canal, which . . . leads to the chinks and crannies of the city, — fah! an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination — Venice is a stinkpot, charged with the very virus of hell! I do not wonder that Howard of Bedford, the jail-man, who is just gone from hence, should advise a young gentleman who is in the house not to stay above four days lest he should be ill." [4] Nugent objects to "the dampness of the air and the scarcity of good water and fuel," and adds: "It may be a fine city to spend a month or two in, but not to be confined in all one's life." [5]

Many tourists complain that even St. Mark's Place and the Doge's Palace are unspeakably filthy. Baron von Archenholz — to cite but one witness — says that "in the Doge's Palace, not only the entrance, but the very stairs are like a sink. Go where you will, you find whole rills of stinking water, and smell its noxious exhalations. The nobles, who honestly contribute their share, never regard these nuisances, and paddle through them with uplifted gowns." [6]

Venice had, moreover, an unenviable preëminence as the brothel of Europe,[7] though Naples was notorious for its vileness. Especially at the carnival time the comparative reserve of ordinary seasons was thrown off, and courtesans brazenly captured their victims in the streets. The moral tone of the society that set the standards for Venice was deplorable.[8] Says Nugent: "The use of concubines is so generally received that the wife generally lives in good correspondence with them." Mothers, he goes on to say,

arrange to get one for an unmarried son. Sometimes two or three young fellows share one among them and divide the expense. "When the nobility have done with their concubines, they become courtezans. Of these there are whole streets full, who receive all comers; and as the habits of other people are black and dismal, these dress in the gayest colors, with their breasts open and their faces all bedaubed with paint, standing by dozens at the doors and windows to invite their customers." [1] Even Baretti admits that Venice is "infinitely more corrupted" than London itself. There are, it is true, many ladies "of the most exalted virtue," but "they are not commonly known to English travellers." [2] "The courtezans here," says Northall, "are the most insinuating, and have the most alluring arts of any in all Italy." [3] And Byron once remarked to Captain Medwin: "Everything in a Venetian life, its gondolas, its effeminating indolence, its siroccos tend to enervate the mind and body." The fact that women could go alone in their gondolas without being watched [4] contributed to the general immorality.

We must not linger unduly in Venice, but we ought to glance for a moment at the ordinary eighteenth-century estimates of its most famous building, St. Mark's, and its immediate surroundings. In externals Venice has changed less in a century and a half than any other large city in Italy. The scenes in pictures of Canaletto appear even yet strangely familiar to one who knows Venice. Coryate and Howell were there three centuries ago, yet their comments show that much of the city as we know it to-day was already before their eyes. Coryate is enthusiastic over the splendor of Venice, and he regards St. Mark's Place as incomparably the finest in the world. "For here," says he, "is the greatest magnificence of architecture to be seene, that any place under the sunne doth yielde. Here you may both see all manner of fashions of attire, and hear all the languages of Christendome, besides those that are spoken by the barbarous Ethnickes." [5] In view of the mild contempt with which most eighteenth-century tourists looked

upon the church of St. Mark, Coryate's estimate is highly suggestive: "Next unto the Duke's Palace the beautifull Church of Saint Marke doth of its owne accord as it were offer it self now to be spoken off. Which though it be but little, yet it is exceeding rich, and so sumptuous for the statelenesse of the architecture, that I think very few in Christendome of the bignesse doe surpasse it." [1]

Far more reserved is the praise of a later day. There are, indeed, few more illuminating illustrations of the taste of the eighteenth century than appear in the comments upon St. Mark's. Most travelers speak of it in slighting terms and class it with Gothic churches as unworthy of admiration. Says one: "All this labour and expense have been directed by a very moderate share of taste." The seventeenth-century Evelyn found it "much too dark and dismal, and of heavy work." [2] Burnet observes: "St. Mark's church hath nothing to recommend it, but its great antiquity, and the vast riches of the building." [3] And he is in entire accord with travelers for more than a century after him. The precious materials employed in the construction excite wonder, but there is almost universal condemnation of the style. One critic complains, "'Tis pity the design was not conducted by a better judgement, and a finer taste of architecture; 'tis neither what we call Gothick, nor is it regular." [4] De La Lande calls it "neither the largest nor the most beautiful church at Venice. It is of a bad Gothic, and has almost the air of a *fourneau*, but it is the most adorned, the richest, and the most celebrated of Venice." [5] Even the brilliant De Brosses has his fling: "It is a church in the Greek style, low, impenetrable to the light, in wretched taste both within and without, surmounted by seven domes covered with gold mosaic which makes them seem far more like chaldrons than cupolas." [6] He goes on to say: "One can see nothing so pitiable as these mosaics. Happily, the workmen had the wise precaution to inscribe on each subject what they wished to represent." [7] Smith pronounces St. Mark's Church "perhaps the most dirty place of public worship in Europe, except the Jews' syna-

gogue at Rome; it is at the same time the richest in materials and the worst in style." [1] But he is good enough to add: [2] "Nevertheless this church is one of the most remarkable in Italy for its antiquity and riches, though so barbarous and inelegant in style." Eustace speaks of its "gloomy barbaric magnificence"; [3] and other tourists praise it, if at all, with great reserve.

The relative importance of St. Mark's, in the opinion of some travelers, may be seen in the space allotted to it. Northall, in his account of Venice, gives ten lines to St. Mark's and no praise; [4] while to S. Giorgio Maggiore, or at least to the paintings, he allows twenty-four lines.[5] In Mariana Starke's "Letters from Italy," she devotes five and a half lines to St. Mark's and eleven lines to S. Catterina,[6] which most modern tourists leave unvisited, if, indeed, they know of its existence. The Campanile of St. Mark's is commonly referred to as graceless, with no merit but its height.[7]

But the vast proportions of St. Mark's Place and the general effect of the magnificent buildings surrounding it call forth lavish praise. Tourists never weary of describing the sights on the Piazza. Here all Venice poured out to see and be seen. "In the evening," says Dr. Moore, "there generally is, on St. Mark's Place, such a mixed multitude of Jews, Turks, and Christians; lawyers, knaves, and pickpockets; mountebanks, old women, and physicians; women of quality, with masks; strumpets barefaced; and, in short, such a jumble of senators, citizens, gondoleers, and people of every character and condition, that your ideas are broken, bruised, and dislocated in the crowd, in such a manner, that you can think, or reflect, on nothing; yet this being a state of mind which many people are fond of, the place never fails to be well attended, and, in fine weather, numbers pass a great part of the night there. When the piazza is illuminated, and the shops in the adjacent streets are lighted up, the whole has a brilliant effect, and as it is the custom for the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, to frequent the cassinos and coffee-houses around, the Place of

St. Mark answers all the purposes of either Vauxhall or Ranelagh." [1]

From scenes like these, so unlike the merrymaking in Northern lands, tourists largely made up their estimate not merely of Venice, but of Italy — an estimate that did scant justice to much of the serious life of the country. But, as for Venice, since the Carnival amusements lasted half the year,[2] strangers might be pardoned for inferring that the inhabitants had little of serious import to occupy them.

V

Some of the cities already considered possessed remarkable attractions, and the same is true of several other cities in the low country north of the Apennines and drained by the Po. But for most of these we can spare but a word; for some, not even that.

Piacenza and Cremona deserved more attention than they commonly received. But travelers not infrequently made an effort to see the tower of the cathedral of Cremona which was famous as the loftiest in Italy. When traveling on the old Æmilian Way from Piacenza to Bologna and beyond, tourists were unlikely to neglect Parma, which for its social and other attractions was one of the most popular cities of Italy in the eighteenth century. Nugent counted the theater at Parma as the finest in the world. Tourists gave much attention to the art treasures of Parma, and in particular to the masterpieces of Correggio in the cathedral. Reggio and Modena detained for a time the leisurely tourist — Modena being celebrated up to 1745 for its collection of Italian masters, sold in that year to become the glory of the Dresden Gallery. But for a protracted stay neither city could rival Bologna. To Bologna we shall come in a moment.

Meanwhile, we must glance at one city on the east side of Italy in which most travelers were likely to lodge for at least a night, and that city was Ferrara. But for Ferrara few eighteenth-century travelers have any praise. Sump-

tuous though many of the ancient palaces were that had once been the pride of Italy, the broad, ill-paved streets, grass-grown and neglected, and the general air of poverty, affected the tourist with melancholy.[1] Misson described it as "so poor and desolate that it cannot be viewed without compassion."[2] Breval counted it, "next to Pisa, the worst inhabited fine town" he ever saw. Baron von Archenholz suggested that it might be well to write on the gates, "This town is to be let," and Mrs. Piozzi says that she was on the point of praising it for its cleanliness, till she "reflected that there was nobody to dirty it. I looked half an hour before I could find one beggar — a bad account of poor Ferrara!"[3]

Visitors at Ferrara complained of the bad water;[4] of the swarms of hungry mosquitoes that devoured them by day and by night; of the noxious exhalations from the lowlands about the city; of the canals that were choked and abandoned.[5] Matters have much improved in our time, but even yet Ferrara is one of the cities that most travelers leave with more pleasure than regret.

On the way to or from Florence one commonly visited Bologna, which was counted "the finest and most wealthy city in the whole ecclesiastical state."[6] Dr. Moore, indeed, goes so far as to say that, "next to Rome itself, there is perhaps no town in the world so rich as Bologna."[7] Among Italian cities Bologna had an enviable reputation for culture and for courtesy to strangers. The university was thought by tourists to justify a visit to the city even if they took no account of other attractions. But these were not small. De Brosses preferred on the whole the palaces of Bologna to those of Florence.[8] In our day the art treasures of Bologna, with one or two striking exceptions, are counted of secondary importance, but in the eighteenth century the works of the Caracci and of Guido Reni drew forth warm appreciation from tourists. Mariana Starke even maintains that one of Annibale Caracci's pictures "may vie with the finest productions of Raffaelle, while it surpasses them all in beauty of coloring."[9]

The people of wealth and quality were notable for the zeal with which they studied French literature and followed French fashions.[1] But the Germans had also their admirers; and there were two factions, one devoted to the French, the other to the Germans.[2]

What we have noted elsewhere as characteristic of Italian manners at the theater was very marked at Bologna. Chatter went on steadily throughout the opera. Ladies conversed in loud tones with their friends in the boxes on the opposite side, even shouting to make themselves heard. When they applauded they stood, clapping their hands and crying, "*Bravo! Bravo!*"[3] There was no lack of society or other entertainment for such strangers as cared for it, though there was nothing so distinctive about the assemblies of Bologna as to call for special comment here.

VI

We must move on to Florence, which throughout the eighteenth century was regarded as one of the most agreeable cities in Europe, and one of the three or four cities of Italy that every tourist must visit. Florence has in some measure retained in our own day the peculiar charm that it had a century and a half ago, though iconoclasts have demolished the picturesque walls and towers that once encircled the city, and modernized and vulgarized more than one exquisite survival of the Middle Ages. Eighteenth-century Florence in its external aspect was still largely medieval,[4] with Renaissance additions. In a quiet way one could spend considerable time very delightfully at Florence. The city had no more than seventy thousand inhabitants within the walls,[5] but no other Italian city except Rome offered so much that was worth seeing. The surrounding country, too, was a perpetual invitation to drive or to walk. Fiesole, with its wonderful views across the valley of the Arno, made an attractive outing for any clear day. All about Florence the scenery,

though not tame or flat, had that exquisite finish which especially appealed to men of the eighteenth century. The people of Tuscany, too, with their soft voices, their unaffected good nature, and their obliging manners, made the stay of the tourist doubly agreeable.

Tuscany, with Florence as its chief city, enjoyed far more prosperity than most parts of Italy. The inhabitants were industrious and strove to get on in the world. Most travelers remark upon the thrift of the Florentine nobility, who did not disdain to add to their incomes by selling their own wines at retail. As a sign they hung out an empty flask at the court gates or from one of the palace windows.[1] Keysler even says that "a nobleman often condescends to measure out a yard or half a yard of silk without any regret." [2]

Although taxes bore somewhat heavily upon the people,[3] living was inexpensive — or at least seemed so to Englishmen. Sharp notes that "house rent at Florence is still cheaper than at Venice"; [4] and Mariana Starke says that "noble houses, unfurnished, may be hired by the year for, comparatively speaking, nothing." [5] On the other hand, she remarks: "Good private lodgings are dear, unless travellers find their own plate and linen, in which case handsome houses may be hired for about ten sequins a month." [6] At this rate the rent of a fine house would cost about three hundred and fifteen dollars a year. We may observe that Sir Horace Mann leased the Casa Manetti in the Fondaccio of Santo Spirito for a rent of one hundred and twenty scudi annually, and occupied it from 1740 until his death in 1786. It was in this house that Horace Walpole visited Mann.

Food was cheap enough: "Price per head for breakfast, at a coffee-house, half a paul — price per head for dinner, at a *Traiteur's*, three pauls, bread and wine inclusive. There is a German *Traiteur* who sends a dinner to your own house at four pauls a head." [7] Another item is significant: "A sedan-chair to the opera-house and back again usually costs three pauls; and to pay a morning

visit, somewhat less; but it is always necessary to make the bargain beforehand." [1]

English travelers, with their keen instinct for personal comfort, early discovered these and other advantages offered by Florence, and many chose it for a long stay.[2] What peculiarly commended it to them was its homelike character — even though it was so strangely unlike an English city. Of testimonies in praise of Florence there is a long array, but we can afford space for no more than two or three. The estimate of Breval, as a traveler by profession, is entitled to much consideration: "Florence," says he, "is the City of the World, next to Rome, where a Dilettante may best entertain himself. I once pass'd the best Part of a Summer here; and another time an whole Winter, yet was scarce a Day without seeing something that was in some measure new to me." [3] Horace Walpole, whose eulogies were seldom excessive, pronounced it in 1740 "infinitely the most agreeable of all the places he had seen since London"; [4] and he spent fifteen months there. Years afterward it remained for him "the loveliest town on earth." [5] Even the censorious Dr. Sharp wrote in one of his letters, "Florence, in our judgment, will be preferred to all the other cities of Italy as a place of residence." [6]

Time seldom hung heavily at Florence. Besides the pleasure of roaming through the old streets [7] and occasionally picking up a bargain at a picture dealer's or at a bookstall, there were the opportunities to visit the sumptuous palaces of the nobility with their wealth of Renaissance frescoes; there were notable churches — Santa Maria Novella and Or San Michele and Santa Croce and a score of others; there were Giotto's Campanile and the wonderful bronze doors of the Baptistery and the statues of the Loggia dei Lanzi, and, as the crowning glory of all, there were the picture galleries, unsurpassed in Italy. Even then gleamed from the walls of the Tribuna the pictures that are still the choicest treasures of the Uffizi; and in the Tribuna the exquisite Venus de' Medici stood

as coyly as she stands to-day. Even then Raphael's Leo X and Madonna della Seggiola and the masterpieces of Andrea del Sarto could be viewed in the gorgeous apartments of the Pitti Palace.[1]

Tourists rightly counted these galleries sufficient in themselves to repay the trouble of a journey to Florence.[2] One has, indeed, a strange feeling of kinship with the tourists of a century or more ago in reading accounts of what they saw and did at Florence. The following passage might have been written yesterday: "I have, generally," says Dr. Moore, "since our arrival at Florence, passed two hours every forenoon in the famous gallery. Connoisseurs, and those who wish to be thought such, remain much longer. But I plainly feel this is enough for me." [3]

If pressed for time, the tourist could easily find a guide to show him the sights of the city. Here, as at Rome and Venice, there was a certain round of things to do that was in a sense obligatory.

Besides viewing the ordinary sights of Florence, tourists of social position commonly saw something of the society there. There was at Florence little of the wild whirl of Parisian society, but there was much social gayety, particularly in the form of *conversazioni*. Mann in 1769, after an experience of nearly thirty years, speaks with contempt of the dull weariness and insipidity of these entertainments,[4] but as English envoy he was bound to attend them and to give them himself. One of his chief duties, indeed, was to introduce his countrymen to Florentine society. Nor was this difficult. "The nobility of Florence," says Northall, "are in general very civil to foreigners; and there are a great many fine ladies among them." [5] Hospitality of the more solid English type, indeed, was rare. Card assemblies, with light refreshments — tea, coffee, lemonade and ices — were the rule. And although by endless repetition these festivities might pall on a man past middle life, they made a pleasant break in the round of the tourist who had nothing to oc-

cupy his evenings. "The societies at Florence," says De La Lande, "are agreeable and easy; it is one of the cities of Italy where strangers find most pleasure. . . . One sees no jealousy there. Strangers are received by everybody";[1] and "with more frankness and familiarity" than is customary in public assemblies in other parts of Italy.[2] Yet this freedom had not been characteristic of the century just preceding. Misson speaks of the uneasiness of the English Resident "under the intolerable constraint and eternal ceremonies of this place," and also of "the invisibility of the fair sex."[3]

In the eighteenth century many Italians of rank at Florence had a peculiarly unsavory reputation for gross debauchery.[4] This does not, however, appear to have prevented them from being agreeable in society,[5] for it was the fashion to give considerable attention to the lighter forms of culture. Educated Florentines knew not only Italian literature, but, particularly in the second half of the century, were fairly well acquainted with English and French.[6] They kept their minds busy in a small way most of the time and combined sociability with mild forms of intellectual activity,— about as important as the guessing of charades. "The gentlemen of Florence," says Wright, "are very sociable in a sober way. They have a nightly assembly in a house they have taken for that purpose, where the several apartments are ascertain'd for play or conversation. There are persons attending to furnish iced liquors, coffee, etc. From hence they go, some to the ladies' assemblies, and card tables, some to the academies of the Virtuosi, of which there are two: one entitled Della Crusca, and the other known by the general name of l'Academia Fiorentina. We were present one night at the latter: the exercise began with a recital of epigrams, and other little poems, some in Italian, some in Latin, and they were as eager who should repeat first, as the boys are at the Westminster election with their extempore verses. Then succeeds a performance of another kind. A question

is put. One whom they call the sibyl makes answer to it in one word, and that a *disproposito* (as they call it); somewhat that seems foreign to the purpose: then the expositors of the sibyl are to reconcile this *disproposito* answer to the question given; as for example, a question was put, Whether 'tis more wholesome to sleep much or little? — The sibyl answer'd Sugar. The expositor added, — As sugar is differently proportioned to suit with different tastes, so is sleep, to suit with different constitutions: some requiring more, some less. 2. Why *Myopæ* (the short-sighted) hold the object near, *Presbytæ* (the old) hold it at a distance? Sibyl: Hair.— The expositor compar'd a lock of hair to the assemblage of capillaments or fibres in the optick nerve; whose expansion within the bottom of the eye makes the *tunica retina*; then he went on to explain how the image of an object is formed on the *retina*, in the convex eye, and the flat eye, in the usual way." [1]

For most English guests a little of this childishness would be more than enough. And repeated experiences with this form of entertainment might well prompt such a remark as Walpole in 1746 puts into a letter to Horace Mann: "I agree to the happiness of living in Florence, but I am sure knowledge was not one of its recommendations, which never was anywhere at a lower ebb." [2]

Like all the larger cities of Italy, Florence had a regular season of opera.[3] One thing insisted on was, however, that the music should not interfere with conversation. There was a continual exchange of compliments in loud tones, and a continual moving from one side of the theater to the other throughout the performance. Only the dancers might count upon receiving any attention from the audience.

During their stay at Florence most English tourists, with no great effort, unquestionably learned much of lasting value, yet the seductive charm of the place made the life of many who sojourned there little more than a round of pleasure. The poet Gray and his companion

Walpole give some indication in letters to West of how time was spent. Writing from Florence in July, 1740, Gray says: "If you choose to be annihilated too, you cannot do better than undertake this journey. Here you shall get up at twelve o'clock, breakfast till three, dine till five, sleep till six, drink cooling liquors till eight, go to the bridge till ten, sup till two, and so sleep till twelve again." [1] And Walpole in his turn: "You would be as much amazed at us as at any thing you saw: instead of being deep in the liberal arts, and being in the Gallery every morning, as I thought of course to be sure I would be, we are in all the idleness and amusements of the town." [2] After fifty years of absence Horace Walpole still looked back with fond recollection to "the delicious nights on the Ponte di Trinità at Florence, in a linen night-gown and a straw hat, with improvisatori, and music, and the coffee-houses open with ices." [3]

With this catalogue of occupations before us, we are prepared for Gray's confession to West in a letter of 1741: "Eleven months, at different times, have I passed at Florence; and yet (God help me) know not either people or language." [4] But we may well believe that the record of most tourists was less satisfactory than Gray's.

Whether for amusement or for earnest self-improvement, Florence was throughout the eighteenth century, in ever increasing measure, a favorite resort for tourists and a center for excursions. In the region about Florence the celebrated abbey of Vallombrosa, with its forests of chestnuts, beeches, and firs, offered an easy excursion that might occupy three or four days, and in the eighteenth century it was often visited; for, as Horace Walpole says, "Milton has made everybody wish to have seen it." [5] Walpole himself, however, confessed that though he was many months at Florence he "never did see it. In fact," says he, "I was so tired of seeing when I was abroad, that I have several of these pieces of repentance on my conscience, when they come into my head." [6] And Walpole is a type of hundreds of other tourists.

Hardly less attractive in our day appears the excursion to the monasteries of Camaldoli and La Verna, but most eighteenth-century tourists could hardly appreciate the wild charm of the scenery, and at all events did not flock thither in great numbers.

VII

Although, as we have seen, many tourists approached Florence from Bologna, those who followed the sea route to Italy commonly disembarked at Leghorn and went through Pisa and Lucca to the Tuscan capital. The most notable port on the west coast of Italy was Leghorn. English merchants were there with their families in considerable numbers, and English ships carried on a flourishing trade. The population rose from forty-four thousand in 1767 to fifty-eight thousand in 1781, about one sixth of whom were Jews. Northall says, indeed, that Leghorn "has almost unpeopled Pisa, if we compare it to what it was formerly, and every day lessens the number of inhabitants at Florence." [1]

Owing to their skill as traders the English held the foremost place among the foreigners at Leghorn, their chief rivals being the Dutch. As early as 1730 there were thirty-six resident English families out of a population of about forty thousand,[2] and they were greatly respected. The constant communication with England made Leghorn a convenient port of entry and departure for those English tourists who did not object to a long sea voyage. And since at Leghorn they found many of the inhabitants speaking English tolerably well, they felt at once at home. But apart from commercial interests there was little to tempt strangers to remain long, and they moved on to other cities.

Those who sought quiet found it, if anywhere, at Pisa. Once a powerful city of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, Pisa was reduced in the eighteenth century to be a provincial town of a tenth its former size. The low situation upon the river Arno was thought to render "its

air very unwholesome and obnoxious to strangers." Hundreds of houses stood empty, and grass grew in the streets. The Earl of Cork and Orrery wrote in 1754: "In my last I told you, that we had thoughts of settling here. It is impossible. If either house, victuals, or even necessaries were to be had in Pisa, we should be glad to remain in this city; but in its present state, cameleons only can inhabit it. Horses indeed may graze and fatten in the streets. Human creatures, unless they are Italians, cannot find lodgings or subsistence." [1]

Not till the closing years of the eighteenth century did the increase of trade and population banish the desolation that hung like a pall over the city. Early in the nineteenth century more than one English family selected Pisa as a favorite abode. The Shelleys were exceedingly fond of the place; and here Byron took a house and shared it with Leigh Hunt and his overflowing family.

But even in its lowest depression tourists visited Pisa in considerable numbers. Evelyn thought the city "as much worth seeing as any in Italy." [2] In the opinion of De Brosses there were nowhere else to be found within so small a space four things handsomer than the four at Pisa — the Campo Santo, the cathedral, the Baptistery, and the Leaning Tower. Especially does he count the cathedral a noble and beautiful church.[3] But eighteenth-century English travelers were inclined to speak slightingly of Pisa. Clenche says that "it has nothing else remarkable except the Camposanto." [4] The Earl of Cork and Orrery finds the Cathedral "dark and gloomy, . . . disgustful to the eye upon the first entrance into it." [5] Pisa was, indeed, so generally neglected or inadequately treated by English travelers in their accounts that Mariana Starke at the end of the eighteenth century offers that as her excuse for giving "rather a minute description of the city," [6] which we need not reproduce.

But we must spare a few words for Lucca. The little city of Lucca had the reputation of being very civil to strangers and also of being very cheap. Moreover, the Italian spoken

there was unusually pure. Add to these attractions the works of art and architecture within the walls, the beautiful promenade round the ramparts, and the charming country surrounding the city, and one can understand why travelers often preferred Lucca to Florence itself. Most of the gentlemen of Lucca spoke French in Misson's day, and the ladies were "not so invisible as in several other parts of Italy." [1] Numerous quaint customs persisted. "Strangers never fail," says Keysler, "to be welcomed here with an evening serenade, which is accompanied with an humble intimation that they would be pleased to make some returns for such an honour." [2]

One is tempted to enlarge upon the charms of Lucca and its environs, including the famous Baths; to touch upon other cities like Prato, Pistoia, and Arezzo, with their notable works of art, but it is time to follow the tourist on his way down to Rome.[3]

The first place of any importance after leaving Florence was Siena. This was an exceptionally attractive little city, prevailingly medieval in its architecture, and counting eighteen or twenty thousand inhabitants.[4] Living at Siena was very inexpensive; the people were "learned, amiable, and remarkably kind to foreigners"; [5] besides being reputed brilliant conversationalists.[6] The town was "also famous for the purity of the Italian tongue, which," says Nugent, "is spoken here without that guttural pronunciation so disagreeable in the Florentines. For this reason a great many foreigners choose to reside here some time to learn the language rather than at Florence, where it is badly pronounced, or at Rome, where you have too much hurry and noise." [7]

Notably enough, most visitors to Siena lay aside their usual prejudice against Gothic architecture long enough to praise the cathedral as an architectural monument of the greatest magnificence. De La Lande says that "one could view it with pleasure even after having seen St. Peter's." [8] A typical estimate is Breval's: "The most remarkable thing we meet with at Siena is the Dome; of a

Gothic Stile indeed, but very beautiful in its kind, and would be still more so in my Opinion, were the Marble all of one Colour." [1] It is interesting to observe that even before 1700 the unique inlaid pavement of the cathedral was so esteemed that portions of it were "covered with boards to preserve it." [2] Travelers rarely fail to mention this pavement as one of the most beautiful works of art to be seen in Italy.

On the other hand, the wonderfully picturesque communal palace, with its many works of medieval art, is dismissed by Keysler as "scarce worth seeing," [3] and by De Brosses as "an old building which has nothing recommendable, or at least curious, except some paintings still more antique and more ugly than itself." [4] Tourists of the eighteenth century were certainly not prepared to do full justice to a medieval city like Siena, but the charm of the place insensibly stole into the spirit of more than one who sojourned there, and contributed in its measure to the revolution in taste that slowly worked itself out before the end of the century.

The journey from Siena to Rome was not wholly delightful, though tourists were loud in their praise of the country as far as Buonconvento. Most of the inns were bad. Tourists were advised to take wine and water at Siena for the rest of the way, "both being excellent here and unwholesome in the succeeding towns." [5] At Acquapendente the "first *lascia passare* used to be demanded," and if the tourist happened not to have one his "baggage underwent a very unpleasant examination." [6] The route passed through Viterbo, but hurried travelers commonly ignored the ancient city and even the exquisite Villa Lante in the environs.

Rome was reached by crossing the pestilential and dreaded Campagna. To spend the night on this vast, unwholesome plain was thought to be hazardous for strangers,[7] and, accordingly, the wayside inns, from lack of patronage, were of the poorest type, even when measured by Italian standards. When Sharp went to Rome, "we found

it necessary," says he, "to keep our post-horses all night at a shabby inn, half-way to the post-house before you arrive at the Campania, as preferring dirty beds and dirty provisions, to no beds, no provisions, and a supposed pestilential climate." [1]

VIII

Unquestioned as the claim of Paris was to preëminence in matters of fashion and taste, even Paris was, to most tourists, in the variety of its attractions, not in the same class with Rome; and at certain seasons, particularly Carnival and Holy Week, Rome was alive with English sight-seers. Writing from Venice, January 20, 1758, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu says, "I hear Rome is crammed with Britons. I suppose we shall see them all in their turns." [2] De Brosses incidentally remarks upon "the English, with whom Rome is always filled." [3] And Lady Knight, writing in 1778, says, "There are many English here, and many more are expected for the Holy Week." [4] In a later letter she remarks: "The English are birds of passage, most of them have taken their flight, but when I first came we have been sixty together of an evening." [5] Fourteen years later she writes, "We have had a hundred and fifty English here this spring." [6]

They felt doubly at home there, for, as Ray already in the seventeenth century remarked, "The inhabitants . . . approach nowadays, in their furnitures and some of their manners and customs, more to the English than any of the Italians besides"; [7] and this penchant for things English became far more pronounced in the course of the eighteenth century. At Rome, more than in most Continental cities, the English were able to get the things they required. There was even an English coffee-house where they could see English newspapers and meet their fellow countrymen, particularly artists.[8] Sharp commends the English students of painting and sculpture at Rome as "a remarkable set of sober, modest men, who by their decorum, and friendly

manner of living amongst one another, do credit to their profession." [1]

With the flood of English tourists it was no easy matter to escape one's fellow countrymen at Rome. They lodged in the same quarter of the city, they went to see the same sights, and they thus constantly crossed one another's paths. But tourists were not limited to association with their own countrymen. One cannot say that all doors stood open to them, but in general they were very freely received. The people of Rome were noted for their cordiality,[2] and they even sought out strangers who had been recommended to them by letters.[3] The ordinarily fault-finding Sharp finds "the politeness of the Italians towards our nation . . . very extraordinary." [4] James Edward Smith observes that the "English in particular meet with the kindest attentions, and a flattering sort of deference, quite distinct from French cringing, from persons of all ranks." [5] Particularly were the English welcome at the palaces of the nobility and of the cardinals. Of the palace of the Princess Borghese, De Brosses remarks that it is "the ordinary place of meeting of the English, who are here in great numbers, most of them very rich." [6]

General as this hospitality was at Rome, it laid no heavy burden of expense upon the host, since the cost of the eatables at a *conversazione* was but a trifle, and strangers were rarely if ever invited to meals [7] or to participation in the inner home life. Some tourists, perhaps not wholly without reason, attributed the frugality of the Italian type of hospitality, so unlike the German or the English, to meanness. But it is worth while to present the Italian point of view: "Italians prefer to build a great palace, to collect pictures, to rear a lasting monument of some sort, rather than to waste incomes none too large in the expense of trivial entertainments." [8]

We must not linger upon this aspect of the life at Rome, but must get a closer view of the city itself — and first of some of its obvious defects. In the Rome of a century and a half ago there were, of course, fewer brilliant shops than

there are now; the hotels were far less pretentious; the street pavements were less clean. The streets where the Pope passed through were swept, the others never.[1] Moreover, although there was no police patrol at night, the streets were not lighted, except by the candles and lamps that burned before the madonnas,[2] or by an occasional lantern at the corner of some palace. "But in many streets," says Tivaroni, "the darkness was perfect, and the few that ventured to pass through the streets went with lanterns carried by themselves or by well-armed servants." [3]

Defects of all sorts there unquestionably were,[4] but notwithstanding all these Rome had an abiding charm and popularity. Here, if anywhere, the tourist was awakened to an interest in ancient art and architecture and the history of the great past, and here he met notable people from all over the world. In Rome, too, his morals were safer than almost anywhere else.[5] The spell of the Eternal City worked most powerfully upon Englishmen of widest culture. For them Rome, even in ruins, was still, in a sense, the august capital of the Empire, and still the mistress of the world.

The visitor from the North very commonly got his first sweeping view of the city from the height overlooking the Vatican and the dome of St. Peter's and then descended the long slope to the usual entrance. "Most English gentlemen," says Northall, "enter at the gate of Porta del Popolo in post-chaises, and drive down the Corso to the Dogana, or custom-house, which was made out of the hall of Antoninus Pius. . . . As soon as they arrive, there are people on purpose who attend to unload the baggage, which is carried into the Dogana, and opened by proper officers, who soon begin to tumble the things about, under a pretence of searching to the bottom for contraband goods; but a small present prevents any insolence of that sort." [6]

This formality over, one drove without delay to the strangers' quarter—the Piazza di Spagna[7] and the streets leading from it.[8] Here were the principal hotels and lodging-houses that catered to English tastes.[9] Here,

too, were the banks and the shops especially frequented by Englishmen. "The ambassador of Spain at Rome exercised a royal jurisdiction in the Piazza di Spagna and in the neighborhood, which became for that reason the safest and quietest quarters of the city." [1]

Smollett supplies some interesting detail: "Strangers that come to Rome seldom put up at public inns, but go directly to lodging houses, of which there is great plenty in this quarter. The Piazza d'Espagna is open, airy, and pleasantly situated in a high part of the city immediately under the Colle [2] Pinciana, and adorned with two fine fountains. Here most of the English reside: the apartments are generally commodious and well furnished; and the lodgers are well supplied with provisions and all necessaries of life. But, if I studied economy, I would choose another part of the town than the Piazza d'Espagna, which is besides at a great distance from the antiquities." [3]

But the Piazza di Spagna had won its undisputed position as the common meeting-place for strangers. "Here the ladies," says Northall, "sit at their ease in their coaches, and receive the homage of the gentlemen standing at their coach-doors. Thus an hour or two is spent every evening, in breathing the worst air in Rome, mixed with clouds of dust, pestered with beggars, and incommoded by coaches, which press forward without observing rank or order." [4]

But we must glance at other features, and first at the size of the Papal capital. A century and a half ago Rome was a city of only about 170,000 inhabitants [5] — not so large as to be oppressive or so small as to be insignificant, though it occupied only a portion of the vast area enclosed by the walls of Aurelian. In the seventeenth century Ray [6] estimated the population at 120,000 souls, the city being surpassed in size by Venice, Milan, and Naples. The Rome of our day has far outgrown the modest area that it occupied in the eighteenth century, and has greatly altered in other particulars. Many great buildings remain substantially the same; but, unfortunately for the artist and the lover of the picturesque, the growth of the city within

the memory of men still comparatively young has transformed the setting and changed the entire spirit of the place. Modern Rome is a city no longer dormant and dreamy, but a bustling modern capital. The site of more than one exquisite villa, with its ample grounds, has been occupied by commonplace and pretentious modern apartment houses. In many quarters the old Papal Rome of the eighteenth century, with its gorgeous street pageants and its grim palaces festooned with scarlet and gold, has given place to a new city, more prosperous and progressive, but also somewhat more vulgarized. At all events, the comparative isolation of Rome, as it was before the coming of the railway and the motor-car, has vanished forever.

How agreeable the old city was we may learn from a thousand sources; for the glamour of the city of the Cæsars, with its half-destroyed and half-buried monuments, stirred the imagination of even the average tourist, and led him to record his impressions. Nearly all the travelers of the older day had at least a thin veneer of classical learning, and they united in sounding the praises of the city of which every one had heard since the days of childhood.

Visitors of every type found the city attractive. "Rome has the air of a provincial city," says De Brosses; but, he immediately adds, "I do not know, everything considered, whether there is any other city in Europe more agreeable, more comfortable, and that I would rather live in, than this, not even excepting Paris." [1] Baretti cites the estimate of Middleton that "of all the places he has ever seen, or ever shall see, . . . Rome is by far the most delightful, because travellers there find themselves accommodated with all the conveniences of life in an easy manner; because of the general civility and respect shown to strangers, and because there every man of prudence is sure to find quiet and security." [2]

There was, indeed, something at Rome that satisfied almost every stranger. The antiquary took his pleasure in

exploring ruins; the artist in visiting the galleries and in sketching groups of peasants standing beside broken arches; the religious pilgrim in haunting famous churches and securing an audience with the Pope; the casual stranger in frequenting *conversazioni* and balls; and the historian in studying the varied fortunes of the imperial city. Well might Goethe say: "Of the four months I have spent in Rome not a moment has been lost." [1]

It is true that Rome, like most of Italy, presented singular contradictions. Mariana Starke remarks upon the great buildings and the treasures of art that "entitle her to be called the most magnificent city of Europe." But she adds, "her streets, nevertheless, are ill-paved and dirty; while ruins of immense edifices, which continually meet the eye, give an impression of melancholy to every thinking spectator." [2]

Commerce was insignificant, and the main revenue of the inhabitants was derived from perfumery, pomades, flowers, pictures, and the curiosity of strangers.[3] In her diminished prosperity Rome shared the decay of all Italy, and, says Dupaty, had more beggars than any other city.[4]

The decline of imperial Rome was a favorite theme of eighteenth-century poets, as it had been for generations before.[5] And the ordinary tourist was, in this matter, in entire accord with the poets: "A man on his first arrival at Rome," says Dr. Sharp, "is not much fired with its appearance; the narrowness of the streets, the thinness of the inhabitants, the prodigious quantity of monks and beggars, give but a gloomy aspect to this renowned city. There are no rich tradesmen here, who, by their acquisitions, either enoble their sons, or marry their daughters into the houses of princes. All the shops seem empty, and the shop keepers poor; not one hackney coach in so large a town. . . . This is the first impression; but turn your eye from that point of view, to the magnificence of their churches, to the venerable remains of ancient Rome, to the prodigious collection of pictures

and antique statues, . . . and, with a very few grains of enthusiasm in your composition, you will feel more than satisfied." [1]

Hazlitt's reflections in 1824 might have been written a century earlier: "In Rome, around it, nothing strikes the eye, nothing rivets the attention but ruins, the fragments of what has been; the past is like a *halo* forever surrounding and obscuring the present! Ruins should be seen in a desert, like those of Palmyra, and a pilgrimage should be made to them; but who would take up his abode among tombs? Or if there be a country and men in it, why have they nothing to shew but the relics of antiquity, or why are the living contented to crawl about like worms, or to hover like shadows in the monuments of the dead? Every object he sees reminds the modern Roman that he is nothing — the spirits of former times overshadow him, and dwarf his pigmy efforts: every object he sees reminds the traveller that greatness is its own grave." [2]

Eighteenth-century Rome was, indeed, in large measure a survival of an earlier age. Uninvaded by commercialism, it was hardly touched by the modern spirit. Of public opinion there was scarcely a trace. The paternal hand of the Papal Government was everywhere felt. But the real objection to the government was not that it was Papal but that it was sadly inefficient. Even De Brosses, who, on the whole, prefers Rome to Paris, says, "The government is the worst possible. Of the population a quarter are priests, a quarter are statues, a quarter are people who do nothing. There is no agriculture, no commerce, no machinery, in the midst of a fertile country and on a navigable river." [3]

Although Rome was, above everything else, a Papal city and under ecclesiastical rule, as long as Protestant visitors held their tongues and did not meddle with politics, they were quite undisturbed. Even in the seventeenth century Ray remarks upon the tolerance of the Italians: "They do also shew their civility to strangers in not so much as asking them what religion they are of, avoiding

all unnecessary disputes about that subject, which are apt to engender quarrels; which thing we could not but take notice of, because in France you shall scarce exchange three words with any man before he asks you that question." [1] And a close observer remarks that even in the Capella Paolina, affording room for but a score of visitors, "Toleration extends here so far, that in this most solemn service, when all the cardinals and the pope himself were prostrate before the altar, some Swiss protestants refrained from kneeling, and gave no offence." [2] At all events, Protestants were subjected to no "rudeness or compulsion, which, it is notorious, is practiced in the chapel at Versailles. In Lent, and on other fast or meager days, the protestants never fail of meeting with butcher's meat, etc., at the inns and taverns, without being at the trouble to procure a license for eating it." [3] But even toleration has its limits. An eccentric Englishman had the boldness one day to run up the steps in the center of the Scala Santa, which the devout ascend only upon their knees, "but he was soon called down with great indignation; his conduct was excused on the supposition of ignorance only." [4]

In any case, prudence in speech was the part of wisdom.[5] "In most of the coffee-houses," says Northall, "there are a set of seemingly social and obliging persons, who have the appearance of gentlemen, and insinuate themselves into the company of strangers, who cannot be too much on their guard against them, as they are only spies for the inquisition." For "the least word against their religion or government," [6] the incautious stranger "will have an order to depart the city in twenty-four hours, and sometimes in twelve, on pain of inquisitorial imprisonment." [7] Even until late in the nineteenth century, as Trevelyan reminds us, "In Rome the priest, the spy, and the foreigner were the masters before whom all must tremble for long years to come." [8]

Notwithstanding the spies, the general attitude of the Church towards foreigners, we are told, was "very prudent, from the consideration that they enrich the city by ex-

pending great sums of money here annually, so that they are not strictly attended to." [1] Yet the Church was very slow to give formal sanction to heretical worship within the walls of Rome. "Even the English in the hey-day of their power and reputation on the Continent," says Trevelyan, "were not allowed a church in Rome, but had to be content to worship in a church outside the Porta del Popolo." [2] The English appear to have taken good-naturedly enough the exclusion of Protestant services from the Papal city. They must have remembered that the attitude toward Catholics in English cities of the eighteenth century was anything but cordial.

Protestants though most Englishmen were, many of them arranged to be presented to the Pope. The seventeenth-century Evelyn tells us: "I was presented to kiss his toe, that is, his embroidered slipper, two cardinals holding up his vest and surplice: and then, being sufficiently blessed with his thumb and two fingers for that day, I returned home to dinner." [3] A century and a quarter later Dr. Moore witnessed the same ceremony, "under the auspices of a certain ecclesiastic who usually attends the English on such occasions." [4] Tourists who were not presented at the Vatican might, nevertheless, easily "get a glimpse of His Holiness giving a benediction from his balcony to the people assembled in the great open place before the church of St. Peter," [5] or see him pass in state through the streets. "Everywhere the Pope goes," says De La Lande, "the streets are strewn with green, all the bells are rung, and every one kneels to receive his blessing,[6] not rising until he has passed. Those who do not wish to kneel or to descend from their carriages are compelled to pass into another street." [7]

There were numerous other spectacles to delight the eye. The Carnival season drew to Rome a great concourse of English tourists who watched the riderless horses racing every day but Friday [8] in the Corso, and the thousand fantastic disguises that filled the streets. To escape attention, the Englishman like the rest generally wore

a mask and a domino. Now and then he might see his countrymen caricatured in dress and manner, especially in their fashion of handshaking, which appealed to the Italian sense of humor.[1] And he might count himself fortunate if he escaped being blinded with a handful of confetti. For at this season, says Moore, "the greatest mark of respect you can show your friends and acquaintances is to throw a handful of little white balls, resembling sugar-plums, full in their faces."[2] In the Carnival time Rome was ablaze with processions, with magnificent carriages filled with gayly-dressed cavaliers and ladies, all a-glitter with jewels. The dome of St. Peter's was illuminated. There were masked balls. There were diversions in the flooded Piazza Navone.

The expense of much of the popular merry-making was trifling, and almost necessarily so, for, as already remarked, there was little commercial business at Rome, and much poverty among the masses. But there was great wealth in the Church and in the hands of a few noble families, and as a natural result there was often lavish display. "The cardinals set the example of a great luxury, and the nobility vied with them in displaying their own riches in vessels of silver and gold, in damasks, tapestries, pottery of great price, horses, carriages, liveries."[3] "The magnificence of the great families of Rome," says De La Lande, "consists principally in having vast palaces, many pages, running footmen, lackeys, horses, carriages, costly pictures, and beautiful ancient and modern statues."[4] But he significantly adds: "These rich houses are very rare, even among the princes."

A stranger who sought recognition in high society was obliged in some measure to do as the Romans did in conforming to social laws. He might walk in the morning, but after dinner, when the fine carriages began to move up and down the Corso, he would hardly venture to appear there on foot.[5] The long street was then so crowded with carriages moving in opposite directions that a pedestrian could hardly pass from one side to the other.

What the tourist did at Rome we cannot undertake to follow in detail. The great sights as enumerated by eighteenth-century travelers are in the main those of our time, though within the past two or three generations there has been woeful destruction of choice bits of medieval and Renaissance architecture, as well as extensive discovery of the remains of the ancient world.

The eighteenth century was an age of superficial enthusiasm for antiquity, and every visitor to Rome duly made the rounds of the more important ruins. But there had been little excavation. The Coliseum was filled with débris; the Palatine Hill was covered with gardens, and unexplored; the arches of the theater of Marcellus were blocked up and inhabited by scores of poor tenants; the Forum was every Thursday and Friday a market for cows and oxen,[1] which wandered past the column of Phocas and the half-buried arch of Severus. How different, indeed, the Forum was from the place we know to-day, excavated as it is to the level of prehistoric Rome, we may see in any eighteenth-century description. Says De La Lande, "The place Campo Vaccino, of which we have said that the Forum made a part, is much larger than the ancient place, since it extends as far as the temple of Peace. It takes in a large part of the ancient sacred way, and is to-day rather a field than a place. Trees have been planted in the middle, but they are old and without symmetry. A fountain has been placed there, with a handsome granite basin, but it serves only to water cattle. Some façades of modern churches are seen, but the principal part of this vast space presents nothing but ruins." [2]

But although ancient Rome was only partially disinterred, the city as a whole offered, even in the eighteenth century, so much for examination and study that no transient visitor could view it very thoroughly, particularly if he gave some attention to society. Many English tourists, it is true, cared little for art, yet as a part of their duty while on the Continent, they spent much of

their time in "looking after fine statues, the pictures of great masters, medals, bronzes, and other curios." [1] "At Rome," observes De La Lande, "everybody busies himself with pictures and pretends to know them. Many people live by this traffic, particularly with the strangers." [2]

The ordinary plan of the sight-seer was to spend the morning in visiting antiquities and collections of paintings.[3] After an early dinner one slept till six.[4] In the evening one gave one's self up to amusement.[5] Even Smollett made the round of the galleries. "If I was silly enough to make a parade," says he, "I might mention some hundred more of marbles and pictures, which I really saw at Rome, and even eke out that number with a huge list of those I did not see." [6] One of the greatest of the galleries was the famous Borghese collection, comprising "seventeen hundred original pictures, which are reckoned worth several millions of money." [7]

These and other sights one might view in a casual way with no comprehensive programme in hand. But Rome, more than any other city of Italy, demanded special preparation of the sight-seer. There was a conventional list of things to do. Misson enumerates forty-eight classes of objects that the conscientious tourist should endeavor to view.[8] He presents also an alphabetical list of the one hundred and seven most notable palaces of Rome,[9] with their situation,[10] and adds seventy-one more in an uncommented list, ending with an "etc."

But, to aid in selecting the most important, he recommends that "a traveller who intends not to stay above two or three months at Rome should immediately after his arrival chuse a skilful antiquary, and fix certain times with him to visit the principal rarities of that famous city." [11] "What is called a regular course with an Antiquarian," says Dr. Moore, "generally takes up about six weeks; employing three hours a day, you may, in that time, visit all the churches, palaces, villas, and ruins, worth seeing, in or near Rome." [12]

Some of the antiquaries appear to have given very good

satisfaction. On June 18, 1768, the young Earl of Carlisle writes to Selwyn: "I shall have finished Rome in three weeks more, so as to have seen everything perfectly, and the principal things twice or three times. I am out on this business seven or eight hours a day, which, for a continuance, would be very fatiguing to any one less eager than myself. My ciceroni [!] here, Mr. Harrison, who is a very good man, and a very instructing one in a particular branch of knowledge, was to have set out for England when I had finished Rome. As I should otherwise have been alone till I had met Charles at Strasburgh, I shall make him go with me. We shall see a great many places together on our way, particularly Perugia, Venice, Verona, Padua, etc., etc., which will make this journey much more agreeable to me." [1]

But the multiplication of tourists called into existence a swarm of local guides whose competence left much to be desired. Most of these fellows spoke English, or what by courtesy passed for English, and with undaunted confidence they fastened themselves upon the tourist, often before he had alighted at his inn, offering to explain everything worth seeing in the city.[2] Against these cormorants travelers were repeatedly warned: "There are," says Northall, "a set of people in Rome distinguished by the appellation of Antiquarians, who offer themselves to strangers of quality, to serve them as guides in surveying the curiosities of the place. Too many of our young English noblemen have been deceived and imposed upon by these persons, especially if not competent judges in paintings and antiquities. These Antiquarians will make such novices believe a copy to be an original of Raphael, Angelo, Titian, or some other great master, which they purchase at an extravagant price, and procure a handsome premium from both buyer and seller." [3]

Most of these so-called guides were, indeed, impudent charlatans, who, relying upon their knowledge of local topography, obtruded their ignorance of art, architecture,

and history upon travelers in search of trustworthy information, and by mumbling over the rigmaroles that they had learned destroyed half the pleasure of one's sight-seeing. Breval speaks feelingly of the incompetence of the official conductors of parties through the Vatican. "It is a discouraging Enterprize to digest in my Head, for Instance, all that I have seen in only one Afternoon's Visit to the Vatican, especially as I have put myself under the Conduct of an ignorant subordinate Officer, or Groom, of the Chambers, whose Business it is to earn his Testoon as fast as he can, and hurry away to the next Set of Customers." [1] And Duclos remarks that most of the cicerones at Rome were no better than the valets of the *hôtels garnis* at Paris that showed the city to strangers.[2]

Tourists of some independence might dispense altogether with professional guides and rely upon the tourist hand-books — Misson's or Nugent's or De La Lande's — or one of the numerous local guide-books.[3] Even when one hired an antiquary, such an aid was worth while. "The usual method," says Northall, "is to purchase a little useful book, called, a guide to strangers, which points out and describes most of the places and curiosities in and about Rome." [4]

Critical tourists followed the advice of Nugent: "'Tis proper also to be provided with maps, measures, prospective glasses, a mariner's compass and quadrant, and to be able to take the dimensions of things." [5] Commonly, no great result followed the use of this learned apparatus, but the tourist could flatter himself that he was engaged in original antiquarian research, and he could at all events give thereby a learned air to his notebook.

We must, indeed, not forget that by far the larger proportion of the visitors to Rome were pleasure-seekers, who were ready to give themselves considerable trouble to see the sights included in the usual round, but who were considerably relieved when their labors were at an end. With rare exceptions, the young fellows who were making the

grand tour under the guidance of a tutor brought no critical insight into what they saw, and they carried away from Rome a confused memory of drives through a labyrinth of narrow streets, of visits to a host of churches and museums and galleries, of dull *conversazioni*, where they could understand only half of what was said. But they could hardly forget the great arches of broken aqueducts stretching across the desolate Campagna, the yellow Tiber rolling past the castle of St. Angelo, the burst of sunlight through the top of the Pantheon, the huge mass of the Coliseum, or the view of the swelling dome of St. Peter's as seen from the Pincian Hill. Memorable, too, were the excursions to Hadrian's Villa and the cascades of Tivoli, to the Alban Lake, to Frascati, to Tusculum, to Palestrina.

Delightful as it was, Rome could not claim the attention of any but exceptional tourists for more than a few weeks, commonly six or eight, and then preparation must be made for the trip to Naples or for the return northward.

IX

The journey from Rome to Naples afforded the leisurely tourist abundant opportunity, not merely to view some of the most exquisite scenery in Italy, but to visit ancient towns, in so far as he had not already done so in the excursions from Rome. But the ordinary tourist was at the mercy of his *vetturino*, and caught only fleeting glimpses on the way — here of an ancient tomb or the ruins of a villa, there of a rugged castle or of a white village on a hill. As for the road itself, it left much to be desired,[1] whether one went through Terracina and Fondi or farther east by Monte Cassino.

Of the two or three halting-places on the way, one of the most usual was Capua.[2] But the vast ruined amphitheater and other ancient remains at Santa Maria di Capua Vetere, three or four miles farther south, made a pitiful contrast with the squalid modern town that had grown up about them. One was here beset by beggars and by vendors

of medals and coins dug up in the neighborhood — mostly the refuse that could not be sold to critical collectors.

A few miles farther on was Caserta. In the second half of the century, after the construction of the huge royal palace, one of the most imposing in Europe, tourists often paused here to see the Italian Versailles and to compare it with its French prototype. From Caserta to Naples was a matter of but a few hours.

The liveliest and noisiest city in Italy was undoubtedly Naples. This unique city, with its more than three hundred thousand inhabitants, and its forty thousand half-naked *lazzaroni* living in the streets, presented an endless variety of pictures strangely unlike anything to be seen in England. The din of the narrow thoroughfares was deafening and incessant; it began before dawn with the braying of asses and the bleating of goats, and continued until late at night with the rumbling of carts, the cries of hawkers, and the never-ceasing bray of the undaunted asses. Yet tourists of all types found a peculiar charm [1] in this noisy, dirty city. Wright called it the finest city in Italy; [2] Nugent, "the pleasantest place in Europe"; [3] and the usually not too enthusiastic Dr. Moore regarded it, independently of "its happy situation," as "a very beautiful city." [4]

No competent modern tourist counts the buildings of Naples that antedate the nineteenth century as preëminent for beauty. On the contrary, he is likely to regard most of them not only as dingy and mean, but as tawdry specimens of debased architecture. The modern point of view already appears in the comments of Mariana Starke at the close of the eighteenth century: "The extreme bad taste which pervades almost every building induces travellers to prefer Rome, even in her present mutilated state, to all the gaiety of Naples." [5]

Far more flattering to Naples is the estimate of earlier tourists. Evelyn writes with enthusiasm of the cathedral as "a most magnificent pile"; and adds that, "except St. Peter's in Rome, Naples exceeds all cities for stately

churches and monasteries." [1] And he goes on to say: "The building of the city is for the size the most magnificent of any in Europe." [2]

Eighteenth-century tourists are not less lavish in their praise, though Northall points out that Naples has been "so often ruined by invasions that few remains of antiquity are found in it." [3] Yet even Northall does not hesitate to say: "If Naples is not above half as big as Paris or London, yet it hath much more beauty than either of them." [4] And a little earlier he remarks: "It is observed of this city, that though Rome and Florence may excel it in the magnificence of their churches, palaces, and other public edifices, yet their streets and private houses are generally mean and contemptible, if compared to those of Naples, where the buildings are more uniform and regular, and almost all the houses built in a grand manner; the streets long, strait, spacious. . . . The street named Toledo excels most in Europe for its length and breadth." [5]

It is, indeed, a striking commentary on eighteenth-century standards that so many travelers single out the Strada di Toledo as "the finest street they have ever seen." [6] Even the critical De Brosses says that it is certainly the longest and handsomest street in any city of Europe,[7] but he admits that it has half a foot of mud and two rows of infamous shops and butchers' stalls that extend all the length of the street and mask the houses. Most of the other streets are narrow and mean. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, Naples is, in his opinion, the only city in Italy that really has the air of a capital.[8]

But whatever was to be said of the city itself, there could be but one judgment on the enchanting situation. The Bay of Naples was unrivaled for beauty in Italy; and Naples was the only great city in Europe with an active volcano at her very gates. "Naples," says Goethe, "is a paradise: in it every one lives in a sort of intoxicated self-forgetfulness. It is even so with me; I scarcely know myself — I seem quite an altered man." [9]

In this paradise the conditions were, nevertheless, not

entirely paradisaical. The standard of honesty was low, and the scheming shopkeeper looked upon an unwary tourist as the wolf looks upon the lamb. At night the streets were unlighted and dangerous, with only dim lights before the madonnas.[1] Many other matters were far from ideal. The illiteracy was appalling. "Two in a hundred can read," says Dupaty.[2] Beggars "covered with rags and filth" were omnipresent and pertinacious, crowding in shoals into the coffee-houses and driven by the waiters into the street every five minutes.[3] The *lazzaroni*, says Moore, "strip themselves before the houses that front the bay, and bathe themselves in the sea without the smallest ceremony." During the heat of the day " those stout athletic figures " might be "seen walking and sporting on the shore perfectly naked, and with no more idea of shame than Adam felt in his state of innocence; while the ladies from their coaches and the servant maids and young girls " would " contemplate this singular spectacle with as little apparent emotion as the ladies in Hyde Park behold a review of the horse guards." [4] Conditions so primitive were slightly disconcerting to English tourists. But these undraped paupers were in one respect superior to the beggars of London — they were sober. The hard drinking there so common was very rare at Naples, and a drunken man or woman was scarcely ever seen in the streets.[5]

Notwithstanding the size of Naples, it was "difficult to find lodgings fit to receive a gentleman." Evelyn had stayed at the Three Kings, where he enjoyed "the most plentiful fare," seldom sitting "down to fewer than eighteen or twenty dishes of exquisite meat and fruits." [6] Yet, says Sharp, more than a century later, "Except the house where I am, and another just by it, there are only two indifferent houses of reception in all Naples, whither strangers resort." [7] Good water was "a scarce commodity at Naples," and the air in some quarters was thought to be dangerous for persons with weak lungs.[8]

To occupy one's time at Naples was not very difficult. Besides the endless panorama of the streets there were

excursions to Posilipo, to Virgil's tomb, to Baiæ, to Pæstum, to Capri, and, as the crowning attraction of all, to Vesuvius. The ascent of the volcano was usually counted as a tourist's duty that must not be shirked. But the Earl of Carlisle, writing to Selwyn, confesses, "If I had not been ashamed to have gone away from Naples without going up, I should certainly not have given myself the trouble." [1]

Pæstum, with its array of ancient temples rivaled only by those of Girgenti, was an especially favorite excursion for tourists from Naples. "To-day," says Dupaty, "Pæstum is not inhabited, so to speak, except by French, English, and Russian travellers, and not by Neapolitans." [2] The natives, indeed, gave little attention to such sight-seeing. "All the Neapolitans in general bestow great contempt on the strangers whose curiosity prompts them to ascend Mount Vesuvius, and scarcely one among a hundred of them can be found who has been upon that mountain. Few have ever seen Portici or Pompeii." [3]

After the discovery and partial excavation of Herculaneum and Pompeii, tourists, however, flocked to see the ruins. Mariana Starke visited Pompeii [4] late in the century; and in her itemized list of expenses she notes: "To the man who throws water on the paintings, one or two carlini — to the guide, one ducat." [5] Comparatively little of either of the buried cities was to be seen, and that little was not very intelligently investigated. The main purpose of the eighteenth-century excavation was not to study the conditions of ancient life so marvelously preserved to our day, but to discover curiosities, art treasures, and other valuables.

Many tourists at Naples were so bent upon sight-seeing that the few days at their disposal were overcrowded. But those with more leisure found society in Naples peculiarly agreeable and freely open to strangers who were properly introduced. Neapolitan hospitality was not, however, of the English type. Sharp, as is his wont on most matters, makes a sweeping assertion concerning the Neapolitan

traditions concerning entertainment: "It is not usual here to dine or sup at each others' houses, and there are some who never do, except only on Christmas Day, or, perhaps, during the week; nay, they are, in general, so unaccustomed to entertain one another, that the greater number seldom receive their friends but upon weddings, deaths, and lyings in." [1] Yet the nobility of Naples invited guests to their tables much more generally than was the case in other cities of Italy,[2] though this need not be taken to indicate widely extended hospitality.

On this matter Sharp observes: "There are some, who, when they entertain, give the most splendid, expensive, and elegant dinners that can be imagined. The Prince of Franca Villa keeps a kind of open table every night, with twelve or fourteen covers, where the English of any figure are at all times received with the greatest politeness." [3] Somewhat later he returns to the same theme: "There are not, as I have said, many of the nobility who keep any kind of open table; but those who do, never fail to invite such English whose quality, connections, or recommendatory letters, render them proper company for people of the first rank. The Prince of Villa Franca closed the carnival last week with a splendid dinner (perhaps more splendid than you see in London) provided for eighteen guests, ten of which were the English Gentlemen on their travels." [4]

From 1764 to 1800, Sir William Hamilton was British Envoy at the Court of Naples, and, like Sir Horace Mann at Florence, counted it a large part of his duty to show courtesy to his countrymen and to distinguished strangers from other lands. He took De La Lande up Mount Vesuvius in 1765.[5] Throughout his long stay Sir William's house was popular with English visitors. Even as early as 1765 he used to receive company every evening, much to the pleasure of the English. "It is the custom," says Sharp, "when neither the opera, nor any particular engagements prevent, to meet at his house, where we amuse ourselves as we are disposed, either at cards, the billiard-table, or his little concert; some form themselves into small parties of

conversation, and as the members of this society are often Ambassadors, Nuncios, Monsignoris, Envoys, Residents, and the first quality of Naples, you will conceive it to be instructive as well as honourable." [1] Even more attractive was the envoy's house after 1786, when the beauty and charm of Lady Emma Hamilton made it the most brilliant social center in Naples.

Moral standards were not absurdly high in Neapolitan society, but as was the case in Paris, conventions regulating dress and manners were rigid in the gay Southern capital. A gentleman would not dare, says Dupaty, to appear in the streets on foot in the evening; he would be disgraced.[2] Fortunately, carriages were cheap enough to impose no great expense upon those who knew the tariff.[3] Servants, too, were very cheap; and no lady drove out without running footmen as a part of her equipage.[4]

One could easily and delightfully drift along for a whole social season at Naples, now at the theater, where the clergy, the monks not excepted, went like all the rest of the world; now at the opera, with its inevitable ballet; now on the promenade; now at the Academy. But whoever mingled in society was obliged to turn night into day. Fashionable gatherings did not break up until five o'clock in the morning.[5] Playing for high stakes was a favorite diversion at Naples. Young Charles James Fox found ample opportunity there for lightening his purse. "When he sailed from Naples on his homeward journey, he left his father poorer, it is said, by sixteen thousand pounds." [6]

Tourists who were swept into the social whirl had little leisure for serious study at Naples, but even the idlers commonly saw the most famous classical localities on their pleasure excursions and carried back to Rome an unforgettable memory of this land of the lotus — the ancient city rising tier on tier to the grim fortress of Saint-Elmo; the wreathing smoke of Vesuvius; and, far down the Bay, enchanting Capri closing the view to the south.

X

With the approach of the warm season the tourist, as a rule, made his way back from Naples and took leave of Rome to begin the long return journey. If he had come down through Florence and Siena, he was very likely to follow the road up the east coast through Loretto, Ancona, Rimini, and possibly Ravenna, then visiting some of the cities of the Lombard plain or proceeding to Venice for the festivities of Ascension. On this portion of the trip we need not linger, but we may spare a few words for two or three places, and first for Loretto. English tourists very frequently went to Loretto and gazed in wonder at the treasure heaped up there. Their comments, as might be expected from Protestants, were usually somewhat scornful. Prompted by Misson's "New Voyage to Italy," they remarked upon the beads that were bought and rubbed against the Santa Casa, and "against all the madonnas drawn by St. Luke, and some other most holy relics, as the pease which sprouted in the issue St. Francis had in his neck, which have such virtue that no devil can stand it." [1]

In a place so overcrowded with strangers as Loretto there was bound to be extortion. "The innkeepers," says Keysler, "are for imposing as much as they can upon strangers; but the entertainment is here generally very good." [2] He might also have added that it was sometimes sufficiently penitential. In his usual satirical vein Dr. Moore remarks: "The innkeepers do not disturb the devotion of the pilgrims by the luxuries of either bed or board. I have not seen worse accommodations since I entered Italy than at the inn here." [3]

Some amends were made at Ancona, which hospitably welcomed tourists who could afford the time for social festivities. Baretti extols the courtesy of the inhabitants. They are "liberal of their dinners to many strangers, and especially the English, of whom they are enamoured to a degree of enthusiasm." [1] Ancona

boasted its Roman triumphal arch and its cathedral with ancient Roman columns. But the sights of Ancona were of small account to tourists fresh from Rome.

Fano, Pesaro, Rimini, the excursion to San Marino — of which Addison gives an interesting account — afforded attractions for a variety of tastes, but only occasional tourists took much interest in anything besides the Roman remains, such as the arch at Fano and the arch and the bridge at Rimini.

Nor did they especially appreciate Ravenna. This ancient city, with its unique array of churches and wall mosaics dating from the earliest Middle Ages, has for travelers of our time a peculiar fascination. But the attitude of eighteenth-century tourists was somewhat condescending, if not contemptuous. The famous botanist John Ray was there in the seventeenth century and was not favorably impressed. "This place has scarce any thing to boast of now but its antiquity, being very ill peopled, ill serv'd with fish, notwithstanding its vicinity to the sea, ill provided with inns, and worse with water." [2] More than three quarters of a century later Nugent found "the buildings . . . generally mean, the place but thinly peopled, and its trade entirely lost." [3] In his "Grand Tour," however, he devotes two and a half pages to the city, which was recognized as a place to be visited. Professional guides conducted strangers to the chief points of interest. One of these "was the Rotonda (a little church so called from its figure) without the walls." [4] This was the famous mausoleum of Theodoric the Great, surmounted by a single block of marble weighing four hundred and seventy tons. Byron made a considerable stay at Ravenna. But, in general, eighteenth-century tourists not particularly interested in Byzantine art agreed with Dr. Moore, that Ravenna was "a disagreeable town," and commended the brevity of his account: "The ruins of his (Theodoric's) palace and his tomb now form part of the antiquities of Ravenna; among which I shall not detain you a moment." [1]

The tourist who had made the round of Italy that we have outlined had seen enough to satisfy ordinary curiosity, and was ready to turn to other fields, either to extend his journey into the German Empire or to enlarge his acquaintance with France. In making his way out through northern Italy, if he paid a second visit to Venice or Milan or Turin, his stay was commonly not very protracted. His most likely move, as already remarked, was to bring up at Venice in time for Ascension and the fêtes of that brilliant season.

CHAPTER XIII

GERMANY

I

It is unnecessary to follow the tourist farther in Italy, and obviously impossible to anticipate the route by which he might take his departure. On his way back to England, however, he not uncommonly planned to see something of Germany,[1] though Germany as a whole attracted relatively few visitors in comparison with France and Italy. It was not until the nineteenth century that the flood of English travel began to set strongly in the direction of Germany, and even then, in most cases, the acquaintance with any portions except the Rhine and a few leading cities was strangely superficial.

In the eighteenth century the German tour could, of course, be made, and often was made, in the earlier part of one's survey of the Continent. But since the tour through Germany was not regarded as so essential a part of the traveler's duty as the tour in France and Italy, it was more commonly reserved for the end.

Germany as a whole stood more or less out of relation with the interests of the average Englishman, and that, too, notwithstanding the close political connection of England with the House of Hanover. With the rarest exceptions, the English tourist knew little about German art, architecture, or literature, and he was inclined to look with some contempt upon the plain German people. In all solid attainments the Germans were unsurpassed by any people in Europe. But they were not preëminent for the social graces that distinguished the French — tact, ease, delicacy of taste, repartee. German society was hampered by a superabundance of conventional cere-

mony. The very solidity of German scholarship did not make for lightness of touch in conversation. But some of these social defects were more than compensated by sterling virtues, and in particular by the sincerity that is still so engaging a trait of German character. The English and the Germans have long had every reason for the closest association and sympathy, but even in our time the two peoples hardly understand each other.

Still, even in the eighteenth century, a considerable number of English tourists saw more or less of Germany. The tourist who made his exit from Italy through Turin went by way of Susa over Mont Cenis. Not infrequently he passed through Chambéry and Annecy to Geneva, and thence, perhaps, through Basel and Strassburg down the Rhine. Another important route ran up from Milan through Como, Lugano, Bellinzona, Giornico, Airolo, and thence over the Saint Gotthard Pass to Altorf and Lucerne,[1] whence exit to the north was easy. But, according to Nugent, the pleasantest and more frequented route into Germany was through Trent and Botzen, over the Brenner to Innsbruck. From here one could go by a well-traveled road to Munich and Augsburg.[2]

To go from Venice to Vienna, the shortest way was the carriage road through Mestre, Treviso, Villach, Sankt Veit, Judenburg, and Knittelfeld, a distance of two hundred and eighty-six miles. For this journey, says Nugent, "you may hire a chaise at Mestre for Vienna and give the *vetturino* fourteen or fifteen ducats for your passage, all charges included, or from seven to eight ducats without including all charges."[3] This route occupied twelve or thirteen days and offered little to satisfy one's curiosity.[4] Nugent recommends, therefore, the post-road to Vienna by way of Mestre, Palma, Laibach, Cilli, and Grätz, as affording "much the best accommodation for travellers."[5] One could vary this second route "by taking ship at Venice for Trieste" and going thence by land to Laibach and Vienna.

Once arrived in Germany the tourist found it prudent,

if he cared for his comfort, to confine his journey to the main routes. And this simple fact seriously limited the range of his knowledge of the country.

II

It is extremely difficult to generalize about Germany in the eighteenth century, so great were the differences between adjacent districts and even adjacent towns. For the passing stranger, ignorant of the language and unable to determine what was typical and what was exceptional, the task was wholly beyond his powers.

Germany in our time easily takes its place in the front rank of the nations of the world — in scholarship, in commercial enterprise, in military might. In the eighteenth century, as we have elsewhere seen, Germany as a whole suffered from arrested development. The great industries, which in our time have brought wealth to Düsseldorf and Elberfeld and Essen and Leipsic and Nuremberg and Berlin, were not even in their infancy. Portions of Germany — especially the agricultural districts — were desperately poor, but, as might be expected in a country where in the course of an afternoon drive one might be in the dominions of two or three independent petty sovereigns, the contrasts were very sharp. Early in the century Lady Mary Wortley Montagu remarked: " 'Tis impossible not to observe the difference between the free towns and those under the government of absolute princes, as all the little sovereigns of Germany are. In the first, there appears an air of commerce and plenty. The streets are well built, and full of people, neatly and plainly dressed. The shops are loaded with merchandise, and the commonality are clean and cheerful. In the other, you see a sort of shabby finery, a number of dirty people of quality tawdered out; narrow, nasty streets out of repair, wretchedly thin of inhabitants, and above half of the common sort asking alms." [1]

Estimates of Germany naturally varied widely accord-

ing to the point of view and the opportunities of the tourist. Very flattering is the account of Dr. Edward Browne, son of the author of "Religio Medici," in the last third of the seventeenth century: "Now I must confess that after I had taken so full a view of Germany, I found it quite different from the conceptions I had formed of it myself. . . . 'Tis true, France has many fine cities and seaports, yet they do not come up in number to those in Germany, and I much question whether it has any places that exceed Hamburgh, Lubeck, Dantzick, Bremen, etc. Besides which, the whole country is full of populous towns, great villages, strong castles, seats of persons of quality, delicious plants, forests, and pleasant woods. Nay, Germany affords even under ground mines of gold, silver, copper, iron, tin, lead, quicksilver, antimony, coal, salt, sulphur, cadmia, etc., and is full of the best artificers to work in them. Add to this the easy conversation of the people, who are great lovers of strangers and honest in their dealings. The women are generally well complexioned, of a sober behaviour, faithful to their husbands, and good housewives." [1]

German cities made, as a rule, a very favorable impression upon tourists. Nugent sweepingly declares: "There are no better buildings in Europe, out of Italy, than those of Germany. The town-houses are far more magnificent than those of other countries; and most of the palaces and cathedrals being Gothic, they discover a grand though irregular taste." [2]

In the eighteenth century Germany was on the whole more picturesque than it now is. The onward march of civilization has swept away many a decayed medieval building, and many an old social usage that still lingered harmlessly a century and a half ago. In many places the ancient costumes were still worn,[3] where now is the dull uniformity made possible by the cheap department store.

But notwithstanding all the inducements in Germany to lure the traveler onward,— the variety of scenery,

the picturesque architecture, the historic associations of the cities, and the active social life in the great centers, — few tourists became thoroughly acquainted with more than a small portion of the German Empire. The guide-books duly described the principal cities, but English tourists rarely visited them with the interest that they bestowed upon the cities of France and Italy. Englishmen found agreeable entertainment in a few representative centers, such as Hamburg, Berlin, Frankfort, Munich, Dresden, Prague, Vienna, the Rhine cities, Leipsic, Hanover; but in the medieval architecture of Nuremberg, Hildesheim, Rothenburg, and similar medieval towns, now the delight of lovers of the picturesque, they took comparatively little interest.

Smaller towns that chanced to lie upon the route they commonly saw rapidly, but they deviated little from the main highways for the sake of getting a more intimate acquaintance with the rural districts. For this neglect there was considerable excuse. The typical English village, with its great elms and oaks, its thatched cottages, its stately manor-houses, its well-kept green beside the ivy-covered church, had comparatively few counterparts in Germany. The German village was too often an ill-kept, malodorous, single street, with squalid houses built close to the unpaved road, in which ducks and swine found a congenial abiding-place. Naturally enough, then, the English tourist, almost invariably ignorant of German and acquainted with only an insignificant fraction of the country, seldom shows an intelligent appreciation of Germany and the German people. As a rule, he compares Germany with England, much to his own satisfaction. The homely, *bourgeois* character of a great part of the country, with the odd manners and the abundance of beer and tobacco, sausage and sauerkraut, is what appears most to impress the stranger. He notes that women lack taste in dress and that they carry their knitting to the theater.

In this sort of observation, so common in books of

travel, there was a measure of truth. The German appetite was excellent; the German standard of taste in dress was not exactly Parisian; and plain living made necessary by small incomes was the rule. The marvelous advance of Prussia in military strength and in the arts of peace under Frederick the Great even the hastiest tourist was bound to notice, but of the multitude of states that made up Germany most Englishmen had only the most superficial knowledge. At all events, such a familiarity with the country as any persistent traveler with a competent knowledge of German can now gain in a few months, was extremely rare.

We see, then, that of the countries included in the conventional grand tour, Germany was the one with which the average tourist gained the least accurate acquaintance. Through the medium of his bad French he possibly learned at first-hand some items of interest about cities and towns from Germans of the upper classes. But his lack of acquaintance with the vernacular made him entirely incompetent to gather information from the rank and file of the people, or even to pronounce correctly the names of the towns he passed through.[1]

Naturally, he had no acquaintance whatever with German literature. Even as late as 1824, Carlyle remarked in the Preface to his translation of "Wilhelm Meister": "Hitherto our literary intercourse with that nation has been very slight and precarious." And Leslie Stephen has shown in detail how painfully slow Englishmen were in getting a working acquaintance with the German language. In the eighteenth century they could therefore hardly discern signs of promise in a literature they could not read.

English tourists may, indeed, be pardoned for neglecting to acquire a knowledge of German, when Germans of high social standing "considered it as an accomplishment to be unable to express themselves in the language of their country," and took pains to keep their children ignorant of their native tongue so that it might not hurt their pronunciation of French.[2] Riesbeck comments very freely upon

the German nobles, upon their extravagance, their "ridiculous passion for titles," their fondness for horses, equipages, and servants, and upon the advantage to themselves "if they could bring over from France something more becoming than a stiff carriage, an affected walk, a taste for gaming, and a wretched jargon." [1] Tourists found, even after the middle of the century, that one book out of every ten printed in Germany was in French.

It is true, too, that the great period of German literature is subsequent to the period that chiefly occupies us. But with Gellert and Klopstock and Hagedorn and Wieland and Lessing, there was already a brilliant beginning — altogether unsuspected by the passing tourist. It is, indeed, a significant fact that until after the French Revolution English literature, apart from a few hymns, owes little or nothing to German. In Germany, on the other hand, in the second half of the eighteenth century, English literature received much attention, and sometimes it was preferred to French.[2] In cultured society, particularly at Dresden and Hamburg, English tourists were agreeably surprised to be addressed now and then in tolerable English, though French remained the conventional language of courtiers and hotel waiters until the nineteenth century was well advanced.[3]

For the middle of the eighteenth century Nugent sums up the linguistic situation in a few words: "Latin and French are the most useful for those that travel through Germany, most people of any common education being acquainted with one of these two languages. For a German that understands only his mother-tongue is looked on as a person that has not common breeding; neither is it enough for him to understand Latin: the knowledge of the French tongue is also requisite, if he designs to pass for one that has had a polite education. Hence it comes, that there is no country in the world where there is such a vast number of masters of language, especially for the French, who pick up a very comfortable living. Numbers of them, particularly in the south part of Germany, pique themselves also

for understanding Italian; and even the English tongue of late has begun to be cultivated, especially in Upper and Lower Saxony." [1]

English tourists could, doubtless, with no great difficulty, get on after a fashion in Germany. But most Englishmen had little curiosity for what was most characteristic. The very features of the older Germany that make it peculiarly attractive to tourists in our time were largely repellent to tourists of the eighteenth century. As a result, the great stream of English travel flowed rapidly through the ordinary channels and took little with it.

As already observed, all that particularly interested the eighteenth-century tourist was to be found in the towns and cities. And this was natural. Germany, taken as a whole, was poor, and only in the cities and in the numerous little courts did evidence of wealth appear. The rural hamlets and the houses of the peasantry were, as a rule, destitute of comfort. But in the great towns, like Hamburg and Frankfort-on-the-Main and Leipsic and Dresden and Berlin, notwithstanding the prevailing standards of plain living, many representatives of the middle classes had risen in wealth and influence, and were fond of luxury and display. In some cases they had eagerly given themselves to the delights of literature and philosophy. Those who were just below the nobility in rank had, indeed, copied the fashions and the vices of their social superiors; but, as never before since the Revival of Learning, a multitude of men and women of position and influence were devoted to culture. At the universities, particularly at Göttingen and Leipsic and Jena, there was a strange new life. In the highest circles, too, culture became the fashion, — not merely in the circle surrounding Frederick the Great, but in scores of little courts scattered about the country, — Weimar, Gotha, Anspach, Darmstadt, Meiningen.

But this intense intellectual activity was by no means uniformly distributed. While the Protestant states of the North were thrilling with the new spirit, the Catholic states of the South were relatively apathetic. And then,

too, throughout the country the old inherited divisions between the ranks of society made close relations between the nobility and the commercial classes — whatever their intellectual attainments — the exception rather than the rule. In some cases German princes and nobles seemed to brush aside all distinctions of rank and to associate on equal terms with scholars and men of letters, but such condescension, however genuine and honorable, was by no means a matter of course.

The truth is, that all German higher society, like the society of France and Italy, was extremely artificial. But in greater measure than any other part of Europe commonly visited by tourists Germany delighted in elaborate ceremony, in petty dignities, in high-sounding titles, which could not be omitted without causing a social cataclysm. Until the sentimentalism of the Werther period — after 1774 — brought in its train for a time a sort of artificial return to simplicity in dress and manners, well-to-do society was tightly held in the bands of a rigid conventionality.

Into society such as this the English tourist in Germany came, and, if properly introduced, commonly received a warm welcome. Riesbeck comments upon the amazing popularity of the English in Germany about 1780. The Mecklenburghers especially, says he, have a fondness and veneration for them that approaches to superstition.[1] Germans in the eighteenth century were still true to their ancient reputation as good providers; and their hospitality imposed upon a guest no light burden. "Their entertainments," says Nugent, "are perfect banquets, where they are full of their ceremonies, and so prodigal of their liquor and provisions as to give rather uneasiness than pleasure to their guests." [2]

III

After this rapid survey of the conditions of life in Germany, we may now glance at a few, and only a few, repre-

sentative German cities that English tourists were likely to see, — at least in passing. These cities, needless to say, have in most cases been greatly changed in the course of a century or more. In our day by far the greater proportion of German cities have long since transformed their ancient encircling defenses into well-shaded promenades. In the middle of the eighteenth century, we are told: "Almost all the towns in Germany have old fortifications, which consist only of a wall or rampart faced with brick, a trench full of water, and gates defended by half moons; but few are able to hold out a siege." [1] But even to-day, notwithstanding the amazing transformations of the last half-century, one still finds in the older portions of Braunschweig, of Hildesheim, of Nuremberg, of Augsburg, of Karlsruhe, of Vienna, and of scores of other towns, the very streets, almost unchanged, that met the view of the eighteenth-century tourist. Many cities in Germany a century and a half ago had much the same relative importance that they have to-day, but the modern industrial revolution has greatly enlarged and strangely metamorphosed some towns that in the eighteenth century hardly existed on the map.

Where to begin and where to end our survey of German cities cannot be arbitrarily prescribed, but if we take the eighteenth-century tourist as our guide, we must in any case single out three or four cities in Austrian territory for special mention and reserve our remaining space for some of the most notable cities within the limits of the present German Empire.

The tourist going from Italy over the Brenner was bound to visit Innsbruck, charmingly situated on the Inn, with the mountain wall guarding the little city. Some of the arcaded streets with their stately houses reminded him of Italy. Here he was certain to see the famous Golden Roof and in the Hofkirche the wonderful monument of Kaiser Maximilian I, with its array of life-size bronze statues. With a little effort he could also visit Castle Amras in the vicinity and see the great collection of artistic objects that are now among the chief treasures of Vienna.

From Innsbruck one could take the very rough coaching-road to Augsburg, a distance of ninety-four miles, and proceed thence through Donauwörth and Nuremberg to Hamburg. But as that plan would leave out Vienna, the tourist frequently went direct from Venice to Vienna, by one of the routes already outlined.

The influence of Vienna was greater than its size would appear to warrant. Baron Riesbeck about 1780 ranked it in population along with Naples, but after Constantinople, London, and Paris. Few cities in Europe were more attractive to the tourist. The care-free temper of the Austrian capital made the pleasure-seeking traveler feel instantly at home. "Vienna," says Sherlock, "is perhaps the best city in Europe to teach a young traveller the manners of the great world: at his arrival he will be introduced into all the best houses; and if he is an Englishman, he will meet with the most flattering reception."[1] And even the usually cynical Dr. Moore says with enthusiasm: "I imagine there is no city in Europe where a young gentleman, after his university education is finished, can pass a year with so great advantage; because, if properly recommended, he may mix on an easy footing with people of rank and have opportunities of improving by the conversation of sensible men and accomplished women. In no capital could he see fewer examples, or have fewer opportunities, of deep gambling, open profligacy, or gross debauchery."[2] Moore's eulogy is surely not stinted. We may well believe that any one bent upon vicious amusement would have had no long search in Vienna to find what he sought. Some tourists even counted it among the most dissolute cities in Europe.

In general, the atmosphere in the upper ranks of society was more French than German. French was heard on every side; French fashions were the rule in dress;[3] and French manners admirably suited the temper of the gay and extravagant throngs that crowded the Viennese salons. Strangers were impressed with the lavish display of wealth. "There is no place in the world," says Nugent, "where

people live more luxuriously than at Vienna. Their chief diversion is feasting and carousing, on which occasions they are extremely well served with wine and eatables. People of fortune will have eighteen or twenty sorts of wines at their tables, and a note is laid on every plate mentioning every sort of wine that may be called for." In the winter, he remarks, there is much driving about in sledges of fantastic shapes.[1] "In the short time I have been here," says Baron Riesbeck, "I have seen more splendid equipages and horses than there are in all Paris. Our fashions prevail here universally. Dressed dolls are regularly sent from Paris for the purpose of teaching the women how to put on their gowns and dress their heads. Even the men from time to time get *memoranda* from Paris, and lay them before their taylors and hair-dressers." [2]

In view of the social attractions of Vienna we can well believe Dr. Moore, when he says: "I never passed my time more agreeably than since I came to Vienna. There is not such a constant round of amusements as to fill up a man's time without any plan or occupation of his own; and yet there is enough to satisfy any mind not perfectly vacant and dependent on external objects. — We dine abroad two or three times a week. We sometimes see a little play, but never any deep gambling." [3]

He might have added that Vienna, though lagging behind in some particulars, was a leader in music and the drama. One instinctively thinks of Haydn and Mozart and Metastasio and the other notable names of the little world that prospered by giving pleasure to others. Vienna shared with Munich and Dresden the distinction of presenting Italian opera most brilliantly. And the Vienna theater, particularly in the last quarter of the century, was famous throughout Europe.

But Vienna in the eighteenth century, with all its attractions, was by no means the palatial city that one sees to-day. Then as now the vast cathedral of St. Stephen, with its lofty spire, dominated the whole region, and there were other notable structures. But even in the last quar-

ter of the century Baron Riesbeck complains: "There are scarce eight buildings in the whole town which can be called beautiful or magnificent. . . . The Emperor's palace is an old black building, that has neither beauty nor stateliness. . . . There are hardly three squares or places here which make any figure at all." [1] Where the great promenades, adorned with some of the stateliest buildings in Europe, now delight the eye of the tourist, an encircling wall shut in the narrow and unimpressive streets. The palaces of the nobility were richly furnished, but with more expense than taste. One of the most attractive, just outside the old inner city, was the Liechtenstein Palace, with its extensive gardens and its great picture gallery, which to this day is the most notable private collection in Vienna. The houses of ordinary citizens were "built of stone, generally five or six stories high." [2] By a singular provision, "the second floor of every house" was regarded as the property of the sovereign and assigned to officers or dependents of the court or to any one else. "This is the reason," says Nugent, "there is no other part of Germany where lodging is so dear as at Vienna." [3]

In the eighteenth century the inns of the city had a well-deserved reputation for being very good but also very expensive. The best known were The Court of Bavaria, the Golden Crown, the Black Eagle, the Black Elephant. Tourists who wished to practice economy were advised to live in private houses if they intended to make any stay in the capital.[4] But lodgings were by no means easy to find: "I ran about the city," says Baron Riesbeck, "three whole days with my *laquais de place*, before I could get housed. It is not here as at Paris, where there is an office in every part of the city, giving an account of what houses or lodgings are to be let, and for what price." [5] Street doors were locked after ten at night, and any one entering after that hour was expected to fee the porter — a custom that has survived to our own time.

The suburbs were more populous than the city,[6] but ill-paved and meanly built. Best worth seeing was the Palace

of Schönbrunn, with its famous gardens. Most popular as a pleasure-ground was the great Prater,[1] bordering the Danube, where all the society of Vienna appeared in carved gilt coaches and, along with throngs of humbler folk, watched the display of fireworks of a summer evening.

When the tourist had completed the social round and had explored some of the charming environs of Vienna, he was usually ready to move toward Munich and Augsburg and Nuremberg or toward Prague and Dresden, Leipsic and Berlin. An occasional tourist made his way down the Danube to Pressburg or Buda-Pesth, or even farther, but the normal tourist did nothing of the sort. If he took the road toward Munich, he could with a slight detour see some of the mountain regions now counted among the most attractive in Europe. But a century and a half ago the traveler who delayed among the mountains south of Salzburg or in the Tyrol commonly had no great desire to repeat his experience.

Salzburg was a convenient resting-place, and was thought to be worth seeing, though it did not afford much social amusement, as the inhabitants mostly kept aloof from strangers.[2] Shut in behind its fortifications, the town, with its high houses built all of stone, was regarded as "very handsome." And as for the cathedral, a rather feeble imitation of St. Peter's at Rome, travelers pronounced it "a magnificent building of freestone, which may be reckoned the completest in Germany"![3] Even Baron Riesbeck thought it the handsomest edifice he had seen since he left Paris.[4] But for the marvelous beauty of the situation, with the castle-crowned hill behind the city, the glacial river rushing past the ancient walls, and the mighty Salzburg Alps towering in the distance, the eighteenth-century tourist had far less appreciation than has the tourist of our day.

On leaving Salzburg, the first place of importance after entering Bavaria was Munich. Throughout the eighteenth century Munich was a small walled city of very moderate architectural pretensions. Besides the famous

Frauenkirche there was comparatively little of special note. The great transformation which, under Ludwig I and his successors, has made Munich one of the handsomest cities of Europe, had not even begun. None of the great museums or art galleries that are now the glory of the city had been founded. But tourists of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries lavish praises upon the city. The Elector's Palace was pronounced a "superb structure." Even the matter-of-fact Nugent says with enthusiasm: "The splendour and beauty of its buildings, both public and private, and the magnificence of its churches and convents are such that it surpasses anything in Germany for the bigness." [1]

As late as 1771 the population did not exceed thirty-one thousand. But the social life at Munich was attractive, — in some respects too attractive; [2] and the opportunity to hear good music, particularly opera, was one of the best in Germany.

Northwest of Munich a few hours' journey was Augsburg, the ancient free imperial city which in the Middle Ages shared with Nuremberg the great trade between the north and the south of Europe. The change in trade routes after the discovery of America, and the devastation of repeated wars, reduced Augsburg to comparative insignificance. But tourists on their way up from Munich to Nuremberg and Frankfort commonly passed through Augsburg and saw the principal sights — the stately Maximilianstrasse, with its fountains, the house of the Fuggers, the merchant princes of Europe, the ancient cathedral, the town-house with its famous Golden Hall, and everywhere the picturesque swinging signs of ornamental ironwork.

An occasional tourist made his way westward to Ulm, for the sake of seeing the famous cathedral, but as a rule travelers pushed on to Nuremberg and Frankfort. Among the cities of Germany, Nuremberg for centuries enjoyed special distinction. A free imperial city, and the depository of the imperial regalia, its patrician rulers were proud of its name and its influence. Its situation on the old

trade route through Augsburg to Italy and the East gave the city exceptional prosperity during the Middle Ages and particularly in the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. Along with wealth came a wonderful artistic development, brilliantly illustrated by the work of Albrecht Dürer, Adam Krafft, Veit Stoss, and Peter Vischer.

But, as in the case of Augsburg, the change in the trade routes and the disasters of the Thirty Years' War well-nigh ruined Nuremberg. Throughout the eighteenth century it was much depressed. The population dwindled sadly, and many hundreds of houses stood empty. But it still had a considerable trade, and it preserved much of the aristocratic temper of preceding generations. "There are," says Nugent, "several distinguished families in Nurenberg, which are honoured with the title of Patricians. Some of them are very rich, but so haughty that nobody visits them, and they scarce visit one another. They are apt to ape the noble Venetians in everything, and to tyrannize over the people. They wear pointed hats and monstrous bushy ruffs." [1] The imitation of Venetian aristocratic exclusiveness brought it about that social life in Nuremberg had no such freedom as in Frankfort-on-the-Main, in Hamburg, or in Berlin. "Conversation with the fair sex," says Keysler, "is under much greater restraints in Nurenberg than in most other large cities. . . . And although a foreigner be recommended to a Nurenberger in the strongest manner, he will very seldom invite him to his house if he has a wife or daughter, but is so mistrustful that he rather chuses to carry him to a tavern, and there do him the honour of a *rausche*, i.e., make him drunk." [2]

After Keysler's day social lines were somewhat less strictly drawn, but new ideas made slow progress in Nuremberg. Many things were typically medieval. "At each gate of the city," we are told, "a man is employed every night to go to the top of a high tower from whence he sounds a frightful horn, to call people home

from the suburbs, and at the second blast every one, except the patricians, must hasten to town, or be shut out." [1]

In our day, when one looking out from the ancient Burg sees in the suburbs the tall smoking shafts of great factories that have made Nuremberg the most prosperous commercial city in southern Germany, one can hardly realize how short is the time that separates us from the older order.

From Nuremberg the tourist who was making his way to the Rhine region was likely to go to Frankfort-on-the-Main. This old free city, so exquisitely described by Goethe, was on the great highroads leading to every part of Germany. Like Hamburg, it had kept much of its old prosperity and had an enviable reputation throughout Europe for the excellence of its inns and the luxury in which the best families lived. There was, indeed, an old-fashioned air about Frankfort, an abiding, pervasive survival of the many centuries that had witnessed the coronation of the rulers of the Holy Roman Empire within the ancient Römer. One recalls the suits of clothes that Goethe brought with him from Frankfort to Leipsic, when he went to the university, and the discovery he made that he was dressed in the style of an earlier generation.

But Frankfort was one of the most interesting cities in Germany, and in some particulars one of the most enlightened. Following old traditions, the municipality permitted a reasonable freedom of speech and encouraged an active trade. Even in Coryate's time it was a great center for booksellers. Says he, "I went to the Bookesellers streete, where I saw such infinite abundance of bookes, that I greatly admired it. For this street far excelleth Paules Churchyard in London, Saint James streete in Paris, the Merceria of Venice, and all whatsoever else that I sawe in my travels." [2] The supremacy in the publishing of books gradually passed to Leipsic, but the great fair of Frankfort drew large numbers of French and German merchants every year.

Tourists of all sorts found their way to Frankfort, and with little difficulty entered the social life of the city. We may note in passing that the Jews at Frankfort were very numerous.[1] As in many other German cities, "they are confined," says Nugent, "to a particular part of the town, and go about from tavern to tavern selling things to strangers. The Christians have a great contempt for these wretches, putting them to the vilest drudgeries, and particularly employing them in extinguishing fires. . . . They are obliged to wear a piece of yellow cloth, to distinguish them from the other inhabitants."[2] This treatment appears sufficiently humiliating, but it was far more liberal than was the case at Augsburg. There, says Nugent, "the Jews are not allowed to live in the city, but in the neighboring villages, and are obliged to pay a florin an hour when they resort hither."[3]

But we must pass on to the Rhine. Few tourists whose route brought them near the great river omitted the trip down the Rhine. One could, as already remarked, return from Italy through Geneva and Basel and descend the Rhine, going as far as the cities of Holland. No other river journey in Europe offered more of scenic and historic interest or such an array of interesting cities — Strassburg, Spires, Worms, Mannheim, with Heidelberg a little to the east, Mainz, with Frankfort and Wiesbaden within easy driving distance, Coblenz, Bonn, Cologne, Düsseldorf,— to cite but a few.

Popular as the journey through the Rhine region was, it was very primitive in comparison with the luxurious excursion of to-day. Up stream, indeed, against the swift current, progress was very slow. In the course of a century or more there has been a great change in the appearance of the districts along the banks. Then as now vineyards covered the hills; but the aspect of the towns was very old-fashioned. Most of them were walled. Many had suffered severely in war. Almost all were picturesque and interesting, but few of them were particularly inviting on close inspection. In many cases the

streets were badly paved and not too clean, and the ancient houses were out of repair. The eighteenth century did not greatly prize the survivals of the Middle Ages that lend a peculiar charm to the valley of the Rhine.

Some change in the aspect of these old towns might be expected in the course of three or four generations. But even when allowance is made for reasonable growth, it seems hardly credible that the lapse of little more than a century could have wrought such transformations as are found in these cities as they appear to-day and as they are pictured in the plates that illustrate Cogan's description of the Rhine at the end of the eighteenth century.

But there was no lack of material for the sight-seer of a century and a half ago. Strassburg,[1] Spires, and Worms offered their great cathedrals; and a short detour to the east, on the way down from Basel to Strassburg, brought one to the old university town of Freiburg,[2] with its wooded hills and its fascinating cathedral. More generally admired in the period of the grand tour was Mannheim. Eighteenth-century taste regarded Mannheim, with its straight streets crossing one another at right angles, as one of the most beautiful cities in Germany. Bombarded and destroyed by the French in 1689 along with other cities of the Upper Rhine, it was rebuilt ten years later with appalling regularity. Between 1720 and 1739 the Elector of the Palatinate erected here a huge palace in which one of the most notable collections of art and antiquities in Germany was housed. Its chief rivals were at Düsseldorf and at Dresden. Unless too hurried, the tourist who could present suitable credentials usually arranged to see the Mannheim Collection, but if he had neglected to attend to the formalities in advance, the loss of time was usually too great.

A few miles below Mannheim, and almost opposite to the mouth of the Main, was the ancient city of Mainz. In many particulars it contrasted unfavorably with the neighboring Frankfort. From a distance it made a brave showing, with its towers, its red roofs, and the huge mass

of the cathedral. But the narrow, irregular, and badly paved streets, the decayed medieval buildings, and the general air of neglect did not invite a protracted sojourn. The entire spirit of the place was different from that of Frankfort. There a merchant might be a magistrate and move in the best circles. But at Mainz any one in commercial life was excluded with contempt from the society of the gentry. French influence was strong at Mainz, and French was the favored speech among all who enjoyed high social standing.

We can spare but a word for most of the other towns along the Rhine. In our day Bingen is particularly well known. In the eighteenth century it was a mere village, chiefly notable because a toll was demanded here from every vessel going up or down the Rhine.

The next town particularly worthy of note was Coblenz, now one of the best-built and most attractive of the cities in the entire valley. Charmingly situated at the point where the Mosel joins the Rhine, Coblenz was one of the most historic of the cities between Mainz and Cologne. The town had considerable wealth but was not handsome. "The houses in general" were "antiquated and the pavement irregular." [1] But as Coblenz had suffered severely during the Thirty Years' War, and in 1688 was almost entirely destroyed, though not captured, by the French when they ravaged the Rhineland, it may well have been somewhat dingy and uninviting. Tourists going up or down the Rhine, or traversing the route between Luxemburg and Coblenz by way of Trier and through the Mosel Valley, perforce made a short stay at Coblenz. To Coblenz flocked the French nobility after the outbreak of the Revolution and there lived for months — idle and ungrateful — on the bounty of the Elector. But for the ordinary sight-seer, who cared little for the ancient Church of St. Castor or the Gothic bridge over the Mosel, there was not much in the town itself to invite a long visit.

Bonn shared with Mainz and Cologne the distinction

TOWING A VESSEL UP THE RHINE
THE TOWN AND CASTLE OF HAMMERSTEIN IN THE BACKGROUND

of being one of the oldest towns on the Rhine, but it offered little to tourists. When Misson, making the grand tour in 1687 with his pupil, ascended the Rhine, the two went ashore at Bonn. The place appeared to them "a little dirty city," and they "could not learn that there was anything in it to deserve their stay there." [1] In Misson's day the university was not yet founded, and for the Romanesque minster, with its apse toward the river, he had no eyes. But the beautiful situation made Bonn a favorite place of residence in the eighteenth century. Nugent observes that it improves every day, while Cologne is decaying.[2]

Cologne was visible from afar, and with its walls and towers was strikingly picturesque. "'Tis very rare," says Nugent, "to see so many steeples anywhere at once as appear to travellers upon approaching this city." [3] Early in the seventeenth century Coryate thought the market-place "the fairest that I saw in my whole voyage, saving that of St. Marks street in Venice." [4] But of all the places in Germany that are now viewed by travelers with admiring eyes, Cologne, even in the second half of the eighteenth century, called forth the severest criticism for its beggars, its squalor, its superstition. Much of the city was badly built, and many houses were deserted and falling in ruins. Baron Riesbeck pronounced it in every respect the ugliest town in all Germany. Grass grew in the streets, which were full of disgusting filth.[5] Night and day pestilential stenches polluted the air. The great medieval churches, that now give a unique interest to Cologne, were out of repair and bedizened with tawdry ornaments. The cathedral, left half-finished since the Middle Ages, was encumbered with houses and traversed by one of the city streets.

Ancient fashions persisted long at Cologne. A generation before the period we are chiefly considering, a traveler observes that "at Cologne the women go veiled, as in Italy." [6] As at Augsburg and some other German cities, the treatment of the Jews at Cologne was sufficiently

illiberal. "Over against Cologne there is a village called Deutz, on the other side of the Rhine, inhabited chiefly by Jews whom the elector allows to live there, but they are not allowed to enter the city without a guard." [1]

But especially suggestive of the poverty-stricken character of the city is the picture drawn by a tourist in the latter part of the century: "A great part of the inhabitants are privileged beggars, who form here a regular corporation: they sit upon rows of stools, placed in every church, and take precedence according to their seniority. . . . On the few days of the year when there are no festivals, they roam through the city and besiege the travellers with an insolence and rudeness not to be conceived. Upon the whole, Cologne is at least a century behind the rest of Germany. Bigotry, ill-manners, clownishness, slothfulness are visible everywhere; and the speech, dress, furniture of the houses, everything, in short, is so different from what is seen in the rest of Germany, that you conceive yourself in the middle of a colony of strangers." [2]

A few miles below Cologne, on the right bank of the Rhine, stood Düsseldorf, described by Nugent as "a large, handsome city." [3] Düsseldorf was famous throughout Europe for its gallery of pictures, particularly of masters of the Dutch and Flemish schools. Until 1805 this collection was the chief treasure of the Elector's Palace and drew great numbers of visitors. But in that year it was transferred to Munich, where it has since remained.

We have followed the course of tourists from Vienna across southern Germany, and we have outlined the journey along the Rhine. But another route also was very popular. Tourists often preferred to go up from Vienna through Bohemia to Dresden and Leipsic and Berlin. The journey through the dreary plains of Bohemia was no great pleasure, for "the peasants were all in a state of vassalage to the nobility, and . . . a brutish heavy kind of people, pretty much addicted to pilfering and

thieving." [1] But at Prague one found a beautiful and wealthy city, with the nobility and gentry living in luxury unsurpassed in any other part of Germany. "As to company there is no town in the Empire that has a greater choice. There are assemblies in the houses of quality every night, where they divert themselves with gaming and crown the night with good cheer, as pheasants, ortolans, trouts, salmon and cray-fish, with good wine." [2]

The old capital of Bohemia had, indeed, no lack of interest, with its many-arched medieval bridge spanning the Moldau, its strong city walls and towers, its great ghetto, and on the heights overlooking the city and the river the historic palace of the kings — the Hradschin. One might well linger at Prague, but we cannot pause for more detail.

From Prague the tourist might go to Eger, or perhaps halt for a short stay at the famous Baths of Karlsbad. If his fancy led him toward Breslau he went through Königgratz and Schweidnitz. A well-known route from Eger to Amsterdam [3] conducted him through Culmbach, Bamberg,[4] Würzburg, Aschaffenburg, to Frankfort-on-the-Main, and thence down the Rhine to the Dutch capital.

Few tourists journeying from Prague to Berlin neglected to see Dresden and Leipsic. Dresden, the seat of the court of the Elector of Saxony, was counted by travelers of every type as one of the most agreeable cities in Germany. Situated on the Elbe, here spanned by a monumental stone bridge, and within easy reach of charming scenery, it possessed attractions that since the eighteenth century have in ever increasing measure made it a favorite abode of English-speaking residents. More than twice as large as Leipsic, Dresden made far less demand upon the tourist's purse. Says Mariana Starke, "The people are quiet, worthy, and very civil to foreigners, who live here comfortably at a moderate expense." [5] For the majority of the inhabitants economy was made necessary by the heavy burdens imposed by the Seven Years' War. But the city made a good appearance and

compared favorably with Vienna. The houses were "all of freestone, high and substantial; the streets broad, straight, well paved, neat, and in the night time well lighted."[1] Many houses were spacious and handsomely furnished. The traveler who could afford the expense found at the Hotel de Pologne an inn rivaling the best in Europe, where one was entertained in princely style.

Nearly everything at Dresden was in fact the best of its kind. The court was for a time counted one of the most brilliant in Europe. And the court band, the theater, and the dancers were maintained at vast expense.[2] For the tourist of culture the special attraction of Dresden, however, was the great gallery of pictures, unsurpassed in Germany and one of the finest in Europe. Before 1760 it contained more than two thousand pieces, among them Correggio's "La Notte" and "Mary Magdalene," and Raphael's Sistine Madonna. The modern picture-buyer smiles to note that the collection was "valued at near £500,000."[3] For the Sistine Madonna the price paid was about 225,000 francs.

But tourists were expected to pay handsomely for seeing the treasures of Dresden. Early in the century Keysler suggests to those who visit the famous "Green Vault" that "the fee for seeing this museum is generously discharged with five or six *guldens*[4] given the attendant, who opens the doors; but the greatest part of it goes to the superintendent, or keeper of the museum. At the entrance the shoes of such persons as are admitted are carefully wiped, in order to keep the place as free as possible from dirt or dust."[5] And late in the century tourists were advised that to see the picture gallery, the treasury, the cabinet of antiques, the elector's library, "it is necessary over-night to send your name, country, and quality to the respective Directors, together with the number of persons you design bringing, and the hours at which you mean to come."[6]

From Dresden a slight detour to the northwest brought one to Leipsic. In the middle of the eighteenth century

Leipsic was a city of no more than about thirty thousand inhabitants. One could "easily walk round it in the compass of an hour." It was fortified, but the walls were more suited for a pleasant promenade than for defense. An invading army would have found rich spoil in Leipsic. Tourists were particularly impressed with "the great market-place, adorned with merchants' houses, which look like princely palaces, and make the handsomest figure of any buildings of that kind in Europe." [1] Much of the older Leipsic still survives, with its quaint sixteenth-century Rathhaus, with its houses "of stone or brick, six or seven stories high," and its narrow winding streets, where a stranger speedily loses his way.

This "klein Paris," as Goethe called it, was famous for its university and for the splendor in which the inhabitants lived. "The women dress vastly gay," says Nugent, "and are very sumptuous in respect to gold and silver lace with which they adorn their caps and gowns. . . . There is a great number of chariots in town, which belong to physicians, professors, or merchants; for the nobility are not allowed to have houses of their own in this city." [2]

Much of this display of wealth was maintained by the great fairs, which drew thousands of merchants from every part of Europe and even from Asia. After 1764, Leipsic won in the competition with Frankfort for the supremacy in the publishing of books, and has not since been surpassed in this field by any other German city.

As one result of the prosperity of the city, the cost of living was high. "The students are at great expence in this town," says Nugent, "lodging and provisions being very dear; but then they have the advantage of mixing with the best of company, and acquiring a greater politeness of behaviour than in any other German university." [3]

Along with her devotion to trade Leipsic gloried in the reputation of her scholars and men of letters. Here Gottsched ruled as literary dictator in his day. Here lived Gellert and Klopstock, and, for a time, the greatest of German critics — Lessing. Here came Goethe in the pride

of his young manhood and enrolled his name as a student. Here, too, came Schiller, and an endless array of other men who are not yet forgotten. A city boasting all these attractions not unnaturally appealed to the tourist, and Leipsic was commonly included in the list of the eight or ten cities thought best worth visiting.

In the very front rank of these cities, stood Berlin. Unlike France, Germany has never had a capital, but even in the eighteenth century Berlin, though far smaller than London or Paris or Vienna, may without question be ranked among the foremost cities of Europe. Tourists grow enthusiastic over "its spacious, beautiful streets," its "royal palace, a magnificent structure of free-stone," the churches, the arsenal, the opera house, and the splendors of the court, with its throng of nobility and officers of the army — the officers of Frederick the Great. A short drive to the west of Berlin brought one to Charlottenburg, with its Schloss and its gardens. A few miles farther on was Potsdam, where Frederick gathered about him some of the most brilliant minds of Europe.

But though regarded as "certainly one of the most beautiful cities in Europe," [1] Berlin was very far from being the great and imposing city that one sees to-day. Indeed, one who was familiar with Berlin only a quarter of a century ago would hardly recognize the present city. In the last quarter of the eighteenth century Dr. Moore remarks: "There are a few very magnificent buildings in this town. The rest are neat houses, built of a fine white free-stone, generally one, or at most two stories high." [2] Then, as now, "the most fashionable walk in Berlin" was "in the middle of one of the principal streets" — Unter den Linden. The entire city was "surrounded with a wall and fortifications in the modern way." [3] Such antiquity, however, as marks scores of German cities even in our time was entirely lacking.

Berlin in part attested its claim to be regarded as a great center by high prices. Money was "a great deal scarcer than at London or Paris," [4] but strangers found "very little difference in the ordinary expense of living." [4] Something

of a cosmopolitan air was imparted by the "vast number of French refugees at Berlin, insomuch that the French language" was "almost as commonly spoken and understood as German. The partiality shewn by the present King to the French nation has induced great numbers of the inhabitants of that country to flock hither every day, for which reason it is called by a great many the Paris of Germany." [1]

There was as yet no university in Berlin, but, like Göttingen and Leipsic and Hamburg, the city was a center of great intellectual activity. The Berlin Academy, organized on the plans of Leibnitz, counted notable scholars among its members, particularly Lessing, who was elected in 1760. After the middle of the century, Lessing did much during his residence at Berlin to emancipate German literature from the trammels in which it had moved. He drew his inspiration more from English literature than from French, and along with his Jewish friend Moses Mendelssohn, and others, he made Berlin widely recognized as a city of "enlightenment." To the great Frederick German literature owed little immediate encouragement. He was passionately devoted to French literature and incapable of appreciating the rising German writers that have made his reign illustrious, but the political supremacy he gave to Prussia brought with it an inevitable advance in all departments of culture, and made Berlin a city that no intelligent tourist could afford to neglect.

Very different in type and history was the city of Hamburg.[2] This great free city, with its mighty fortifications and its picturesque high-gabled houses, saw every year a good proportion of the English tourists who visited Germany. Its wealth and culture, its commercial importance, and, in particular, its situation, made it the city with which Englishmen very frequently began or ended their tour in Germany. Strangers found easy access to the luxurious society of Hamburg and were made to feel very much at home.

Hamburg, along with Bremen, had remained neutral

during the Thirty Years' War, and, except for the inevitable loss of inland trade and the consequent lack of employment for the lower classes, sustained no material injury. In the eighteenth century it carried on a vast commerce with all parts of Germany and was the richest and most important seaport, as well as "the most flourishing commercial city, in all Germany." [1] The inhabitants of Hamburg were accustomed to deal with affairs in a large way, and they were themselves great travelers.

This commercial supremacy naturally involved easy communication with other cities and made Hamburg a favorite starting-point for the journey to Copenhagen, to Stockholm, and other Baltic ports, to Cologne and Brussels and Amsterdam, to Frankfort, Strassburg, and Geneva, and, in particular, for the journey to Vienna and intermediate cities. The stage-route to Vienna in summer ran through Braunschweig, Nuremberg, and Regensburg, where one might take the market-boat twice a week down the Danube, or continue by land through Passau, Linz, and Krems to Vienna, a distance of about five hundred and fifty miles.[2] Two other routes from Hamburg to Vienna ran, one through Berlin and Breslau,[3] — the longest of all, — the other through Leipsic and Prague. Of these three routes the last was the shortest.

Tourists entering or leaving Germany by way of Hamburg got a very favorable view of German culture. Some of the most notable men of letters, among them for a time Klopstock and Lessing, made their home there. And the theater of Hamburg enjoyed a European reputation.

With Hamburg we may well conclude our survey of Germany. Some tourists, indeed, saw much more of the country than we have considered. They made their way through the towns along the Baltic coast, — Lübeck, Rostock, Stralsund, Stettin, Dantzig, Marienburg, Königsberg, and sometimes went as far as Riga or even St. Petersburg. Incidentally, too, in other parts of the country, English travelers touched a multitude of places that we cannot take time to consider. There has, therefore,

been no account taken here of Aachen, the ancient city of Charlemagne, one of the popular health resorts of northern Europe;[1] of Hanover; of Braunschweig, where were "generally some young gentlemen from Britain . . . sent to be educated" there;[2] of Regensberg, the imperial city abounding in ancient architecture, and noted for its society; of Schwalbach, famed for its mineral waters; of Cassel, of Gotha, of Weimar, of Eisenach, of Jena, of Bamberg, and of scores of other towns that would find due place in a systematic guide-book. But the ordinary eighteenth-century tourist would, perhaps, hardly feel that he had been defrauded by the omission.

CHAPTER XIV

THE LOW COUNTRIES

I

The trip in the Low Countries might be taken, as it often was, as part of a short circular tour by one who ran over to the Continent for only a few weeks, but commonly it was put in at the beginning or the end of the long Continental tour. The Austrian Netherlands and the Dutch Provinces were in many respects very different in their physical character, their type of population, and the occupations of the people. We shall therefore do well to consider separately the two divisions — the Dutch Netherlands, which we commonly know as Holland, and the Austrian Netherlands, substantially the same as what we now call Belgium. But we need not spend many words on either division.

Tourists in the Low Countries appear, indeed, to have done about the same things that tourists now do, if we make allowance for the means for rapid travel now at the disposal of sight-seers. In the eighteenth century one covered less ground in a day, but in countries so diminutive, where comparatively little time had to be spent in merely passing from place to place, the advantage of feverish haste was not evident. All in all, the tour in the Netherlands was not so highly esteemed as the tour through France or Italy.[1] Yet there was no lack of curious strangers. In the first quarter of the seventeenth century, Howell tells us, "There is no part of Europe so haunted with all sorts of foreigners as the Netherlands, which makes the inhabitants, as well women as men, so well versed in all sorts of languages, so that, at Exchange time, one may hear seven or eight sorts of tongues spoken upon their burses; nor are the men

only expert herein, but the women and maids in their common hostries." [1]

Holland was for its size "the richest country of the Continent," and the Bank of Holland at Amsterdam was "supposed to contain more treasure than all the banks of Europe." [2] The Dutch people were notable for their frugality.[3] "One would think they suck in with their milk a desire and thirst of gain. . . . They are given to drinking, as well as all the northern nations, but especially when they treat their friends, which they do very elegantly, tho' perhaps they save it out of their bellies the rest of the week. They affect to be neat in their houses and furniture to a degree of excess; for they continually wash and rub their goods, even the benches, and the least plank, not forgetting the stairs, at the bottom of which most of them pull off their shoes before they go up. Even the very streets are kept wonderfully clean, the servants of each house being obliged every day to wash and rub the pavement before their door." [4]

As for Dutch society, it lacked the sparkle and brilliancy of the society of Paris, Rome, and Vienna; and then as now comparatively few English took the pains to seek admittance to it. What chiefly attracted the tourist in Holland was the quaint survivals in dress and manners and architecture that met him not only in little towns, but in great cities. His stay was commonly not long at any one place, but as in other countries he was likely to make his way to some of the more notable cities.

English tourists had more than one reason to feel somewhat at home in Holland. For generations this little country had been a refuge for Englishmen who were unwelcome at home. Then, too, the active commerce with Holland compelled the presence of considerable English colonies in more than one seaport. From Rotterdam, says Nugent, "sometimes three hundred British vessels go out at once." [5] Here were two English churches, and "two or three English houses for the accommodation of travellers." [6] There were enough English at Amsterdam to sup-

port an English church. At Middleburg there was one English church, and at Dordrecht there were two.

Most of the places that claimed the attention of the tourist were the same that strangers commonly visit to-day. The ordinary round in Holland included Middleburg, Dordrecht, Rotterdam, Delft, The Hague, Leyden, Haarlem, Amsterdam, Utrecht, and Gouda, with a possible run to Arnheim or Zutfen or to s'Hertogenbosch,[1] and Nimeguen. The eighteenth-century accounts of the towns of Holland seem very modern. Holland has, indeed, changed singularly little in outward appearance in the course of two centuries. There are now fewer walled towns,[2] and there is electric or steam transportation everywhere; but the general aspect of most Dutch towns is much the same as in Dutch pictures of the seventeenth century.

What Lady Mary Wortley Montagu remarked in 1716 continued true in the main throughout the eighteenth century: "Sure nothing can be more agreeable than travelling in Holland. The whole country appears a large garden; the roads are well paved, shaded on each side with rows of trees and bordered with large canals, full of boats, passing and repassing. Every twenty paces gives you the prospect of some villa, and every four hours that of a large town, so surprisingly neat, I am sure you would be charmed with them." [3]

It is not to be supposed, however, that a century and a half can pass over a country without leaving traces, and it is, of course, in the towns that one notes the most marked changes since the grand tour went out of fashion. To a few of these towns we may now give a word or two of comment. Rotterdam was, "next to Amsterdam, the most trading town in the United Provinces," [4] and "the usual landing place of strangers." [5] "There is," says Nugent, "always a large number of British subjects who reside in this town, and live much in the same manner as in Great Britain?" [6] In our day Rotterdam offers little of artistic or architectural interest, and in the eighteenth century it offered still less.

A short journey by canal brought one from Rotterdam to Delft. Delft was notable in the eighteenth century as "a very agreeable quiet place, being the retreat of wealthy merchants who have left off business." [1] The memory of William the Silent and his tragic end pervaded the little city, but, apart from the old Prinsenhof, where William was assassinated, and the church containing his tomb, there was little at Delft to detain the sight-seer. A writer in 1743 complains that most tourists are so much in a hurry "to secure the first boat that goes off for The Hague" as not to allow themselves "sufficient time for viewing so considerable a city." [2]

The Hague was justly popular with the English, who there made themselves very much at home and had their own inns and coffee-houses.[3] This city was noted for the magnificence of its buildings, the width of its streets, and the great number of its squares and its shade trees. All about The Hague were "beautiful country houses, magnificent gardens, fine meadows or charming villages." [4] In the city itself, before excessive gaming became "the reigning passion of the place," [5] one of the favorite diversions was to "walk on the Mall and to watch the fine coaches."

Fashions at The Hague were very arbitrary. "People observe forms here more than they do at the Court of Great Britain. They know nothing of a morning undress. Were a person of quality to appear in the Mall at The Hague equipped like his footman, every body would believe him out of his senses." [6]

At The Hague gaming was the chief diversion, as was the case in most of the other capitals of Europe. "Those, however, who do not play are not thought so unfashionable and ill-bred, and consequently are not so much out of countenance here as at Paris or London." [7] The same author remarks: "The inhabitants of The Hague are more genteel, conversible, and civil to strangers, than those of the other cities of the provinces. It must, however, be owned, that they are as defective in point of

hospitality, as those of the other cities. They hardly know what it is to invite a stranger to drink a glass of wine, or a dish of tea, and much less to a dinner. They excuse this excess of parsimony by saying, that were they to give in to the custom of entertainments, as practised in other countries, they should soon be undone, in effect of being visited by so great a number of strangers." [1]

A characteristic eighteenth-century attraction of The Hague was "the Spin-house, or house of correction for such young women as have made a false step. . . . Everybody is admitted to see them, paying two-pence to the porter." [2] But the picture gallery which is now the goal of most visitors to The Hague had not yet been established.

When one tired of the town one could drive down to the beach. Scheveningen was not yet the popular watering-place for The Hague and all Holland that it now is. "The village consists of one pretty street, with the church at the farther end of it." [3] But even in the eighteenth century tourists agreed that "there is not a pleasanter or more refreshing place anywhere for coaches, chaises, or people on foot than the sands, especially when the sea is out." [3] The great hotels that now overlook the beach were of course not even planned, but such accommodations as there were anticipated modern conditions at Scheveningen, in at least one particular. Hungry sight-seers sometimes got a meal at one of the fishermen's houses. "The largest of them stands on the downs, and has a prospect to the sea, being an inn where you may go and have a dinner drest, if you like to pay for it twice as much as it is worth; for all the innkeepers of this place are remarkable for large bills." [4] Overreaching was, indeed, the besetting sin of the Dutch, particularly if one was so simple as to trust to the honor of the innkeeper, the postilion, the porter, or the master of the post-chaises,[5] and could point to no recognized tariff in case of a dispute.

But we must pass on to Amsterdam, on the way noting that Leyden and Haarlem were each famous, the one for its university and the other for its great organ, its pic-

tures, and its tulip gardens. Leyden was the largest town in Holland next to Amsterdam.[1] Leyden and Haarlem were, however, provincial, while Amsterdam took its place as one of the three greatest cities in Christendom. "It is," says Nugent, "certainly one of the greatest ports in the known world for trade, and perhaps inferior to none for riches." [2]

Notwithstanding the wealth of the city, coaches were few, since not many persons, "except strangers and physicians," were allowed to have them. The houses were built upon piles, and it was feared that the jarring of carriages would injure them. "There is a greater number of sleds," says Nugent, "which are a heavy, unpleasant carriage, and fit for none but old women." [3] As for transportation on the canals, it was not particularly agreeable in hot weather on account of the fetid odors. The favorite promenade was along the town walls, where was a "dyke shaded by two rows of trees." [4]

As might be expected in a preëminently commercial community, money was "adored here more than in any other country," and, according to Nugent, supplied "the place of birth, wit, and merit." [5] The wealth of the city was evidenced by the streets, some of which were counted among the finest in Europe — the Heeren Gracht, the Keizers Gracht, the Prinsen Gracht — with canals down through the center. Already famous was Kalver Straat, in our day one of the busiest streets in the world.

Particularly notable among the sights of Amsterdam was the State House, which even eighteenth-century tourists criticized for the lack of a fitting entrance. None of the churches was remarkable. As at The Hague, a favorite sight was the Spin-House, "where they lock up lewd women. . . . Those under whose custody they are, who look like grave and sober matrons, permit gentlemen for a trifle of money (that Dutch god) to have access to them, so as to speak to one another through the grates; on which occasion it is customary for them to entertain

their visitors with such abominable discourses and indecent actions as are shocking to men of any sense or morality." [1] "It is also customary for strangers to see something of the famous Spiel-houses or music houses in this city. These are a kind of taverns and halls where young people of the meaner sort, both men and women, meet for dancing." [2]

Besides these moderately edifying amusements, the tourist interested in art found much at Amsterdam to occupy him if he secured admittance to private galleries, but the magnificent collection which is now the pride of all Holland was not yet brought together. All in all, there was a good deal of humdrum at Amsterdam; and one who had traversed all Europe in search of excitement found Amsterdam tame in comparison with Paris or Naples or Rome or Vienna. If one was interested in trade, one did well to tarry at Amsterdam, but as for sight-seeing an experienced tourist could exhaust the place in a few days.

We need not take the time to traverse the country in detail, but we may note that Holland in the eighteenth century attracted Englishmen, and particularly young Scotchmen, of wealth, to go there to complete their education.[3] Commonly, their work at the university was supplemented by a tour in France, which familiarized them with French manners and French morals — or what passed as such. For higher education, particularly in medicine and law, Utrecht was famous and drew to the university "a great number of foreigners, among the rest some English." [4] James Boswell went to Utrecht as a student of law in 1763. Goldsmith was for a time at Leyden. A writer in 1743, comparing Leyden and Utrecht, remarks: "Dress is not at all regarded at Leyden, and rich clothes are in contempt there. In Utrecht they affect more politeness, and always go abroad drest. They all wear swords." [5]

A short run from Utrecht towards Rotterdam enabled one to visit the old church of Gouda, with its

famous windows, containing the finest painted glass in Holland.

As already remarked, a good number of English regularly resided in Holland, but few English tourists made a long stay there, and fewer still got enough acquaintance with Dutch to converse freely with the common people. Such social intercourse as there was between the natives and the tourists was commonly carried on in French or English. The Dutch people of the higher classes, we are told, "imitate the French in their dress, their mien, talk, diet, gallantry, or debauchery, but mimic them very aukwardly." [1] To the Dutch people, the English, with comparatively few exceptions, were mere birds of passage. And as for the reserved English, they found in the Dutch a stolid indifference that permitted the tourist to flit past without suffering the annoyance of excessive courtesy. Among themselves, Dutch families, interrelated in manifold ways throughout Holland, exchanged visits with commendable zeal, keeping accurate count of the obligations incurred, and repaying them in due season. But with strangers as guests the obligations would have been all on the wrong side of the social ledger; and to the thrifty the returns seemed hardly to justify the outlay of trouble and expense.

II

In the Austrian Netherlands tourists saw a good number of the towns and, particularly in Flanders, found "the inhabitants . . . more polite and hospitable than those of Holland, being an open and freehearted people." [2] One went, of course, to Antwerp and Brussels, and if time permitted, to Ghent and Bruges, to Ypres, Tournay, Dinant, Namur, and Liège. Especially popular was Spa, which might almost be counted as the typical Continental watering-place in the eighteenth century. Ostend and Blankenbergh, we may note, had not yet become seaside resorts.

Antwerp was noted for the number and beauty of its

churches, and in particular for the vast cathedral with its soaring spire, the favorite subject of more than one Flemish painter; but the greed of the Dutch in closing the Scheldt to commerce, by sinking ships filled with stones and by driving palisades, made the city a dull, deserted place, with grass growing in the streets. Says James Edward Smith, "Surely the inhabitants have need of every sort of dissipation to make existence tolerable in so gloomy and lifeless a town." [1]

Brussels, on the other hand, was prosperous, and was counted "one of the most beautiful and brilliant cities in Europe." The great number of well-to-do, unoccupied strangers there gave it the appearance of a watering-place. Social intercourse was easy and morality not too rigid. The inhabitants were noted for affability and politeness. Their private picture galleries they very courteously showed to strangers. In the palaces of the nobility there were notable collections of the greatest Flemish and Italian masters. The water supply of Brussels vied with that of Rome itself, and the "inns or eating houses" were "equal to any in Europe." How cheap they were we have seen elsewhere.[2] In a way Brussels was a small copy of Paris, but the imitation was very transparent and deceived nobody. For a short stay, however, Brussels was extremely agreeable, and whoever toured the Low Countries included Brussels in his route as a matter of course.

Very different in character was Bruges, with its silent, glassy canals bordered with huge windmills, its decayed and mouldered aspect. At every turn one saw traces of departed wealth and greatness — in the vast square once filled with busy traders from every country in Europe and from remote corners of Asia, in the richly adorned ancient houses, in the mighty Halles, with lofty tower and tinkling chimes, and in the immense churches, filled with exquisite works of art. The charm of the old city was felt even in the eighteenth century, though many of the artistic treasures of the medieval period were not duly prized until a later day.

Another survival from the Middle Ages was Ypres, once a city counting its inhabitants by scores of thousands but long since reduced to the rank of a small town. Here, too, the Grand Place, one of the largest in Europe, the long Gothic arcades of the Cloth Halls, the beautiful cathedral, and many other ancient buildings gave a suggestion of the greatness of Ypres in the days when its name was known beyond the seas.

We cannot linger at Tournay, with its sleepy old streets and its many-towered cathedral, or at Namur, with its famous citadel, but we must give a word to Liège and Spa. Liège was noted for its wealth and the magnificence of its buildings, particularly of the churches, a reputation well deserved even in the opinion of our day. Particularly was it desirable as a place of residence. "The gentlemen of Liège," says Nugent, "are affable and courteous to strangers. The inns are very good, and provisions extremely cheap; and there are few places in Europe where one has a greater variety of better wines. In short, a gentleman of a small estate cannot live in any place in the world more comfortably than at Liège." [1]

But as a resort for pleasure-seekers no place in the Netherlands, and few in Europe, rivaled Spa. In the middle of the eighteenth century the town consisted of four streets in the form of a cross and contained about four hundred houses. During the months of June, July, and August it was overrun with tourists, who came to drink the waters and participate in the gay life. In August of 1768 the Earl of Carlisle writes to Selwyn that he has found many friends there, and he adds: "I rise at six; am on horseback till breakfast; play at cricket till dinner; and dance in the evening till I can scarce crawl to bed at eleven. This is a life for you." [2]

Charles James Fox was here with the family party in 1771 and had no difficulty in dissipating some of the paternal wealth. In August, 1767, Lady Sarah Bunbury, writing to Selwyn from Spa, says, "I like this place very much"; and such was the verdict of most English

tourists. We might cite a long list of titled visitors, both men and women, but for our purpose this is unnecessary.

We have now completed our survey of some of the most representative of the towns that attracted eighteenth-century tourists. The list is in no sense exhaustive, and in the nature of the case could not be, but it is sufficiently extended to indicate with reasonable accuracy the lines of travel most followed a century and a half ago by those who traveled for amusement or for intellectual profit.

CHAPTER XV

CONTEMPORARY COMMENT ON THE GRAND TOUR

I

One who has followed the course of the tourist as outlined in the preceding pages needs little further comment upon the value of the grand tour as a system of education. If the tourist was prepared to take advantage of the opportunities so richly offered, the returns were of almost incalculable value. What the educational possibilities of well-directed travel were we may see in its influence upon an eager young tourist like Goethe. And he was merely an unusually brilliant type of what many English travelers strove to be. One naturally thinks of Milton, of Evelyn, of Addison, of Gray. Many Englishmen, doubtless the majority, traveled superficially, but as a class they had the reputation, not only of being the most numerous tourists on the Continent, but — with the possible exception of the Germans — of deriving more profit from their journeys than any other travelers.

Even to the dullest dolt there was something in St. Peter's, in the Bay of Naples, in the ascent of Vesuvius, to stir the blood and give a fillip to the imagination. In general, we may safely venture the opinion that when a reasonably mature young man of good ability and some self-restraint went abroad with a tolerable education and spent his time in mastering the languages of the Continent, in becoming familiar with the art, the architecture, the social usages, the history, the systems of government, of the various countries he visited, he could hardly have employed his time more profitably. The studious and open-minded tourist enlarged his view of mankind, learned tolerance, discovered what was worthy of imitation, grew

more polished in manners, and became a citizen of the world.

Like most things human, the grand tour was neither wholly good nor wholly bad. But the young tourist was too often a mere unlicked cub, who brought to the study of the art of Florence and the antiquities of Rome the taste and the manners of Tony Lumpkin. Naturally, as is the case with most questions where the terms are ill-defined, there was great divergence of opinion as to the value of the grand tour. Tourists differed widely in character and aims and attainments and signally failed in many cases to profit by their opportunities, even when they escaped moral contamination. Those who saw mainly the evils were not disposed to minimize them: those, on the other hand, who realized the humanizing influence of the study of other lands and peoples stoutly maintained that the good results far exceeded the bad; that those who went astray on the Continent would have done the same at home; and that sooner or later a young man must be left to direct his own steps. With this wide diversity of opinion concerning the influence of foreign travel, we cannot safely make a sweeping generalization. Notwithstanding the fact that travelers tended to follow beaten tracks and that they saw many of the same things, no tour exactly duplicated another in its details and in the impression that it made on the sight-seer.

For most young fellows the grand tour involved a large expenditure of time and money for which they got comparatively small return. For them the long stay abroad was not a time for serious study: for that they had no taste and, in their own opinion, probably, no need; but it was a glorious opportunity for a long-continued lark. The theoretical advantages offered by the opportunities for study abroad were more than offset in practice by the difficulties in the way of carrying through any systematic course of training. High-spirited young men were little disposed to listen with patience to the precepts of the underpaid and low-born tutor who accom-

panied them. Discipline at a distance of hundreds of miles from the home authority must have been sadly relaxed. Going abroad as young lords of the earth, with abundance of money, exuberant health, and little feeling of responsibility, they put a heavy burden upon their tutors and upon the courtesy of the strangers with whom they came in contact. But these tourists were to all intents boys, and they acted like boys. At the monastery of St. Dominic in Rome, relates Breval: "One of the Fathers who was doing the Honours of the Monastery to some of our young Countrymen, thought he paid them a very great Compliment in plucking off some of the Sanctified Fruit, and presenting them with it; The Reader may imagine how scandalized the good Man was, when he observ'd his Strangers soon after pelting one another in Jest with his Dominic's Oranges." [1]

II

But it may be worth while to put together a few contemporary estimates of the value of travel to the average young tourist in order that we may appreciate in some measure the atmosphere in which he moved and see how those who best knew him regarded the educational product that came back from the Continent.

The educational value of the grand tour was for generations one of the most warmly debated questions in English society. What the grand tour proposed we have already considered in some detail. The aims of the system at its best could certainly not be bettered. They involved nothing less than a mastery of all that was best worth learning in every country that was visited. Positively appalling is the programme laid down in some of the books designed to guide the steps of young travelers. Only by a miracle could one who had passed through such a training in all its details escape becoming an insufferable prig.

But what was the actual effect upon the average young Englishman of the long stay upon the Continent? The an-

swer is not easy, but there are a good many facts that are suggestive. Scattered up and down eighteenth-century literature and works of travel we find no lack of criticism of the fellows who traveled with tutors nearly as ignorant as themselves, learning nothing of value, and spending their money with thoughtless profusion. The average, plodding, conscientious tourist attracted little notice and afforded no mark for the satirist. The roistering spendthrift, on the other hand, invited criticism that was sometimes extended to those who did not deserve it.

The seamy side of the grand tour drew the attention not merely of puritanic moralists and fussy schoolmasters, but of men of the world who had themselves trodden the primrose path. The fact that writers of very different type strike at the same evil affords added proof that it really existed. The substance of the criticism, which though varied in source is singularly alike in the final impression that it leaves, we might present in few words and without the otherwise inevitable repetition — of opinion if not of phraseology — but we should thereby lose the contemporary flavor and some of the point. In any case it will require but a few pages to present representative contemporary opinion of the value of the grand tour from the time of Locke and Pope to that of Cowper and Burns and Dr. Moore.

Locke had seen a good deal of life on the Continent, and he presents the view of a philosophical observer at the close of the seventeenth century: "The last part usually in education is travel, which is commonly thought to finish the work, and complete the gentleman. I confess travel into foreign parts has great advantages, but the time usually chosen to send young men abroad, is, I think, of all other, that which renders them least capable of reaping those advantages.[1] . . . But from sixteen to one and twenty, which is the ordinary time of travel, men are of all their lives, the least suited to these improvements. The first season to get foreign languages and form the tongue to their true accents, I should think, should be from seven to

fourteen or sixteen, and then, too, a tutor with them is useful and necessary, who may, with those languages, teach them other things. But to put them out of their parents' view at a great distance, under a governor, when they think themselves to be too much men to be governed by others, and yet have not prudence and experience enough to govern themselves, what is it, but to expose them to all the greatest dangers of their whole life when they have the least fence and guard against them? . . . The time, therefore, I should think the fittest for a young gentleman to be sent abroad, would be, either when he is younger, under a tutor, whom he might be the better for; or when he is some years old, without a governor; when he is of age to govern himself, and make observations of what he finds in other countries worthy his notice, and that might be of use to him after his return; and when too, being acquainted with the laws and fashions, the natural and moral advantages and defects of his own country, he has something to exchange with those abroad, from whose conversation he hoped to reap any knowledge. The ordering of travel otherwise is that, I imagine, which makes so many young gentlemen come back so little improved by it: And if they do bring home with them any knowledge of the places and people they have seen, it is often an admiration of the worst and vainest practices they met with abroad. . . . And indeed how can it be otherwise, going abroad at the age they do under the care of another, who is to provide their necessaries, and make their observations for them? Thus under the shelter and pretence of a governor, thinking themselves excused from standing upon their own legs, or being accountable for their conduct, they very seldom trouble themselves with inquiries, or making useful observations of their own. . . . He that is sent out to travel at the age and with the thoughts of a man designing to improve himself, may get into the conversation and acquaintance of persons of condition where he comes; which, though a thing of most advantage to a gentleman that travels; yet I ask, amongst our young men, that go abroad under

tutors, what one is there of an hundred that ever visits any person of quality? much less make an acquaintance with such from whose conversation he may learn what is good breeding in that country, and what is worth observation in it; though from such persons it is, one may learn more in one day, than in a year's rambling from one inn to another. This, how true soever it be, will not, I fear, alter the custom, which has cast the time of travel upon the worst part of a man's life; but for reasons not taken from their improvement." [1]

At the beginning of the eighteenth century an English tourist, by no means unduly prejudiced in favor of the Continent, remarks upon his countrymen in the dedication of his book: "Too many of them go into foreign regions to gather their trifles and follies, and to forget, nay, often to hate their own country; and few have either the means or the capacity to make those useful observations that may be serviceable to their own reputation or their country." [2]

In general agreement with these views is a paper in the "Spectator" [3] for April 28, 1712, which comments on a young fellow being taken by his mother to travel in France and Italy: "From hence my Thoughts took Occasion to ramble into the general Notion of Travelling, as it is now made a Part of Education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a Lad from Grammar and Taw, and under the Tuition of some poor Scholar who is willing to be banished for thirty Pounds a Year, and a little Victuals, send him crying and snivelling into foreign Countries. Thus he spends his time as Children do at Puppet-Shows, and with much the same Advantage, in staring and gaping at an amazing Variety of strange things: strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the Reasons and Meaning of them: whilst he should be laying the solid Foundations of Knowledge in his Mind, and furnishing it with just Rules to direct his future Progress in Life under some skilful Master of the Art of Instruction. . . . I wish, Sir, you would make People understand, that Travel

is really the last Step to be taken in the Institution of Youth, and to set out with it is to begin where they should end."

Incomparably more brilliant than these mild criticisms are Pope's famous lines in the "Dunciad," [1] in which he traces the path of the brainless and dissipated spendthrift through Europe. Every stroke tells, and the picture is literally true. Addressing the Goddess of Dulness on her throne the attendant orator of her court presents the youth on his return from abroad: —

"Thro' School and College, thy kind cloud o'ercast,
Safe and unseen the young Æneas past:
Thence bursting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy Larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er seas and lands he flew:
Europe he saw, and Europe saw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we display,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!
To where the Seine, obsequious as she runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her silken sons;
Or Tiber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian souls:
To happy Convents, bosom'd deep in vines,
Where slumber Abbots, purple as their wines;
To Isles of fragrance, lily-silver'd vales,
Diffusing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of singing, or of dancing slaves,
Love-whisp'ring woods, and lute-resounding waves.
But chief her shrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the Deeps;
Where, eas'd of Fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the smooth Eunuch and enamour'd swain.
Led by my hand, he saunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry Vice on Christian ground;
Saw ev'ry Court, heard ev'ry King declare
His royal sense of Op'ras or the Fair;
The Stews and Palace equally explor'd
Intrigu'd with glory and with spirit w——;
Try'd all *hors d'œuvres*, all liqueurs defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly daring din'd;
Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin store,
Spoil'd his own language and acquir'd no more;
All Classic learning lost on Classic ground,
And last turn'd *Air*, the Echo of a Sound!
See now, half-cur'd and perfectly well-bred,
With nothing but a Solo in his head."

With probably more real concern for the welfare of his countrymen, Gilbert West's rather dull poem on "The Abuse of Travelling"[1] presents fifty-eight Spenserian stanzas of mild satire on the young fellows who ape foreign fashions and foreign vices. He commends the law of ancient Sparta that forbade the young Spartan to travel. Vagueness pervades the whole poem. The following lines presumably refer to France: —

> "For to that seminary of fashions vain
> The rich and noble from all parts repair,
> Where grown enamour'd of the gaudy train,
> And courteous haviour gent and debonair,
> They cast to imitate such semblaunce fair;
> And deeming meanly of their native land,
> Their own rough virtues they disdain to wear,
> And back returning drest by foreign hand,
> Ne other matter care, ne other understand."

Of a very different type, but not less convincing, is Chesterfield's contribution to the "World" for May 3, 1753, in the form of a pretended letter from a country gentleman on educating a son and daughter abroad: "We complied with custom in the education of both. My daughter learned some French and some dancing; and my son passed nine years at Westminster School in learning the words of two languages, long since dead, and not yet above half revived. When I took him away from school, I resolved to send him directly abroad, having been at Oxford myself."

The gentleman's wife approved the design, but urged her husband to take also the daughter and herself and live abroad. The daughter joined in the petition: "'Ay, dear papa,' said she, 'let us go with brother to Paris; it will be the charmingest thing in the world; we shall see all the newest fashions there; I shall learn to dance of Marseille; in short, I shall be quite another creature after it. You see how my cousin Kitty was improved by going to Paris last year; I hardly knew her again when she came back: do, dear papa, let us go.' . . . I found by all this, that the attack upon me was a concerted one, and that both my wife and daughter were strongly infected with that migrating distem-

per, which has of late been so epidemical in this kingdom, and which annually carries such numbers of our private families to Paris, to expose themselves there as English, and here, after their return, as French. Insomuch that I am assured that the French call those swarms of English which now, in a manner, overrun France, a second incursion of the Goths and Vandals."

The father's consent is at length extorted, and the family cross the Channel to Calais, suffering from seasickness on the way. At Calais "the inexorable custom-house officers took away half the few things which we had carried with us." On the road the hired chaises "broke down with us at least every ten miles. Twice we were overturned, and some of us hurt, though there are no bad roads in France. At length, the sixth day, we got to Paris." At Paris he finds his expenses far larger than he had expected. He had supposed that five thousand livres would suffice, but he is told that five or six times that amount will not be too much. And we soon learn why.

"In about three days the several mechanics who were charged with the care of disguising my wife and daughter, brought home their respective parts of the transformation, in order that they might appear *honnêtement*. More than the whole morning was employed in this operation; for we did not sit down to dinner till near five o'clock. When my wife and daughter came at last into the eating room, where I had waited for them at least two hours, I was so struck with their transformation that I could neither conceal nor express my astonishment. 'Now, my dear,' said my wife, 'we can appear a little like Christians.' Their faces were red and their hair powdered. Each wore a *pompon*, a complication of shreds and rags of velvets, feathers and ribands, stuck with false stones of a thousand colours, and placed awry. . . . From this period to the time of our return to England, every day produced some new and shining folly, and some improper expense. Would to God that they had ended as they began, with our journey! but unfortunately we have imported them all. I no longer under-

stand, or am understood, in my family. I hear of nothing but *le bon ton*. A French *valet de chambre*, who, I am told, is an excellent servant and fit for anything, is brought over to curl my wife's and my daughter's hair, to *mount a dessert*, as they call it, and occasionally to *announce visits*. A very slatternly, dirty, but at the same time a very genteel French maid, is appropriated to the use of my daughter. My meat, too, is as much disguised in the dressing by a French cook, as my wife and daughter are by their red, their pompons, their scraps of dirty gauze, flimsy satins, and black calicoes; not to mention their affected broken English, and mangled French, which, jumbled together, compose their present language. My French and English servants quarrel daily, and fight, for want of words to abuse one another. My wife is become ridiculous by being translated into French, and the version of my daughter will, I dare say, hinder many a worthy English gentleman from trying to read her. My expence, and consequently my debt, increases; and I am made more unhappy by follies than most other people are by crimes." [1]

Chesterfield's satire is meaningless unless it may be taken to apply in a good number of cases, and we have no lack of evidence that it did. At all events, it undoubtedly expresses his settled conviction, which grew stronger with years, that foreign travel was a great hazard for persons who were immature in mind or character. In his will bequeathing his property to his godson Philip, he specifies that the young man is by "no means [to] go into Italy . . . the foul sink of illiberal manners and vices." [2] Needless to say, Chesterfield was no strait-laced Puritan, but in every sense a man of the world. Yet even he could not escape seeing what was notorious.

Many sober judges, more concerned than Chesterfield for morals and religion, feared the influence of a foreign education upon the character. Spence tells us: "Lord Cowper on his deathbed ordered that his son should never travel. . . . He had found that there was little to be hoped, and much to be feared, from travelling."

Another writer in the "World" expresses his concern because "the majority of our young travellers return home, entirely divested of the religion of their country, without having acquired any new one in its place." [1] The danger to an immature youth in being sent abroad with abundance of money, little to do, and practically no restraint but his own untrained sense of propriety, seems, indeed, obvious enough.

Less occupied with the serious side of life, Samuel Foote, with his keen sense of the ridiculous, saw the absurdity of much of the ill-considered touring on the Continent, and on the stage he unsparingly satirized the "Englishman in Paris" and the "Englishman Returned from Paris." Particularly in the latter piece (1756) does young Buck, with his affected manners and the mangled French that he uses in place of the English he pretends to have forgotten, illustrate the type of tourist who has ceased to be an Englishman without succeeding in becoming a Frenchman — a contemptible, grimacing nobody who has learned from his tour only how to play the fool. In Foote's "Trip to Calais" and the later, altered version, "The Capuchin," he hits at the ignorance, the bad manners, and the extravagance of the English who flocked to the Continent. In all these pieces Foote makes great use of interlarded French terms, ridiculously misused.

There was beyond question danger that the young tourist might be transformed, not merely into a chattering ape, but a leering satyr. For many tourists the life abroad was a mere rake's progress from which they returned with broken health and empty purse. Young Englishmen of good country families were sometimes put to school for two or three years at London to rid them of their provincial dialect and then sent to Paris to get a knowledge of the world. Here they made themselves experts in judging French *ragouts* and *fricandeaus*, despising ever after the unadorned products of the English kitchen, but they got no solid attainments, and could talk on nothing of importance. They "returned ignorant of everything they ought to know,

their minds corrupted, their bodies debilitated by a course of premature debauchery." [1] In their conceit they sneered at the plain people who lacked the frivolous accomplishments on which they valued themselves so highly.

Without doubt, for troops of immature young fellows who had no particular purpose in life, the stay abroad meant a swift degeneration in character. Sterne knew whereof he spoke when, in his famous sermon on the Prodigal Son, he dwelt at length "upon that fatal passion which led him — and so many thousands after the example, *to gather all he had together and take his journey into a far country.*

"The love of variety or curiosity of seeing new things, which is the same, or at least a sister passion to it, — seems wove into the frame of every son and daughter of Adam; we usually speak of it as one of nature's levities, though planted within us for the solid purposes of carrying forward the mind to fresh inquiry and knowledge; strip us of it, the mind (I fear) would doze forever over the present page; and we should all of us rest at ease with such objects as presented themselves in the parish or province where we first drew breath.

"It is to this spur which is ever in our sides, that we owe the impatience of this desire for travelling: the passion is no way bad, — but as others are, — in its mismanagement or excess: — order it rightly, the advantages are worth the pursuit; — the chief of which are — to learn the languages, the laws and customs, and understand the government and interest of other nations, — to acquire an urbanity and confidence of behaviour, and fit the mind more easily for conversation and discourse — to take us out of the company of our aunts and grandmothers, and from the track of nursery mistakes; and by showing us new objects, or old ones in new lights, to reform our judgments — by tasting perpetually the varieties of nature, to know what *is good* — and by observing the address and arts of man to conceive what *is sincere*, — and by seeing the difference of so many

various humours and manners, — to look into ourselves and form our own.

"This is some part of the cargo we might return with; but the impulse of seeing new sights, augmented with that of getting clear from all lessons of wisdom and reproof at home carries our youth too early out, to turn this venture to much account; on the contrary, if the scene painted of the prodigal in his travels, looks more like a copy than an original, — will it not be well if such an adventurer, with so unpromising a setting out, — without *carte*, — without compass, — be not cast away for ever, — and may not be said to escape well, — if he return to his country, only as naked as he left it?

"But you send an able pilot with your son — a scholar. If wisdom can speak in no other language but Greek or Latin, — you do well — or if mathematics will make a man a gentleman, — or natural philosophy but teach him to make a bow, — he may be of some service in introducing your son into good societies, and supporting him in them when he has done, — but the upshot will be generally this, that in the most pressing occasions of address — if he is a mere man of reading, the unhappy youth will have the tutor to carry, — and not the tutor to carry him.

"But you will avoid this extreme; he shall be escorted by one who knows the world, not merely from books — but from his own experience: — a man who has been employed in such services, and thrice made the *tour of Europe, with success.*

"That is, without breaking his own or his pupil's neck; — for if he is such as my eyes have seen! some broken *Swiss valet de chambre,* — some general undertaker, who will perform the journey in so many months, 'IF GOD PERMIT' — much knowledge will not accrue; — some profit at least, — he will learn the amount to a halfpenny, of every stage from Calais to Rome; — he will be carried to the best inns, — instructed where is the best wine, and sup a livre cheaper, than if the youth had been left to make the tour and the bargain himself. — Look at our

governor! I beseech you: — see, he is an inch taller as he relates the advantages. — And here endeth his pride — his knowledge, and his use.

"But when your son gets abroad, he will be taken out of his hand, by his society with men of rank and letters, with whom he will pass the greatest part of his time.

"Let me observe, in the first place, — that company which is really good, is very rare, — and very shy; but you have surmounted this difficulty; and procured him the best letters of recommendation to the most eminent and respectable in every capital.

"And I answer, that he will obtain all by them which courtesy strictly stands obliged to pay on such occasions, but no more.

"There is nothing in which we are so much deceived, as in the advantages proposed from our connections and discourse with the literati, &c., in foreign parts; especially if the experiment is made before we are matured by years or study."

With all his levity, Sterne was the keenest of observers, and, as we note, his comments present in substance the ordinary criticism, even of worldlings, on the fashionable Continental tour.

Smollett is not the least prejudiced of critics, but his comments in 1765 upon the English in Italy are in accord with much that is said by others. "They are supposed," remarks Smollett, "to have more money to throw away; and therefore a greater number of snares are layed for them. This opinion of their superior wealth they take a pride in confirming, by launching out into all manner of unnecessary expence, but what is still more dangerous, the moment they set foot in Italy they are seized with the ambition of becoming connoisseurs in painting, music, statuary, and architecture; and the adventurers of this country do not fail to flatter this weakness for their own advantage. I have seen in different parts of Italy a number of raw boys, whom Britain seemed to have poured forth on purpose to bring her national

character into contempt; ignorant, petulant, rash, and profligate, without any knowledge or experience of their own, without any director to improve their understanding, or superintend their conduct. One engages in play with an infamous gamester, and is stripped perhaps in the very first partie; another is poxed and pillaged by an antiquated cantatrice; a third is bubbled by a knavish antiquarian, and a fourth is laid under contribution by a dealer in pictures. Some turn fiddlers, and pretend to compose, but all of them talk familiarly of the arts, and return finished connoisseurs and coxcombs, to their own country. The most remarkable phenomenon of this kind, which I have seen, is a boy of seventy-two, now actually travelling through Italy, for improvement, under the auspices of another boy of twenty-two." [1]

Another writer, whose humor is a trifle heavy, draws an elaborate parallel between "rambling abroad and running out of bounds," the offense in the one case being "committed by the great children, the other by the little ones"; and the question is raised whether the punishment should not be similar; "if the discipline of birch is found effective to restrain it in the latter, why should not the experiment be tried at least with the former?

"It may possibly be objected, that our men-children are too big to be whipt like school-boys; but if the description be just which I heard a gentleman at my father's give last holidays of our countrymen abroad, I leave you to judge whether they should or not. 'Strolling over Europe,' these were his words, 'and staring about with a strange mixture of raw admiration and rude contempt; both equally the effect of ignorance and inexperience. Insolently despising foreign manners and customs, merely because they are foreign, which yet for the same reason they would copy, though aukwardly and without distinction. Untinctured with any sound principles of comparison; unreasonably vain, and, by turns, ashamed of their native country; trifling, sheepish and riotous.'

What are these, Mr. Fitz-Adam, but school-boys out of bounds?

"Suppose, then, that a bill was to be prepared, intituled, 'An act against rambling,' which may be considered as a proper supplement to the vagrant act. . . . 'Proper officers . . . shall transmit annually complete lists of absentees in foreign parts, who on their return home, shall be liable to be summoned and examined in a summary way before the board, whose sentence shall be final. That all going into foreign parts shall not be deemed rambling; but that the legislature may in its wisdom define the offence, and specify certain tokens by which it may be ascertained; such, for instance, as debasing the purity of the English language, by a vile mixture of exotic words, idioms, and phrases; all impertinent and unmeaning shrugs, grimaces, and gesticulations; the frequent use of the word *canaille*, and the least contempt wantonly cast on the roast beef of old England.' Offenders against this decree are to be flogged like schoolboys. 'Provided always, that nothing in this act contained shall extend to persons who cross the seas to finish their studies at foreign universities; to gentlemen who travel with the public spirited design of procuring singers and dancers for the opera; or to such young patriots who make the tour of Europe, from a laudable desire of discovering the defects of the English constitution, by comparing it with the more perfect models which are to be found abroad.' . . .

"I once thought of a private whipping room for travelling females, but in consideration of the voluntary penance which I am told they submit to at their return to England, of exhibiting themselves in public places, made frightful with all the frippery of France, patched, painted, and pomponed, as warnings to the sex, I am willing that all further punishment should be remitted." [1]

The whole situation is admirably summed up in another paper in the "World" [2] describing the experiences of a young Englishman and his tutor on the Continent. Fiction

as it is, it contains nothing that cannot be paralleled in hundreds of instances drawn from real life: —

"*To Mr. Fitz-Adam.*

"Sir, — I troubled you some time ago with an account of my distress arising from the female part of my family. I told you that by an unfortunate trip to Paris my wife and daughter had run stark French; and I wish I could tell you now that they were perfectly recovered. . . .

"I acquainted you that in the education of my son, I had conformed to the common custom of this country, perhaps I conformed to it too much and too soon; and that I carried him to Paris, from whence, after six months' stay, he was to go upon his travels, and take the usual tour of Italy and Germany. I thought it very necessary for a young man, though not for a young lady, to be well acquainted with the languages, the manners, the characters, and the constitutions of other countries; the want of which I experienced and lamented in myself. In order to enable him to keep good company, I allowed him more than I could conveniently afford; and I trusted him to the care of a Swiss governor, a gentleman of some learning, good-sense, good-nature, and good-manners. But how cruelly I am disappointed in all these hopes, what follows will inform you.

"During his stay at Paris, he only frequented the worst English company there, with whom he was unhappily engaged in two or three scrapes, which the credit and good-nature of the English ambassador helped him out of. He hired a low Irish wench, whom he drove about in a hired chaise, to the great honour of himself, his family, and his country. He did not learn one word of French, and never spoke to Frenchman or Frenchwoman, excepting some vulgar and injurious epithets, which he bestowed upon them in very plain English. His governor very honestly informed me of this conduct, which he tried in vain to reform, and advised their removal to Italy, which accordingly I immediately ordered. His behaviour there

will appear in the truest light to you, by his own and his governor's last letters to me, of which I here give you faithful copies: —

"'Sir, — In the six weeks that I passed at Florence, and the week I spent at Genoa, I never had time to write to you, being wholly taken up with seeing things of which the most remarkable is the steeple of Pisa: it is the oddest thing I ever saw in my life; it stands all awry; I wonder it does not tumble down. I met with a great many of my countrymen, and we live together very sociably. I have been here now a month, and will give you an account of my way of life. Here are a great many agreeable English gentlemen; we are about nine or ten as smart bucks as any in England. We constantly breakfast together, and then either go and see sights, or drive about the outlets of Rome in Chaises; but the horses are very bad, and the chaises do not follow well. We meet before dinner at the English coffee-house; where there is a very good billiard-table and very good company. From thence we go and dine together by turns at each other's lodgings. Then after a cheerful glass of claret, for we have made a shift to get some here, we go to the coffee-house again; from thence to supper, and so to bed. I do not believe these Romans are a bit like the old Romans; they are a parcel of thin-gutted, snivelling, cringing dogs; and I verily believe that our set could thrash forty of them. We never go among them; it would not be worth while; besides, we none of us speak Italian and none of those signors speak English; which shows what sort of fellows they are. We saw the Pope go by 'tother day in a procession, but we resolved to assert the honor of Old England; so we neither bowed nor pulled off our hats to the old rogue. Provisions and liquor are but bad here; and, to say the truth, I have not had one thorough good meal's meat since I left England. No longer ago than last Sunday we wanted to have a good plum-pudding; but we found the materials difficult to procure, and were obliged to get an English footman to make it. Pray, Sir, let me

come home; for I cannot find that one is a jot the better for seeing all these outlandish places and people. But if you will not let me come back, for God's sake, Sir, take away the impertinent *mounseer* you sent with me. He is a considerable expense to you, and of no manner of service to me. All the English here laugh at him, he is such a prig. He thinks himself a fine gentleman, and is always plaguing me to go into foreign companies, to learn foreign languages, and to get foreign manners; as if I were not to live and die in Old England, and as if good English acquaintance would not be more useful to me than outlandish ones. Dear Sir, grant me this request, and you shall ever find me

"'Your most dutiful son,

"'G. D.

"'ROME, May the 3d, 1753.'

"The following is a very honest and sensible letter, which I received at the same time from my son's governor: —

"'Sir, — I think myself obliged in conscience to inform you, that the money you are pleased to allow me for my attendance upon your son is absolutely thrown away; since I find, by melancholy experience, that I can be of no manner of use to him. I have tried all possible methods to prevail with him to answer, in some degree at least, your good intentions in sending him abroad; but all in vain; and, in return for all my endeavours, I am either laughed at or insulted. Sometimes I am called a beggarly French dog, and bid to go back to my own country and eat my frogs; and sometimes I am mounseer Ragout, and told that I think myself a very fine gentleman. I daily represent to him that, by sending him abroad, you meant that he should learn the languages, the manners, and characters of different countries, and that he should add to the classical education which you have given him at home, a knowledge of the world, and the genteel easy manners of a man of fashion, which can only be acquired by frequenting the best companies

abroad. To which he only answers me with a sneer of contempt, and says, "so be-like-ye, ha!" I would have connived at the common vices of youth, if they had been attended with the least degree of decency or refinement; but I must not conceal from you that your son's are of the lowest and most degrading kind, and avowed in the most public and indecent manner. I have never been able to persuade him to deliver the letters of recommendation which you procured him; he says he does not desire to keep such company. I advised him to take an Italian master, which he flatly refused, saying that he should have time enough to learn Italian when he went back to England. But he has taken, of himself, a master to teach him to play upon the German flute, upon which he throws away two or three hours every day. We spend a great deal of money, without doing you or ourselves any honour by it; though your son, like the generality of his countrymen, values himself upon his expense, and looks upon all foreigners who are not able to make so considerable a one, as a parcel of beggars and scoundrels; speaks of them, and if he spoke to them, would treat them, as such.

"'If I might presume to advise you, Sir, it would be to order us home forthwith. I can assure you that your son's morals and manners will be in much less danger under your own inspection at home, than they can be under mine abroad; and I defy him to keep worse English company in England than he now keeps here. But whatever you may think fit to determine concerning him, I must humbly insist upon my own dismission, and upon leave to assure you in person of the respect with which I have the honor to be,

"'Sir, yours, &c.

"'ROME, May the 3d, 1753.'

"I have complied with my son's request in consequence of his governor's advice; and have ordered him to come home immediately. But what shall I do with him here,

where he is but too likely to be encouraged and countenanced in these illiberal and ungentleman-like manners? My case is surely most singularly unfortunate; to be plagued on one side by the polite and elegant foreign follies of my wife and daughter, and on the other by the unconforming obstinacy, the low vulgar excesses, and the porter-like manners of my son. . . .

"Your most humble servant and constant reader,

"R. D."

Three years later another satirical paper in the "World" [1] remarks upon "the necessity of travel from the age of seventeen to twenty-one" as something that has "long been notorious to all the world. . . . Who is not aware that, abroad, national prejudices are destroyed, the mind is opened, the taste refined, the person improved? And, what must be a further consolation to parents, is, that the habits and manners contracted by young gentlemen in their travels are likely to remain with them all their lives after."

Then, continues the writer, considering the popularity of Chinese ornaments and architecture, "I was led to consider whether to send our sons to Pekin instead of Paris, would not better answer all purposes of travel. Surely a mettled fellow could not hesitate between this route and the old beaten one of France and Italy; where, from a Calais landlord to a Neapolitan princess, there is a sameness of adventure that is become extremely irksome to a polite circle in the recital. A traveller will be greatly disappointed who fancies the tour of Europe will entitle to him attention at Arthur's or an assembly. Alas! after four years of expense, danger, and fatigue, if he expects auditors, he must have recourse to his tenants in the country, or seek them about four o'clock on a bench in St. James's park."

One evil in particular was that often immature young fellows were, against their will, sent abroad by their parents, "on the principle on which they suppose that

knowledge is the certain consequence of a college education. All men," urges the objector, "are not born for all things; the lessons to be learned by travelling are among the most difficult that can be offered to the human intellect, and can only enter into a capacity to which Nature has been originally kind, and which culture has duly prepared. . . . To send a young man to travel for improvement, whom Nature has gifted with no turn for observation, or power of deduction, is to set up a mechanical process in opposition to Nature's laws. . . . It is condemning him to compulsory idleness, without any resources but such as are to be found in the frivolities of fashion, the sallies of folly, or the excesses of debauch. . . ." The writer admits that when one is properly prepared, "a plan of education would be very imperfect that did not include the advantages of foreign travel. To a youth so qualified, it is fruitful in the most important lessons of life." [1]

That, however, the average tourist had little to show for his trouble was the settled conviction of Dr. Johnson. Very characteristically he says in the "Idler": [2] "The greater part of travellers tell nothing, because their method of travelling supplies them with nothing to be told. He that enters a town at night and surveys it in the morning, and then hastens away to another place, and guesses at the manners of the inhabitants by the entertainment which his inn afforded him, may please himself for a time with a hasty change of scenes, and a confused remembrance of palaces and churches; he may gratify his eye with variety of landscapes, and regale his palate with a succession of vintages: but let him be contented to please himself without endeavouring to disturb others. Why should he record excursions by which nothing could be learned, or wish to make a show of knowledge, which, without some power of intuition unknown to other mortals, he could never attain." [3]

Another writer [4] objected to the grand tour, since it too often unfitted a young man for a contented and useful life by giving him "a relish for foreign manners, and a taste for

the society of a set of men, with whom neither his station nor his fortune entitle him to associate in the after-part of his life."

One while abroad might study antiquities, music, and painting, and on returning to his early friends find himself "disgusted with the blunt plainness of their manners," and with their conversation, dwelling on politics, farming, fox-hunting, and debauchery. They could make nothing of the topics he might suggest, for there was no common ground. The writer concludes "that it is a misfortune for a private gentleman, who means to pass his days in his native country, to become attached to foreign manners and foreign customs, in so considerable a degree, as a long residence abroad, in the earlier period of life, seldom fails to produce."[1]

In adopting foreign fashions of dress and affected pronunciations of English words, Englishmen, as already noted, often went to the most extravagant lengths and made themselves the laughing-stock of all sensible people. Young exquisites who had traveled in Italy, and who, as Walpole says,[2] wore "long curls and spying-glasses," founded the Macaroni Club, to which no one could be admitted who had not traveled abroad. This club drew in the most representative of the younger men of rank and fashion that used to gather at Brookes's, and they speedily attracted attention by their absurd style of dress and exaggerated foreign manners.[3] Charles James Fox "led the fashion among the 'macaronis.' After his visit to Italy he and his cousin posted from Paris to Lyons simply in order to choose patterns for their waistcoats; he appeared in London in red-heeled shoes and blue hair-powder, and up to the age of twenty-five, sometimes at least, wore a hat and feather in the House of Commons."[4]

Follies of this sort naturally invited satire. A writer in the "Oxford Magazine" for June, 1770,[5] says: "There is indeed a kind of animal, neither male nor female, a thing of the neuter gender, lately started up amongst us. It is called a Macaroni. It talks without meaning, it smiles without

pleasantry, it eats without appetite, it rides without exercise, it wenches without passion."

As serious as the sternest of these critics of the grand tour, though adopting a bantering tone, Cowper follows, in "The Progress of Error," the wanderings of a youth who deserves a place in the "Dunciad": —

"From school to Cam or Isis, and thence home,
And thence with all convenient speed to Rome,
With reverend tutor, clad in habit lay,
To tease for cash, and quarrel with all day;
With memorandum book for every town
And every post, and where the chaise broke down,
His stock a few French phrases got by heart,
With much to learn and nothing to impart;
The youth, obedient to his sire's commands,
Sets off a wanderer into foreign lands.
Surprised at all they meet, the gosling pair,
With awkward gait, stretch'd neck, and silly stare,
Discover huge cathedrals built with stone,
And steeples towering high, much like our own;
But show peculiar light with many a grin
At popish practices observed within.
Ere long some bowing, smirking, smart abbé
Remarks two foreigners that have lost their way;
And, being always primed with politesse
For men of their appearance and address,
With much compassion undertakes the task
To tell them more than they have wit to ask;
Points to inscriptions whereso'er they tread,
Such as, when legible, were never read,
But being cankr'd now and half worn out,
Craze antiquarian brains with endless doubt;
Some headless hero, or some Cæsar shows —
Defective only in his Roman nose;
Exhibits elevations, drawings, plans,
Models of Herculaneum pots and pans;
And sells them medals, which, if neither rare
Nor ancient, will be so, preserved with care.

"Strange the recital, from whatever cause
His great improvement and new lights he draws.
The squire, once bashful, is shamefaced no more,
But teems with powers he never felt before;
Whether increased momentum, and the force
With which from clime to clime he sped his course,
(As axles sometimes kindle as they go,)
Chafed him, and brought dull nature to a glow;
Or whether clearer skies and softer air,
That makes Italian flowers so sweet and fair,

Freshening his lazy spirits as he ran,
Unfolded genially, and spread the man;
Returning, he proclaims by many a grace,
By shrugs and strange contortions of his face,
How much a dunce that has been set to roam,
Excels a dunce that has been kept at home."

Beside this list of shortcomings charged against the grand tour we may place the dialogue in "The Twa Dogs" of Burns, which with genial irony traces the career of a young rake from The Hague or Calais to Madrid or Vienna, and with a sudden turn of Scotch seriousness stamps the whole with severe disapproval: —

CÆSAR

"Haith, lad, ye little ken about it:
For Britain's guid! guid faith! I doubt it.
Say rather, gaun as Premiers lead him:
An' saying aye or no 's they bid him:
At operas an' plays parading,
Mortgaging, gambling, masquerading:
Or maybe, in a frolic daft,
To Hague or Calais takes a waft;
To mak a tour an' tak a whirl,
To learn *bon ton*, an' see the worl'.
There, at Vienna or Versailles,
He rives his father's auld entails;
Or by Madrid he takes the rout,
To thrum guitars an' fecht wi' nowt;
Or down Italian vista startles,
Wh—re-hunting amang groves o' myrtles:
Then bowses drumlie German-water,
To mak himsel look fair an' fatter,
An' clear the consequential sorrows,
Love-gifts of Carnival signoras.
For Britain's guid! for her destruction,
Wi' dissipation, feud an' faction.

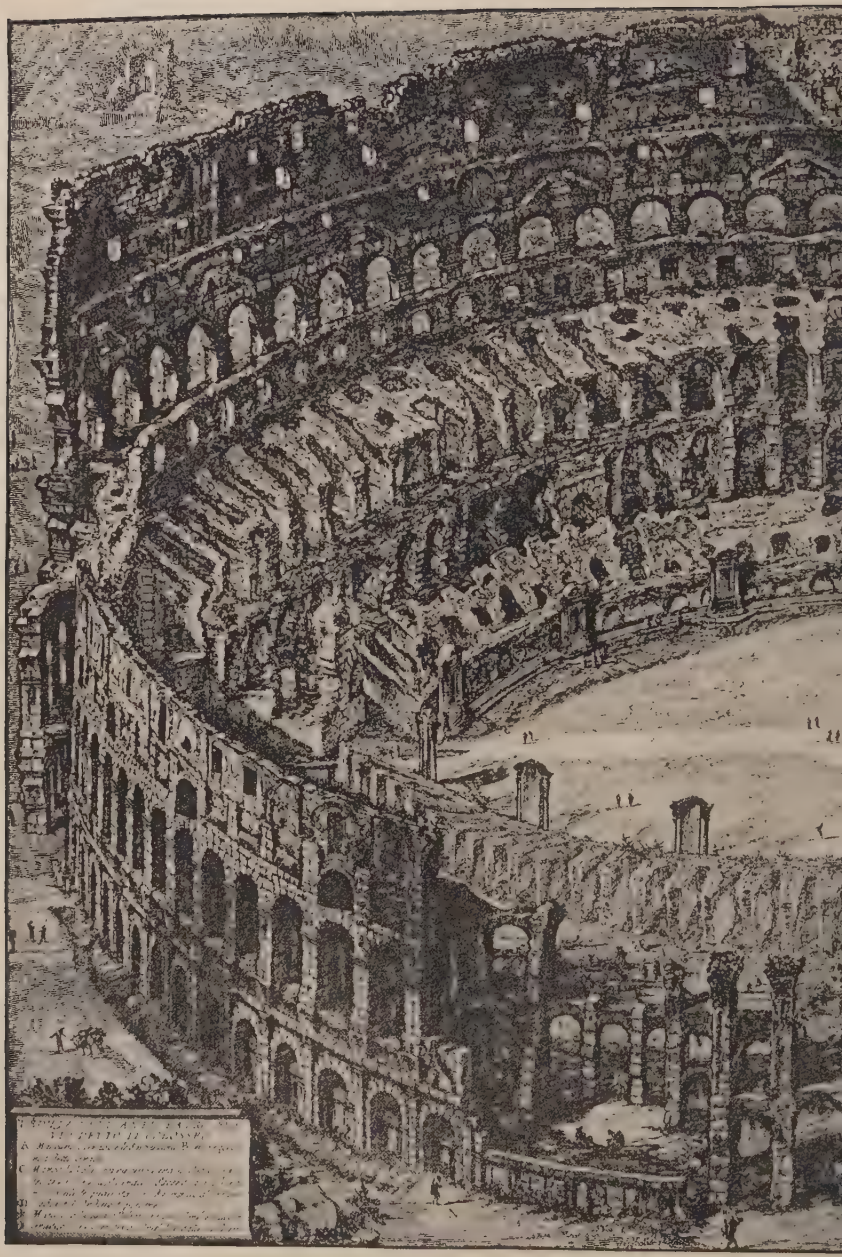
LUATH

"Hech man! dear sirs! is that the gate
They waste sae mony a braw estate!
Are we sae foughten an' harassed
For gear to gang that gate at last?
O would they stay aback frae courts,
An' please themsels wi' countra sports
It wad for ev'ry ane be better,
The laird, the tenant, an' the cotter."

Obviously, some of the raw, half-bred lads who traveled would have been better off at home, under the eye of their parents. The lazy, dawdling life they led abroad, with responsibility for nothing and with no desire to improve the opportunities offered them, can have been of small advantage to either mind or character. Yet the idle and vicious life of too many rich young Englishmen when at home hardly warrants us in assuming that they, at all events, suffered much deterioration by making the grand tour. They were likely while abroad to ape foreign airs and to come home tricked out in ostentatious finery, but in so doing, they merely exhibited one form of youthful silliness.

The advantage of living abroad under favorable conditions is forcibly stated by Horace Walpole in a letter to Sir Horace Mann in 1760: "I have had much conversation with your brother James, and intend to have more with your eldest, about your nephew. . . . They have sent him to Cambridge under that interested hog the Bishop of Chester, and propose to keep him there *three* years. Their apprehension seems to be of his growing a fine gentleman. I could not help saying, 'Why, is he not to be one?' My wish is to have him with you — what an opportunity of his learning the world and business under such a tutor and such a parent! Oh! but they think he will dress and run into diversions. I tried to convince them that of all spots upon earth dress is least necessary at Florence, and where one can least divert oneself. I am answered with the necessity of Latin and mathematics — the one soon forgot, the other never got to any purpose. I cannot bear his losing the advantage of being brought up by you, with all the advantages of such a situation, and where he may learn in perfection living languages, never attained after twenty." [1]

On the ordinary effect of the foreign tour few travelers were on the whole more competent to speak with authority than De Brosses and Dr. John Moore. Says De Brosses: "The money that the English spend at Rome and the prac-



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tice of making a journey there, which forms a part of their education, do not profit much the majority of them. There are some of them who are persons of intelligence and endeavor to instruct themselves; but they form no great number. The majority have a hired carriage harnessed in the Piazza di Spagna that is at their service throughout the day until they go together to play billiards, or to some other similar amusement. I see some of them who will leave Rome without having seen any but English people and without knowing where the Coliseum is." [1]

Dr. Moore gave much attention to the question of the value of the foreign tour. In his account of France he takes up education at Geneva, and in his book on Italy he estimates the worth of the grand tour as a whole: — "In obedience to your request, I shall give you my opinion freely with regard to Lord ——'s scheme of sending his two sons to be educated at Geneva.

"The eldest, if I remember right, is not more than nine years of age; and they have advanced no farther in their education than being able to read English tolerably well. His Lordship's idea is that when they shall have acquired a perfect knowledge of the French language they may be taught Latin through the medium of that language, and pursue any other study that may be thought proper.

"I have attended to his Lordship's objections against the public schools in England, and after due consideration and weighing every circumstance, I remain of opinion, that no country but Great Britain is proper for the education of a British subject, who proposes to pass his life in his own country. The most important point, in my mind, to be secured in the education of a young man of rank of our country, is to make him an Englishman; and this can be done no where so effectually as in England. . . .

"It is thought that by an early foreign education all ridiculous English prejudices will be avoided. This may be true; — but other prejudices, perhaps as ridiculous, and much more detrimental, will be formed. The first cannot be attended with many inconveniences; the second may ren-

der the young people unhappy in their own country when they return, and disagreeable to their countrymen all the rest of their lives. It is true, that the French manners are adopted in almost every country of Europe: they prevail all over Germany and the northern courts. They are gaining ground, though with a slower pace, in Spain, and in the Italian states. — This is not the case in England. — The English manners are universal in the provinces, prevail in the capital, and are to be found uncontaminated even at court. . . .

"Besides, a prejudice against French manners is not confined to the lower ranks in England: It is diffused over the whole nation. Even those who have none of the usual prejudices — who do all manner of justice to the talents and ingenuity of their neighbours — who approve of French manners in French people; yet cannot suffer them when grafted on their countrymen. Should an English gentleman think this kind of grafting at all admissible, it will be in some of the lowest classes with whom he is connected, as his tailor, barber, valet-de-chambre, or cook; but never in his friend.

"I can scarcely remember an instance of an Englishman of fashion, who has evinced in his dress or stile of living a preference to French manners, who did not lose by it in the opinion of his countrymen.

"What I have said of French manners is applicable to foreign manners in general, which are all in some degree French, and the particular differences are not distinguished by the English. . . .

"An English boy, sent to Geneva at an early period of life and remaining there six or seven years, if his parents be not along with him, will probably, in the eyes of the English, appear a kind of Frenchman all his life after. This is an inconvenience which ought to be avoided with the greatest attention." [1]

"If, however," he adds, "the opinions of relations or any peculiarity in situation, prevents his being educated at home, Geneva should be preferred to any other place." [2]

On the wider question of the value of the grand tour as a whole Dr. Moore observes: —

"I cannot help thinking that a young man of fortune may spend a few years to advantage in travelling through some of the principal countries of Europe, provided the tour be well-timed and well-conducted; and without these, what part of education can be of use? . . .

"A youth should get his elementary education at the public schools, rather than at home or abroad, and should then go to the university.

"But whatever plan is adopted, whether the young man studies at the university, or at home with private teachers, while he is studying with diligence and alacrity, it would be doing him a most essential injury to interrupt him by a premature expedition to the Continent, from an idea of his acquiring the graces, elegance of manner, or any of the accomplishments which travelling is supposed to give. . . .

"According to this plan, a youth, properly educated, will seldom begin his foreign tour before the age of twenty; if it is a year or two later, there will be no harm.[1] . . .

"It may also be said, if the tour is deferred till the age of twenty, the youth will not, after that period, attain the modern languages in perfection," or "easy manner and fine address."

Dr. Moore is not convinced that one can learn these things at all, unless they come naturally: —

"To retain betimes that ease and elegance of manner which travelling is supposed to bestow, and that the young gentleman may become perfectly master of the modern languages, some have thought of mixing the two plans, and instead of allowing him to prosecute his studies at home, sending him abroad immediately on his coming from school, on the supposition that, with the assistance of a tutor and foreign professors, he will proceed in the study of philosophy, and other branches of literature during the three or four years which are employed in the usual tour. It will not be denied, that a young man who has made good use of his time at school and at the university, who has acquired such

a taste for science as to consider its pursuit as a pleasure, and not as a task, may, even during his travels mix the study of man with that of books, and continue to make progress in the latter, when the greater part of his time is dedicated to the former. But that such a taste will, *for the first time*, spring up in the breast of a boy of sixteen or seventeen, amidst the dissipation of theatres, reviews, processions, balls, and assemblies, is of all things the least probable.

"After a young man has employed his time to advantage at a public school, and has continued his application to various branches of science till the age of twenty, you ask, what are the advantages he is likely to reap from a tour abroad?"

Moore points out that the tourist "will see mankind more at large. . . . By comparing the various customs and usages, and hearing the received opinions of different countries, his mind will be enlarged.

"As for his manner, though it will not be so janty as if he had been bred in France from his earliest youth, yet that also will in some degree be improved.

"However persuaded he may be of the advantages enjoyed by the people of England, he will see the harshness and impropriety of insulting the natives of other countries with an ostentatious enumeration of those advantages; he will perceive how odious those travellers make themselves who laugh at the religion, ridicule the customs, and insult the police of the countries through which they pass, and who never fail to insinuate to the inhabitants that they are all slaves and bigots. Such bold Britons we have sometimes met with, *fighting* their way through Europe, etc. . . .

"Besides these advantages, a young man of fortune, by spending a few years abroad, will gratify a natural and laudable curiosity, and pass a certain portion of his time in an agreeable manner. He will form an acquaintance with that boasted nation whose superior taste and politeness are universally acknowledged; whose fashions and language are adopted by all Europe; and who, in science, power, and

commerce are the rivals of Great Britain. He will have opportunities of observing the political constitution of the German empire, that complex body, formed by a confederacy of princes, ecclesiastics, and free cities, comprehending countries of vast extent, inhabited by a hardy race of men, distinguished for solid sense and integrity. . . .

"Viewing the remains of Roman taste and magnificence, he will feel a thousand emotions of the most interesting nature," [1] and so on.

A professional educator like Vicesimus Knox substantially agrees with De Brosses and Dr. Moore. Like Locke and Andrews and Sherlock, he especially reprobates "the practice of very early travel. A great degree of mental maturity and of acquired knowledge, is necessary to enable the mind to derive advantage and avoid inconvenience, from visiting a foreign nation. To expect that boys should make observations on men and manners, should weigh and compare the laws, institutions, customs, and characteristics of various people, is to expect an impossibility. It is no less absurd to suppose, that boys will not be struck and captivated with vanity and trifles. I therefore advise, that a pupil shall not be sent to travel till he has passed through a capital school, and arrived at the age of nineteen. Indeed I wish that he might spend four years at the university, when it shall be reformed; but I know this requisition will not often be complied with." [2]

And a few pages later he adds: "I could indeed almost wish that travel were not considered as a necessary part of juvenile education. I wish not that travel should be prohibited; but I would have its advantages sought by men at a mature age, after they are settled." [2]

In view of all this criticism and comment we realize how serious a problem the conventional grand tour presented to educators and to parents. Whereas the Continental journey was in theory an ideal means of education, in practice it often brought disaster, when all sorts of young men were sent abroad regardless of their tastes, their abilities, or their morals. Many young tourists did little when abroad

that they might not have done at home, except that they viewed a few ruins and became acquainted with the externals of life in another country. In many cases they even appear to have taken their tour abroad as a sort of penance imposed by social conventions, and they had no intention of adding to their burdens by giving inordinate attention to serious things.

It is not surprising that the unique educational opportunities presented by France, Italy, and other countries somewhat palled upon young men, little more than boys, who had no very ardent zeal for learning, and who in their exile longed for their horses and their dogs and their fox-hunting. Says Sharp, "I have not seen one of our young gentlemen on his travels who does not appear more eager than I am to return to his friends and country. I had always figured to myself that they were in the highest delight when making the Grand Tour; but I find by experience, that when they are here, they consider it as a kind of apprenticeship for qualifying a gentleman, and would often return abruptly, did they not feel themselves ashamed to indulge the inclination: Indeed, were it not that in the great cities they meet with numbers of their countrymen, the hours would lie too heavily on their hands; for few men can spend their whole life in the pursuit of *virtu*, and some have not the qualifications of birth to recommend them to persons of high rank, where only is to be found what little society there is in Italy." [1]

"Those," says Berchtold, "who are naturally destitute of judgment and prudence, become still greater fools by their travelling than they were before; it being impossible for him, who is a fool in his own country, to become wise by running up and down; which made Socrates say, he must change his soul, and not the climate, to become wise." [2]

Too many tourists, as we have observed, threw off all control and shaped their conduct with no other thought than to find amusement. They spent their money as they spent their time — foolishly. To the credit of Englishmen, however, sober-minded tourists, at least among those who

had come to maturity, appear to have been the rule rather than the exception, though some caustic critics reduce almost to the vanishing point the proportion of the sober-minded to the frivolous. The possibilities of good as well as of evil were almost incalculable, and men largely judged the question according to their personal experience or their personal observation of the effect upon young men of their acquaintance. No accumulation of opinions on either side is entirely convincing, as a basis for a sweeping conclusion. Probably we may safely assume that the intelligent, open-minded tourist of clean morals could hardly, in most cases, spend his time and money to greater profit. On the other hand, the lazy, dissipated scapegrace who drank and gambled his way through Europe commonly added foreign vices to those he brought from home, and on the Continent formed habits that completed his ruin. That he often took on a superficial polish of manner was small compensation for his loss of everything that makes a man count for something in the community where he lives.

But the significance of a great movement is seldom fully realized in its own time, for facts are not yet seen in all their bearings. Can even we grasp the full meaning of this continual passing to and fro between England and the Continent, this interchange of ideas, this growing familiarity with Continental ideals, with Italian art and French taste? Perhaps not. But, in any event, it meant that England was constantly adding new and vital elements to her own civilization as well as diffusing English standards outside her own borders.

The grand tour, however harmful it may have been in individual cases, shaped the ideals and character of a multitude of the most influential of the citizens of England. A young lord may have caroused through Europe, caring less for a great cathedral than for a cockpit at Shoreditch, but the mere fact that as a leader of society and of fashion he had made the long round of travel was enough to make it seem worthy of imitation. Even the rakes brought back to England a knowledge, however superficial, of great coun-

tries beyond the sea, and of many things surpassing anything of their kind in England. Lazy profligates were doubtless far too common among English tourists, but a good proportion of the Englishmen on the Continent aimed to learn as much as possible while abroad, and they made a good impression even upon men of censorious temper. Smollett, as we have seen, judged his countrymen unfavorably. Sharp, on the other hand, is their defender: "There are many English at Rome, most of them gentlemen of fortune, and most of them men who do honour to their country. I know it is a received opinion in England that our youth, who travel, fall immediately into dissipation, and disgrace their country; but I have seen no such examples in Italy; perhaps the case is singular, and any other year I might have formed a different judgment; but I speak from what I know, and were I to give an opinion upon that disputable question, The advantages and disadvantages of travelling, I should not hesitate to declare, that the benefits are numerous, and that I see no other evil in it than what arises to the nation from the sums expended in foreign parts." [1]

The effect of long contact with other lands can hardly be measured, but beyond question it played no insignificant part in shaping the course of English life and thought in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Englishmen gradually lost some of their insularity and took that wider view of the world which so characterizes them to-day. Some of the most marked features of Continental life they rejected as out of harmony with the English temperament and historical evolution. But the residual was sufficient to influence very deeply English habits and to make a lasting impression upon English life.

However superficially a young fellow traveled, he had had an experience never to be forgotten, the most meager account of which would be listened to with open-eyed wonder and incredulity by his stay-at-home neighbors. Nor should we underestimate the value of what Englishmen gave to the Continent as well as what they received. Upon

at least three countries, France, Germany, and Italy, the influence of England was deep and lasting. The further influence of the grand tour upon the expansion of English commerce, upon English colonial policy, upon English literature, and upon the entire English attitude toward the rest of the world opens questions extremely suggestive but too broad to be treated here.

THE END

NOTES

CHAPTER I

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1. 1. *Great Englishmen of the Sixteenth Century*, p. 71. Cf. also Gardner, *Dukes and Poets of Ferrara*, p. 413.

2. 1. J. W. Stubbs, *History of the University of Dublin* (1889), p. 354.
2. S. Lee, *The French Renaissance in England*, pp. 42, 43.
3. The first instance of the use of the term recorded in the *Oxford Dictionary* is for the year 1670.

4. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, Preface, p. xi.

CHAPTER II

6. 1. See Chapters X–XIV for details.

10. 1. In the middle of the century, Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 8, estimates the population of France at 20,000,000. For 1789, Levasseur estimates the population at 26,000,000. The census of 1801 makes it 26,930,756.
2. "L'ancienne France était si hérissée d'exceptions, de privilèges, de contrastes, que les assertions absolues . . . appellent à chaque instant des explications, des atténuations ou des correctifs, suivant les circonstances de temps et de lieux." Cardinal Mathieu, *L'Ancien Régime en Lorraine et Barrois*, p. xiii.

11. 1. The place that the king held in the everyday thought of the people is well illustrated in the following contemporary comment: "The most inconsiderable circumstance which relates to the monarch is of importance: Whether he eat much or little at dinner; the coat he wears, the horse on which he rides, all afford matter of conversation in the various societies of Paris, and are the most agreeable subjects of epistolary correspondence with their friends in the provinces." Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 20.
2. "Everything in this kingdom is arranged for the accommodation of the rich and the powerful . . . little or no regard is paid to the comfort of citizens of an inferior station." Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 16.

12. 1. Taine, *The Ancient Régime*, I, 17.
2. *Ibid.*, I, 14.

13. 1. "It is the taste in France, for all that can possibly afford it (and of course for many that cannot) to live in the capital. This is a most devoted friend to luxury, which necessarily begets poverty — and then dependence — it is therefore encouraged by the court." *Letters concerning the Present State of the French Nation* (1769), p. 145.

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13. 2. They were not subject to the *taille*, and although they paid the capitation tax, this was comparatively unimportant, and very unequally imposed.
3. Cf. Taine, *The Ancient Régime*, I, 25.
4. *The Old Régime*, p. 246.

14. 1. Cf. De Tocqueville, *The Old Régime*, p. 155.

16. 1. Gallenga, *History of Piedmont*, I, 208.

17. 1. Baretti, *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 156. The population of Italy (1750–89), according to other estimates, ranged somewhere between this figure and seventeen and a half millions.

18. 1. Wyndham, *Travels through Europe*, I, 35.

19. 1. Trevelyan, *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, p. 103.
2. Yet even after Leopold's many reforms, parts of Tuscany were in a wretched state, with squalid villages and impassable roads. Cf. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 267.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 298.

20. 1. "A debased aristocracy, a people of beggars, behold the result of the ecclesiastical government." *Ibid.*, I, 295.
2. *A Short Account of a Late Journey to Tuscany, Rome, etc.*, p. 16.
3. *Ibid.*, p. iii.
4. *Ibid.*, p. iv.

21. 1. Trevelyan, *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 38.

23. 1. Morse Stephens, *Europe*, 1789–1815, pp. 5, 6.

24. 1. Bryce, *The Holy Roman Empire*, p. 339.

CHAPTER III

29. 1. *The Gentleman's Guide in his Tour through France* (1770), pp. 14 *ff.*
2. *Ibid.*, p. 14.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 338.
4. *Ibid.*, I, 326.

30. 1. "The Ship inn upon the quay at Dover is the best and most reasonable house." *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 15.
2. *Travels through France and Italy*, I, 3, 4.
3. These were, at all events, the ordinary days in the middle of the eighteenth century.
4. De la Force, *Nouvelle Description de la France*, I, 341.
5. Fitzgerald, *Life of Sterne*, p. 329.
6. Bates, *Touring in* 1600, p. 63.
7. *Crudities*, I, 152.
8. *Journal of Major Richard Ferrier* (1687), p. 17; Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.* (1719–20), I, 1.
9. H. St. John writes from Paris to Selwyn, December 22, 1770, "I arrived here at five o'clock in the morning, last Sunday; had a fine passage of less than three hours." Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, III, 3.
10. *Letters from Italy*, p. 10.

31. 1. *Dictionary of National Biography*, *s.v.* Burney.

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31. 2. *Journal of a Tour, etc.*, p. 3.
3. *Travels in France*, p. 150.
4. *Notes on a Journey through France*, p. 114.
5. *Journal of Major Richard Ferrier*, p. 17.
6. Smollett, *Travels*, I, 11, 12. It was notorious that one often paid as much for being rowed ashore as for the whole passage. See *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 16.
7. *The Stranger in France*, p. 21.
8. In (Jones) *Journey to Paris*, I, 8.

32. 1. Thierry, *Almanach du Voyageur*, p. 107.
2. *Travels through France*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, II, 734.
3. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 47.
4. There were a half-score or more of canals in France before the Revolution, but the combined length of those open to commerce at the end of the eighteenth century was only about a thousand kilometers. Say, *Dictionnaire des Finances*.
5. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 145.

33. 1. *Travels*, I, 146.
2. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 144.
3. *Travels*, II, 3.
4. *Ibid.*, II, 5, 6. Smith (*Tour on the Continent*, I, 215) went by felucca along the coast "on account of the badness of the roads and the danger of banditti" (p. 473).
5. *Travels*, II, 33.

34. 1. About $2.25.
2. *Travels through Italy*, p. 457.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 473.
4. Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 18.
5. Nugent very significantly says: "When the passage by land is easy, a curious traveller will never choose to go by sea." *Grand Tour*, III, 41.
6. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 377, 378.
7. See Chapter VIII.
8. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VII, 439.

35. 1. Ray, *Travels through the State of Venice, etc.*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, II, 683.
2. *Tour on the Continent*, II, 374, 380.
3. *Letters from Italy*, II, 195.
4. Burnet, *Travels*, p. 105.

36. 1. Cf. for example, Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, 206, 207.
2. Eustace, *Classical Tour in Italy*, I, 161. To Smith the banks suggest Holland. *Tour on the Continent*, III, 2.
3. Keysler, *Travels*, IV, 1. In Coryate's time the trip from Padua through the Brenta to Venice and return, a journey of fifty miles in all, required about twenty-four hours. *Crudities*, I, 300.
4. Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 43.
5. Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, p. 6.

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37. 1. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, I, 211, 212.
2. Wright illustrates the ingenious device (still often found in Germany) used in crossing the Po near Borgo Forte. At a point in the middle of the stream a strong chain or cable was fastened, the other end being attached to the ferry-boat, which by the force of the current was swung from one bank to the other at the pleasure of the steersman. See *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 33, 34.
3. Bromley, *Several Years' Travels*, p. 205; Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 363.
4. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 312.
5. Between Cologne and Amsterdam "there are no less than twelve of those oppressors." Cogan, *The Rhine*, I, 308.

38. 1. *Crudities*, II, 307.
2. Cogan, *The Rhine*, I, 11.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 308.
4. "In the great boats, which are drawn by horses, the common rate (from Cologne to Mainz) is a crown a-piece, a little over or under; and if the passengers please, they may land at any town by the way, to dine or sup." Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 495.
5. Cogan, *The Rhine*, II, 275.

39. 1. *Tour through Germany*, p. 195.
2. *Letters*, I, 206.
3. *Letters from Italy*, II, 249, 250.
4. *Ibid.*, II, 254.

40. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 315. These directions fill the last fifty-eight pages of volume I. Compare also the following: "Directions to know at what time the post-waggons, coaches, draw-boats, sailing-boats, and market-boats set out from all the principal towns of the Low Countries, especially of the United Provinces, to the following towns and places; according to the alphabetical order." *Ibid.*, I, 334–67.
2. *Ibid.*, I, 48, 49.

41. 1. The same is noted in Bromley's *Several Years' Travels* (1702), p. 280.
2. *A Description of Holland*, pp. 349–50, note.
3. In Misson's time the journey by canal from Brussels to Antwerp required seven hours; from Bruges to Ostend, three hours. See *New Voyage to Italy*, II², 531, 550.
4. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, I, 6.
5. *New Voyage to Italy*, I¹, 3.

42. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 279.
2. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 582.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 202.

CHAPTER IV

43. 1. On the relative excellence of ancient and modern roads, see Friedländer, *Roman Life and Manners*, I, 275.
2. For the routes of the Roman roads, see *ibid.*, p. 272. On the lack of roads, see p. 277.

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43. 3. *History of England*, I, 279–91.
4. See Crabb Robinson's *Diary*, I, 411.

44. 1. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, pp. 261, 278.
2. Cf. Thierry, *Almanach du Voyageur*, p. 385.
3. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 52.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 127.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 60.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 12.
7. *Travels in Italy*, p. 6.
8. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 41.

45. 1. Carr, *The Stranger in France*, p. 269.
2. "The way from Paris to this city [Orléans], as indeed most of the roads in France, is paved with a small square-face stone, so that the country does not much molest the traveller with dirt and ill-way, as in England, only 't is somewhat hard to the poor horses' feet, which causes them to ride more temperately, seldom going out of the trot, or *grand pas*, as they call it." Evelyn, *Diary* (1644), I, 71.
3. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 4.
4. Page 56.
5. *Letters*, II, 52, 53.
6. *Journey to Paris* (1776), I, 34, 35.
7. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 238.
8. *Letters*, p. 9.

46. 1. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 157.
2. Concerning Sardinia, Tivaroni observes: "In 1720 there was not a post-office in the entire island, there were no roads, no easy means of communication, not even between the principal cities." *Ibid.*, I, 183.
3. *Tour on the Continent*, III, 89.
4. *Letters from Italy*, p. 266.

47. 1. Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France and Italy*, I, 20.
2. Smollett, *Travels*, II, 183.
3. Eustace, *Classical Tour in Italy*, I, 191.
4. *Ibid*, I, 195.
5. *Travels*, p. 146.
6. *Voyage en Italie*, II, 146.

48. 1. *Remarks on Italy*, *Works*, II, 330.
2. *Grand Tour*, III, 324. A note written on the margin by a later tourist remarks, "Very fine road now."
3. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 98 *f.*
4. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 341.
5. *Ibid.*, I, 340, 341.
6. *Voyage en Italie*, VII, 238, 239.

49. 1. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 341.
2. Trevelyan, *Garibaldi and the Thousand*, p. 146.
3. Colletta, *History of the Kingdom of Naples*, 1734–1843, I, 49.
4. Cf. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 405.
5. Incidents like the following were common, and this is from the year 1794, on the road between Coblenz and Ems: "Turning

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49. 5. short by the corner of a hedge, one of our horses fell into a deep slough, in which the wheels of our carriage on the left side were instantly buried." Cogan, *The Rhine*, II, 78.

50. 1. *New Voyage to Italy*, I[1], 87.
2. *Ibid.*, I[2], 503.
3. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 69.
4. *Grand Tour*, II, 68.
5. *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany*, p. 231. A little later he adds (p. 246): "As soon as the roads were passable, we left Cassel, and arrived, not without difficulty and some risk, at Munden."
6. *Tour through Germany*, pp. 73, 74.
7. *Tour in Germany*, II, 7.
8. *Ibid.*, II, 1.

51. 1. *Letters from Italy*, II, 230, 231.
2. Cogan, *The Rhine*, II, 259.
3. In 1750, Voltaire notes that "one is mired in summer in august Germany." He adds: "Of all modern nations, France and the little country of the Belgians are the only ones that have roads worthy of antiquity." Cited by Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 262.
4. Essex, *Journal of a Tour, etc.*, p. 55.

CHAPTER V

52. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 17.
2. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 44.
3. This appears to have been modeled after the vehicle that Coryate used early in the century: "I departed from Montrel in a cart, according to the fashion of the country, which had three hoopes over it, that were covered with a sheet of course canvasse." *Crudities*, I, 160.
4. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 10.
5. Clenche(?), *A Tour in France and Italy*, p. 21. He adds: "Doggs of no kind worth a farthing, and, to conclude, such is the nature of the clime or soyl, that it produces no animal in perfection, but asses," p. 22.

53. 1. (Jones) *Journey to Paris* (1776), I, 32.
2. *Ibid.*, I, 66, 67.
3. *Travels*, I, 5.
4. *Letters*, p. 16.
5. The general bureau of diligences and stage-coaches for the entire kingdom was at Paris, in the Rue Nôtre Dame des Victoires Subordinate bureaus were to be found in all the large towns. Thierry, *Almanach des Voyageurs* (1785), p. 109. As for prices, "The terms on which you travel are explained in the Liste générale des Postes de France, which keeps one from being cheated." (Jones) *Journey to Paris* (1776), I, 33.

54. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 19.
2. One traveled in the diligence from Paris to Lyons in five days

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54. 2. three hundred and sixty miles. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 11. In the middle of the century the diligence was "used chiefly in travelling from Paris to Lyons and from Paris to Brussels." Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 19.
3. In making the trip to Lyons, James Edward Smith complains of having to rise at four or five in the morning. *Tour on the Continent*, I, 142, 153.
4. *Travels*, I, 126.
5. Page 151.
6. *Views Afoot*, p. 461.
7. Fitzgerald, *Life of Sterne*, I, 331.
8. Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France and Italy*, I, 13, 14.

55. 1. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 261, says that the pace was generally a gallop and that changing horses took *no* time. When the route was difficult the distance between relays was only two leagues.
2. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 236.
3. (Cooper) *Gleanings in Europe*, I, 112, 113; Peale, *Notes on Italy*, pp. 10, 11.
4. Already in 1775 the Lyons diligences were hung on springs which made them as comfortable as the post-chaises and the berlines. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 13.

56. 1. Carr, *The Stranger in France*, 42, 43.
2. The fare by diligence from Paris to Lyons, three hundred and sixty miles, with "maintenance on the road" was in 1763 one hundred livres. The journey took five days, — the last two days, from Chalons to Lyons, being by boat on the Saone. Carr, *The Stranger in France*, p. 93, gives the price for a place in the diligence from Rouen to Paris (ninety miles), with luggage, as twenty-three livres, eighteen sols. Smollett, *Travels*, I, 125, 126.
3. Hazlitt found the French stage-coach in his day "a very purgatory of heat, closeness, confinement, and bad smells. Nothing can surpass it but the section of a slave-ship or the Black-hole of Calcutta." *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 184.

57. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 18, 19.
2. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, I, 151.
3. *Letters from Italy*, p. 10.
4. Here and there, as, for example, on the road from Avignon to Aix, there were, even late in the century, no fixed stages between several towns, "therefore no stipulated price; and it is the custom of these *voituriers*, as they are called, to ask a louis d'or, when they mean to take one third." *The Gentleman's Guide, etc.*, p. 150.
5. "These carriages drawn by mules make 30 m. a day." *Ibid.*, p. 151.
6. See Cook, *Life of Ruskin*, I, 35, 36.
7. *Travels in France*, p. 56.

58. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 19–22.
2. *Travels*, II, 255.

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58. 3. *Ibid.*, I, 127, 128. Cf. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 17.

59. 1. Gray, *Letters* (ed. Gosse), II, 17. An Englishman in 1773 remarks, "Their carriages are more clumsy than our dung-carts; their inns inferior to an English ale-house." *Tour of Holland, etc.* (1773), p. 221. Nevertheless the French were at this time among the best coach-builders in Europe. See Trevelyan, *Early History of Charles James Fox*, p. 274.

2. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 405, says that "postes" were organized as in France throughout a large part of the Continent, but nowhere were they so regularly served, or at prices more reasonable, or better kept. Yet, in the opinion of some Englishmen, "Posting is much more easy, convenient and reasonable, upon a just comparison of all circumstances, in England than in France. The English carriages, horses, harness, and roads, are better; and the postilions more obliging and alert . . ." There is competition in England, "but in France the post is monopolized, etc." *The Gentleman's Guide* (1773), pp. 17, 18.

3. *Notes on a Journey through France*, pp. 17, 18.

4. *Travels*, I, 6. "The French post-chaises have only two wheels; and when one person is in them, must have two horses; and if two people, they must have three." *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 18. Four-wheeled carriages required four horses and two drivers. *Ibid.*, p. 19.

60. 1. *Travels*, I, 127.

2. Smollett, who was always in trouble, notes that at Châlons the axle-tree of his coach actually took fire. *Travels*, II, 260.

3. *Travels*, II, 256, 257.

61. 1. That is, without paying six livres every time for the privilege.

2. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 36, 37.

62. 1. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 313.

2. Carriages with springs were by no means universal, as we see from the complaints of Horace Walpole, in 1740: "You will wonder, my dear Hal, to find me on the road from Rome. . . . We have been jolted to death; my servants let us come without springs to the chaise, and we are worn threadbare." *Letters*, I, 50.

3. Starke, *Letters from Italy* (1798) II, 265.

4. Cf. Lady Mary Montagu's experience. She is writing from Naples: "Here I am arrived at length, after a most disagreeable journey. I bought a chaise at Rome, which cost me twenty-five good English pounds; and had the pleasure of being laid low in it the very second day after I set out. I had the marvellous good luck to escape with life and limbs; but my delightful chaise broke all to pieces, and I was forced to stay a whole day in a hovel, while it was tacked together in such a manner as would serve to drag me hither. To say truth, this accident has very much palled my appetite for travelling." *Letters*, II, 38.

5. Young, *Travels in France*, pp. 265–66.

63. 1. *Ibid.*, p. 266.

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63. 2. Vol. III, p. 39.

3. With this it is interesting to compare the suggestions offered to travelers nearly a century later, in Coghlan's *Handbook for Italy* (p. xiv): —

"In the Italian states there are three modes of conveyance: posting, by diligence, and by *vetturini;* travellers by the first mode should always provide a *bolletone* at the police-office, without which no post-horses can be obtained.

"In Italy, as in France, the number of horses put to a carriage is regulated by the number of persons; thus a post-chaise with two persons requires two horses, three persons three horses, and four persons four horses; but in those parts of Northern Italy where the roads are level, a calash, or open carriage, with three persons and one trunk, is allowed to travel with two horses.

"In Tuscany, an English post-chaise with a pole, conveying three persons and without an imperial, if the road is not mountainous, is allowed to travel with two horses, but if there is an imperial it must have three horses; and English carriages, with four persons, imperial and trunks, must have four horses.

"In the papal dominions, a two-wheeled carriage, with three persons and one trunk, is allowed to travel with two horses, but with more than one trunk three horses are indispensable; a four-wheeled carriage, with six persons and one trunk, is allowed to travel with four horses, but with six persons and two large trunks, or with seven persons, it must have six horses; a four-wheeled half-open carriage, much in use all over Italy, with two persons and one trunk, is allowed to travel with two horses.

"In the Neapolitan territories, a two-wheeled carriage, with two persons and one large trunk, is allowed to travel with two horses, with three persons and two large trunks, three horses; with four persons and two large trunks, four horses; but with six persons and two large trunks, six horses are indispensable."

4. The distance between posting-stations all over Italy ranged from eight to ten miles. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 307.

5. *Travels*, II, 76.

6. *Voyage en Italie*, I, 6.

7. *Ibid.*, I, 5.

64. 1. Keysler, *Travels*, I, 348, 349.

2. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 10.

3. So in the region about Capua: "The Buffaloes, which draw most of the Carriages in this part of the Country, were brought in originally by Alphonsus I. They are an ugly, stubborn, and sometimes mischievous Animal, but live upon Straw and are of prodigious Strength and Service." Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, 74. Wright remarks: "The carriages in Lombardy, and indeed throughout all Italy, are for the most part drawn with oxen. . . . In the kingdom of Naples, and some other parts, they use buffaloes in their carriages."

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64. 3. *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 32. See also *ibid.*, I, 119, 120.
4. Baretti, *Manners and Customs of Italy*, p. 280.
5. Already in the sixteenth century "in Italy the vetturino system was in force — that is, a personally conducted tour, the traveller being relieved from all haggling with natives. By this predecessor of the Cook system Moryson travelled from Rome to Naples and back." Hughes, *Life of Fynes Moryson*, p. ix.

65. 1. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 550.
2. *Views Afoot*, pp. 102, 403.
3. He agreed to take them from Florence to Rome "for ten sequins, all accommodation included." *Tour on the Continent*, I, 339.
4. *Ibid.*, I, 297.
5. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 540.
6. Nugent in his *Grand Tour* (1756), III, 378, repeats Misson's information, except that he states the charge at fifteen crowns instead of fifteen piasters; and adds: "You pay your own expences at Naples, board and lodging one crown a day each person, and half a crown for your servant." William Bromley at the end of the seventeenth century paid seventeen crowns for the trip from Rome to Naples and back, having five days at Naples. His trip is essentially Misson's. See *Several Years' Travels, etc.*, p. 122.

66. 1. *Travels*, III, 1.
2. *Ibid.*, III, 15.
3. But see *Grand Tour*, III, 39.
4. *Ibid.*, III, 378.

67. 1. *Journey, Works*, IX, 259, 260.
2. Baretti, in criticizing Sharp, who had hired a *vetturino* to go to Rome, asks, "Did he not conceive that by such a bargain he made it the interest of the fellow to take him to the cheapest inns, which is as much as to say the most beggarly, that the feeding of his fare might cost him little?" *Manners and Customs of Italy*, I, 26.
3. Such early hours for stages are still common, even in summer, at San Marino, at Varese, and other places too numerous to mention.
4. *Grand Tour*, III, 39.
5. *Autobiography*, II, 344 (Bohn).
6. Moreover, De La Lande, who is not usually censorious, points out several other disadvantages of this system. "It is a sort of post, much less expensive, for which a special permission is required, but it does not travel at night. Besides, the masters of the post are not content when they see people who have the *cambiatura*, the postilions do not drive you so fast; and sometimes the post-masters annoy travellers by having their carriages weighed so as to charge for whatever is above a hundred pounds." *Voyage en Italie*, I, 265.
7. *Travels*, II, 37.
8. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 539.
9. *Tour on the Continent*, II, 117.

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68. 1. But, as Misson had already observed, "A traveller ought never to defer enquiring about a carriage, till he is just ready to depart; if he would not be forc'd to submit to the most unreasonable terms." *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 562.
2. *Grand Tour*, III, 40, 41.

69. 1. Cogan, *The Rhine*, II, 258.
2. *Letters from Italy*, II, 211.
3. As late as 1756 Nugent cites two striking instances: "There is no post-waggon from Leipsic to Prague, but a sort of heavy coach by the way of Chemnitz, which sets out on Wednesday towards eleven in the morning and comes back on Sunday noon." *Grand Tour*, II, 249. "From Dresden to Prague there is no post-waggon, so that you must either hire a coach or chaise for the whole journey, or travel with post-horses." *Ibid.*, II, 257.
4. *Ibid.*, II, 68.

70. 1. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 487–88.
2. "The stages or post-waggons, as they are called, are slow, heavy, and disagreeable in every respect." *Tour in Germany*, (1793), p. 2.
3. *Grand Tour*, II, 67, 68. Cf. *ibid.*, I, 175, 176.

71. 1. Riesbeck, *Travels through Germany*, p. 231.
2. *Tour in Germany*, I, 13, 14.
3. Page 2.
4. *Grand Tour*, II, 68.
5. *Ibid.*, II, 69.

72. 1. *Letters from Italy*, II, 187, 188.
2. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 282, 283.

73. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 65.
2. *Tour in Holland*, p. 11.
3. *Grand Tour*, I, 49.
4. *Ibid.*, I, 205.
5. *Ibid.*, I, 367–72.
6. *Ibid.*, I, 326.

74. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 326.
2. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, I, 5.
3. Cogan, *The Rhine*, I, 45.
4. *A Description of Holland* (1743), p. 159.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 211.

CHAPTER VI

75. 1. English-French for *Dessein's*.
2. Eustace, *Classical Tour in Italy*, I, 46, 47.

76. 1. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 257.
2. Young speaks of "the bad accommodations even in the high road from London to Rome. On the contrary, go in England to towns that contain 1500, 2000, or 3000 people, in situations absolutely cut off from all dependence, or almost the expectation of what are properly called travellers, yet you will meet with neat inns, well dressed and clean people keeping them,

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76. 2. good furniture, and a refreshing civility." *Travels in France*, p. 57.
3. Berchtold, *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, p. 66.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 66.
5. *Ibid.*, pp. 68–69.
6. "It being necessary, on the Continent, to carry your own sheets, pillows and blankets, when you travel, I would advise the doubling them up daily of a convenient size, and then placing them in the carriage by way of cushions, making a leather sheet of the *envellope*." Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 265, 266.

77. 1. *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, p. 70.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 59.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 56.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 67.

78. 1. *Ibid.*, pp. 66–69.
2. *Letters from Italy*, II, 263, 264.
3. English tourists did not hesitate to call the kitchens of French inns filthy. See Carr, *The Stranger in France*, pp. 263, 272.
4. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 278.

79. 1. Fitzgerald, *Life of Sterne*, II, 132.
2. *Journal of a Tour through Flanders and France*, p. 4.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 33, 34, says: "There are a great many very good inns at Paris, where you are sure of being extremely well accommodated, according to the figure and expence you wish to make." Then follows a long list.
4. In 1761 the thrifty traveler Willebrandt jotted down the names of the best hotels in Paris, the streets where were found the most desirable furnished rooms, and showed how to get *déjeûner* and supper cheaply. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 258.
5. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 139.
6. *Travels in France*, p. 133.
7. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, III, 240.

80. 1. *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 80.
2. (Jones) *Journey to Paris*, I, 68, 69.
3. *Travels in France*, p. 229.
4. "St. Geronds," as Young writes it.
5. *Travels in France*, p. 57.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 242.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 249.

81. 1. *Travels*, II, 256.
2. "Provence is a pleasant country, well cultivated; but the inns are not so good here as in Languedoc, and few of them are provided with a certain convenience which an English traveller can very ill dispense with. Those you find are generally on tops of the houses, exceedingly nasty; and so much exposed to the weather, that a valetudinarian cannot use them without hazard of his life." *Ibid.*, I, 197.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 198.

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81. 4. *Grand Tour*, IV, 22.
5. (Jones) *Journey to France*, I, 90.
6. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, I, 143.

82. 1. *Travels in France*, p. 35.
2. Cross, *Life of Sterne*, p. 301.
3. *Travels in France*, p. 35.
4. One critical Englishman in particular found the French "wines in good quantity, but without any flavor, and most of them tart and crabbed; provisions of no kind excellent, their poultrey lean, little or no fish, scarce any beef, mutton, nor veal that's good." Clenche, *A Tour in France and Italy*, p. 21.
5. *Travels*, I, 129, 130.
6. *Letters*, I, 17.

83. 1. Page 208.
2. *A View of Paris* (1701), by a Gentleman, p. 71.
3. Keysler, *Travels*, II, 133; Carr, *The Stranger in France*, p. 113.
4. Thierry, *Almanach du Voyageur* (1785), pp. 206, 207.
5. Page 10.
6. Young, *Travels in France*, p. 39.

84. 1. *Grand Tour*, IV, 34, 35.

85. 1. *Classical Tour in Italy*, I, 46, 47.
2. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 299.
3. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, II, 196.

86. 1. *Letters from Italy*, pp. 43, 44.
2. *Ibid.*, pp. 45, 46.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 46. Coryate, *Crudities*, II, 58, 59, had already complained of the *cimices* in Italian beds. Cf. also Ray's *Travels*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, II, 688.
4. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, I, 25. The Italians appear, indeed, to have been exceptionally hospitable to strangers. "An Italian nobleman, hearing an Englishman complain of the accommodation at country inns, expressed his surprise that he frequented such places, and observed, that with a few recommendatory letters he might traverse Italy from one extremity to the other, without being once under the necessity of entering an inn." Eustace, *Classical Tour in Italy*, III, 153.

87. 1. *Travels*, pp. 146, 147.
2. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 585. Cf. also Duclos, *Voyage en Italie*, *Œuvres Completes*, IX, 167, 168. Duclos says that the inn at Viareggio was the only one in Italy, outside the cities, where his party found a good supper and clean beds.
3. *Grand Tour*, III, 37.
4. *Letters from Italy*, p. 17.

88. 1. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 321, 322.
2. *Tour on the Continent*, I, 353, 354.
3. *Travels*, II, 12. Smollett was certainly the most unfortunate of travelers. "At the post-house in Lerici," says he, "the accommodation is intolerable. We were almost poisoned at supper." *Ibid.*, II, 36.
4. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, I, 266.

89. 1. Wyndham, *Travels through Europe*, I, 136.

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89. 2. *A Late Journey to Tuscany, Rome, etc.* (1741), p. 16.
3. *Travels*, II, 89.
4. *Travels*, II, 165.

90. 1. *Ibid.*, II, 174.
2. *Letters from Italy*, p. 223.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 265.
4. That conditions throughout Italy had not greatly improved as late as 1847 we may learn from the following passage in a widely used guide-book. The testimony is the more significant as the makers of guide-books are likely to understate the difficulty of travel in the country they are exploiting: —

"On the road between Florence and Naples I have seldom mentioned the inns, for really they are scarcely deserving the name: besides, each vetturini [!] has his own favourite house to stop at, and it is always better to let him go there.

Italian Beds

Will astonish, and no doubt please, married people who have been screwed up in small German and Swiss beds; the first sample, after passing the Alps by the Simplon, is seen at the ancient poste, Domo d'Ossola; and generally throughout Italy they are large enough for a man and his wife and four juveniles — but, notwithstanding their convenient size, they are not particularly soft; one thin mattress of wool is generally placed on the top of a palliasse, composed of dried leaves of Indian corn; a really comfortable bed should have two wool mattresses at least; this, by giving a little notice to the chambermaid (i. e., man) will be readily effected. Madame Starke recommended travellers to carry their own sheets: had she also advised people to carry their own pillows, it would have been a wise suggestion; they are even now precious hard and flat, they must have been bullets in her time. Mosquito curtains are made of a fine muslin, which should be drawn tightly down; curtains with openings at the sides are literally of no use, the insinuating tormentors would creep through the eye of a needle." Coghlan, *Hand-Book for Italy* (1847), p. xx.

5. Tivaroni, *Storia del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 340, 341.
6. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 382.
7. *Letters from Italy*, p. 63.

91. 1. *Ibid.*, p. 187.
2. *Travels*, pp. 157, 158.
3. "St. Marco and Il Pelegrino [at Bologna] have for some years past been famous for being the best inns in Italy." Keysler, *Travels*, III, 249.
4. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 255.

92. 1. *Grand Tour*, III, 291.
2. Nugent counts the best inns at Naples Li tre Re, La Croce d'Oro, and Alle Colombe. "You may board and lodge in these inns for ten carlini a day, and for twelve carlini a day you may have a coach." *Grand Tour*, III, 401. (A carlin was a silver coin worth about eight cents.)
3. English-Italian for *Piazza*.

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92. 4. Northall, *Travels through Italy*, pp. 196, 197.
5. *Grand Tour*, III, 92.
6. But even Sharp admits that not every district was hopelessly bad. "In Savoy, amongst the Alps, we were often astonished at the excellence of their diet; so great is the disparity betwixt French and Italian cooks, on the Savoy and the Loretto roads." *Letters from Italy*, p. 46.
7. Burnet, *Travels*, p. 85.

93. 1. Misson agrees with Burnet: "The inns in the little towns, especially on certain roads, are very ill furnish'd with provisions. The first course, which they call the *Antipasto*, is a dish of giblets boil'd with salt and pepper, and mix'd with whites of eggs. After which course, come one after another of different ragous. Between Rome and Naples the traveller is sometimes regal'd with buffalos and crows; and he's a happy man that can meet with such dainties." *New Voyage to Italy*, II^2, 392.
2. *Letters from Italy*, II, 58, 59.
3. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 199.
4. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, II, 318.

94. 1. To this day the butter for Sicilian hotels is mainly imported from northern Italy.
2. Two bajocchi were equal to an English penny.
3. Coghlan, *Hand-Book for Italy* (1847), p. 309.
4. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 202.
5. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 344.
6. *Ibid.*, II, 336.
7. *Ibid.*, II, 53.
8. Ray, *Travels*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, II, 661.
9. *Autobiography*, II, 411.

95. 1. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 225.
2. *Tour through Germany*, (1792), p. 82.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 246.
4. *Ibid.*, II, 337.

96. 1. *Ibid.*, II, 211.
2. *Letters from Italy*, II, 217.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 253.
4. *Tour through Germany*, p. 370.
5. *Travels through Germany*, p. 225.

97. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 80, 81.
2. *Letters*, I, 200.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 222.
4. Riesbeck, *Travels through Germany*, p. 209.

98. 1. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 3.
2. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 419.
3. All the road from Heidelberg to Nuremberg "straw was commonly our bed." Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I^1, 126.
4. "Invalids who travel through Germany should take a small warming-pan with them." Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 188.
5. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 67.

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98. 6. *Ibid.*, II, 67.
99. 1. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 209.
2. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 68.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 80.
100. 1. *The Rhine*, I, 140, 141.
2. *Tour through Germany* (1792), p. 276.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 268.
4. *Letters from Italy*, II, 210.
5. *A Description of Holland*, p. 207.
101. 1. *Grand Tour*, I, 222.
2. *Travels in France*, p. 109.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 90.
4. *A Description of Holland*, p. 200.
5. Cf. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 50.
6. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, I, 46.
102. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 49, 50.
2. *A Description of Holland*, p. 210.

CHAPTER VII

104. 1. *Letters concerning the Present State of England*, p. 240.
2. Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, VII, 230–31.
105. 1. *Letters*, II, 30.
2. Such, at least, was the opinion of foreigners. See Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 372.
3. *The Gentleman's Guide* (1770), p. 1, introduces the book with the remark: "A fondness for travel being the characteristic of the English, more than of any other nation," etc.
4. Traill, *Social England*, V, 345.
5. "It is much to be regretted," says Andrews, "that the majority of our travellers run over to France from no other motives than those which lead them to Bath, Tunbridge, or Scarborough. Amusement and dissipation are their principal, and often their only, views." *Letters to a Young Gentleman*, p. 2.
106. 1. *Ibid.*, p. 13.
2. As illustrating the slowness of travel we may note that when George III was taken ill in 1788 a messenger was dispatched by the Duke of Portland to summon Charles James Fox, who was then at Bologna. "He at once set out on his return, and, after nine days' incessant travelling, arrived in London on November 24." Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, V, 381.
107. 1. *Diary*, I, 228.
2. Andrews, *Letters to a Young Gentleman*, pp. 574–75.
3. *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, Preface, pp. V, VI.
4. Cogan, *The Rhine*, II, 46.
108. 1. (Jones) *Journey to France* (1776), II, 117.
2. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 87.
3. *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 3.
4. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, II, 106, 107.

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109. 1. *Letters*, I, 35. (Florence, January 24, 1740, N.S.)
2. *Letters*, I, 42.
3. *Letters*, I, 59. (Walpole to West, Florence, October 2, 1740, N.S.)
4. Hazlitt hits off the wild generalizations common in his day: "Because the French are animated and full of gesticulation, they are a *theatrical* people; if they smile and are polite, they are *like monkeys* — an idea an Englishman never has out of his head, and it is well if he can keep it between his lips." *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 139. "If we meet with anything odd or absurd in France, it is immediately set down as French and characteristic of the country, though we meet with a thousand odd and disagreeable things every day in England (that we never met before) without taking any notice of them." *Ibid.*, IX, 141.
5. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 147.

110. 1. *Diary*, I, 192.
2. *Several Years' Travels*, etc., p. 116.
3. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 555.
4. *Lettres critiques et historiques sur l'Italie*, II, 67.
5. *Travels through Italy*, p. 33.
6. Note, for example, her remarks on Arezzo, *Letters from Italy*, II, 179.

111. 1. Faulconbridge, in *King John*, Act I, Sc. i.
2. Baretti, *Manners and Customs of Italy*, I, 2.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 4.
4. *Ibid.*, I, 28.
5. *Ibid.*, I, 100.

112. 1. *A Short Account of a Late Journey to Tuscany, Rome, etc.*, p. 37.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 53.
3. See *Travels*, I, 211.

113. 1. V. Knox, *Liberal Education*, II, 98.

114. 1. *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, I, 1.
2. *Letters to a Young Gentleman*, p. 556.
3. Berchtold, *An Essay, etc.*, I, 16.

115. 1. A tourist was advised always to carry paper, pen, and ink in his pocket and jot down comments upon the most remarkable things that he saw. Says Berchtold, "The daily remarks ought to be copied from the pocket book into the journal before the traveller goes to rest." (*An Essay, etc.*, I, 43.) He adds (p. 45) that it is "imprudent and often very dangerous, for a traveller to lend his journal."
2. But Bourgoanne, *Travels in Spain*, p. 314, speaks of the ignorance of French among Spaniards in the eighteenth century.
3. Paris, April 21, N.S., 1739.

116. 1. Tovey, *Gray and his Friends*, p. 40.
2. *Studies of a Biographer*, II, 40, 41.
3. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, II, 236.
4. *Ibid.*, II, 277.
5. *Ibid.*, II, 307 (1768).

117. 1. *Ibid.*, II, 218.

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117. 2. Walpole, *Letters*, v, 487.
3. *Ibid.*, iv, 410.
4. *Ibid.*, ii, 228.
5. *Ibid.*, iv, 412.
6. *Ibid.*, ix, 161.
7. "The Importation of German," in *Studies of a Biographer*, ii, 38–75.

118. 1. Reid, *Life of Lord Houghton*, ii, 254.

119. 1. "Whenever the circumstances of the parent will permit, a private tutor of character must be engaged . . . to inspect his pupil not only in the hours of study, but also of amusement; and I would give particular directions, that the pupil should associate with none but the private tutor and those whom he may approve." V. Knox, *Liberal Education*, ii, 112.
2. Andrews, *Letters to a Young Gentleman*, p. 52.

120. 1. "On Foreign Travel," in *Liberal Education*, ii, 305.
2. *Dictionary of National Biography*, *s.v.* Ray.

122. 1. *Letters*, ii, 219, 220.
2. *Ibid.*, ii, 409.
3. *Ibid.*, iv, 397.
4. *Ibid.*, v, 115.

123. 1. "A young man, born with the certainty of succeeding to an opulent fortune, is commonly too much indulged during infancy for submitting to the authority of a governor." Chesterfield, *On the Passions and Vices of Boys.*
2. "My travelling servant babbles all languages, but speaks none." Earl of Cork and Orrery, *Letters from Italy*, p. 20.

124. 1. Berchtold, *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, i, 47.
2. "The characteristic hatred of foreigners was shown by a furious disturbance in 1738 because French actors were employed at the Haymarket and some years afterwards by the sacking of Drury Lane Theatre because Garrick had employed in a spectacle some French dancers." Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, ii, 113.
3. "One of the complaints," says Andrews, "urged against the English by the French, and indeed by most foreigners, is a superciliousness of disposition that inclines them to undervalue whatever they meet with abroad. More enmity has accrued to us from this than from any other cause." *Letters to a Young Gentleman*, p. 8. Cf. *ibid.*, p. 63.

125. 1. *Letters from Italy*, p. 246.
2. *Classical Tour in Italy*, iii, 40.

126. 1. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 429.
2. But note the English point of view in the following remarks by Dr. Thomas Arnold: "It will not do to contemplate ourselves only, or, contenting ourselves with saying that we are better than others, scorn to amend our institutions by comparing them with those of other nations. Our travellers and our exquisites imitate the outside of foreign customs without discrimination, just as in the absurd fashion of not eating fish with a knife,

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126. 2. borrowed from the French, who do it because they have no knives fit for use. But monkeyish imitation will do no good." Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold*, II, 343.
3. *Letters*, IV, 402.
4. *Ibid.*, IX, 35.
5. It is interesting to compare with the comments of Lady Mary those of Dr. Thomas Arnold, about a century later (July 17, 1830). "I was struck, too, with the total isolation of England from the European world. We are considered like the inhabitants of another planet, feared perhaps, and respected in many points, and in no respect understood or sympathized with. And how much is our state the same with regard to the Continent. How little do we seem to know, or to value their feelings, — how little do we appreciate or imitate their intellectual progress." Stanley's *Life of Dr. Arnold*, II, 333, 334.

127. 1. *Letters*, II, 29.
2. Cogan, *The Rhine*, I, 134.

128. 1. Andrews strongly advises young Englishmen who go to Paris to frequent the coffee-houses: "You will, if you are wise, often repair to these houses; and lay aside that pernicious pride, which prompts so many of our countrymen abroad to disdain all company, but that of persons of the highest rank." *Letters to a Young Gentleman*, p. 44.

129. 1. "The memoirs of last century swarm with proofs that young Englishmen of family were only too well received in Continental, and most of all in Italian, drawing-rooms." Trevelyan, *Early Life of Charles James Fox*, p. 55.
2. *Grand Tour*, II, 45.
3. Baretti, *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 317, 318.
4. *Letters*, I, 365.
5. *Ibid.*, IV, 352.
6. *Ibid.*, V, 252.
7. *Ibid.*, VI, 281.
8. Cf. *ibid.*, II, 261; V, 135; VI, 269, 359; VII, 259, 267; V, 414.

130. 1. *Travels*, II, 188.

131. 1. *Ibid.*, II, 261.
2. *Journey, Works*, IX, 102.
3. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 18.

132. 1. *Ibid.*, pp. 39–41.
2. Earl of Cork and Orrery, *Letters from Italy*, pp. 142–43.

133. 1. Page 76.
2. *Letters*, II, 233.

134. 1. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, pp. 36, 37.

135. 1. *Ibid.*, p. 226.
2. *Early History of Charles James Fox*, p. 274.
3. For example, when in Paris, Horace Walpole goes into raptures over Lesueur's pictures illustrating the life of St. Bruno. "But sure they are amazing! I don't know what Raphael may be in Rome, but these pictures excel all I have seen in Paris and England." *Letters*, I, 19.

136. 1. *Travels through Italy*, p. 447.

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136. 2. Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* appeared between 1776 and 1788.

137. 1. See the remarks on Gothic architecture in a paper in the *World*, No. 26 (1753). Chalmers, *British Essayists*, XXII, 143, 144.

2. It is hardly necessary to point out that the term "Gothic" is very loosely used in the eighteenth century and applied to "every ancient building which is not in the Grecian mode." See citation from Langley's *Ancient Architecture Restored* (1742), in the *Oxford Dictionary*, *s.v.* "Gothic" was a common synonym for "barbarous."

3. *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 43.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 62.

5. *Diary*, I, 130.

6. *Ibid.*, I, 179. Cf. his remarks on "St. Stephen's" (St. Étienne) in Paris, *ibid.*, I, 265, which he thinks beautiful, "though Gothic."

7. Wyndham, *Travels*, I, 398.

8. *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, 48.

9. *Travels through Italy*, p. 39.

10. *Ibid.*, p. 108.

11. *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 423.

138. 1. Page 147.

2. *New Voyage to Italy*, II², 239. Addison had no feeling for, or understanding of, Gothic architecture. See his remarks on the cathedral of Siena, *Remarks on Italy*, pp. 313, 314.

3. Earl of Cork and Orrery, *Letters from Italy*, p. 5.

4. *Grand Tour*, IV, 195.

5. *Ibid.*, IV, 180.

6. *Ibid.*, IV, 270. Some of Nugent's estimates of other French Gothic buildings are found in his *Grand Tour*, IV: Paris (Sainte-Chapelle), p. 55; Sens, pp. 167, 168; Metz, p. 205; Strassburg, p. 207; Troyes, p. 213; Bourges, p. 257 (this he pronounces "one of the finest Gothic structures in France," but he makes no mention of the superb old glass or of the great carved doorways); Le Mans, p. 271; Rouen, p. 282; Caen, p. 285; Rheims, p. 297, etc.

139. 1. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 177.

2. Vol. I, p. 20.

3. Vol. I, p. 15.

4. Vol. I, 101.

5. Vol. II, 109.

CHAPTER VIII

141. 1. Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, p. 69.

2. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, II, 320.

142. 1. Cf. Chapter II.

143. 1. Evelyn returned by land from Naples to Rome for fear of Turkish pirates. *Diary*, I, 169.

2. Berchtold, *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, I, 77.

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143. 3. Keysler observes that the sea trip from Genoa to Leghorn was least interrupted by pirates in the autumn and winter. *Travels*, I, 473.
4. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 377, 378.
5. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 366.
6. *Ibid.*, I, 342.

144. 1. *A Short Account of a late Journey to Tuscany, Rome, etc.*, pp. 2, 3.
2. Berchtold, *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, p. 50.
3. Cf. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, II², 379; Wyndham, *Travels*, I, 194.

145. 1. Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, VII, 338, 340.
2. *Letters*, VI, 129. See also, *ibid.*, VIII, 88, 89.
3. See Evelyn's *Diary*, I, 271; *Journal of Major Ferrier*, pp. 26, 36.
4. Cf. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 256.
5. (Jones) *Journey to Paris*, I, 63, 64.
6. Birkbeck, *Notes on a Journey through France*, p. 8.

146. 1. Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, p. 209.
2. Essex, *Journal of a Tour*, etc., p. 38.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 68.
4. Coryate, *Crudities*, II, 308.
5. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, V, 169.
6. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 307, 308.
7. *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, p. 82.
8. Cf. Dupaty, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, III, 87, 88.
9. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 351.

147. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 342. Cf. also *ibid.*, I, 315, 339, 352.
2. During the reign of Charles of Bourbon, "In the city of Naples alone, the judicial census numbered 30,000 thieves. Homicides, inroads of banditti, and violent acts of robbery, were frequent in the provinces; and there were so many cases of poisoning in the city, that the king instituted a Court of Magistracy called the *Giunta de' Veleni* to discover and punish the delinquents." Colletta, *History of the Kingdom of Naples*, I, 52, 53.
3. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 425.
4. *New Voyage to Italy*, II², 397.
5. *Travels*, I, 345.
6. *Ibid.*, III, 22.
7. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 296, 315.

148. 1. *New Letters from an English Traveller*, pp. 43, 44. The evil reputation of Naples continued long. "From the moment you land till you quit Naples, always carry your handkerchief in your hat, and your purse in your breast-pocket, and your watch well secured with a strong guard: the pick-pockets in Naples are the most expert in Europe." Coghlan, *Hand-Book for Italy* (1847), p. 340.
2. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 231.

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148. 3. *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, I, 51.
4. *Grand Tour*, III, 37, 38.

149. 1. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 585.
2. *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, I, 48.

151. 1. *Crudities*, I, 152, 153.
2. *Ibid.*, I, 155. Cf. the *Journal of Major Richard Ferrier*, p. 18.
3. *Diary*, I, 34.

152. 1. *The Stranger in France*, p. 26.
2. Even late in the nineteenth century the system was a perpetual plague. Note the following, in a guide-book of the year 1847: "In every part of Italy, except the Austrian states, the *visé* to a traveller's passport must be paid for, varying from 1 to 12 pauls, to the police, then to the English consul, and lastly by the consul of the state you are about entering. It should, however, be always borne in mind that the *visé* of a minister, on proceeding from France, Germany or Switzerland, authorizes your entering that country for once only, and having left it, to return, it must again receive a similar *visé* either from a minister or a consul. It is also important to know that the number in each family should be particularly specified, and whenever a separation takes place previous to embarking, particular notice should be given to the police to that effect, as the number of persons registered as having embarked (copied from the passports) must be forthcoming when the vessel arrives; in some cases the passengers are called one by one by name, but in all they are passed from one part of the vessel to the other." Coghlan, *Hand-Book for Italy*, pp. xx-xxi. Cf. Coghlan's remarks on the need of passports at Milan and Florence, pp. 85, 158. Bayard Taylor, *Views Afoot*, p. 503, says, that "in Italy they are the traveller's greatest annoyance."
3. *Grand Tour*, III, 38, 39.
4. Northall, *Travels through Italy*, p. 460. "Without a license from the secretary . . . [strangers] cannot stay above four days in Genoa." Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 141.
5. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 306; cf. Northall, *Travels through Italy*, p. 421.
6. *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 389.

153. 1. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 376.
2. Keysler, *Travels*, III, 6; Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 326.
3. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 252.
4. Cogan, *The Rhine*, I, 256.
5. Cross, *Life of Sterne*, pp. 289, 290.
6. *Tour of Holland*, etc., p. 209.
7. Thierry, *Almanach du Voyageur* (1785), p. 388.

154. 1. *The Stranger in France*, p. 258.
2. Cf. Peale, *Notes on Italy* (1829), p. 193.
3. *Crudities*, I, 214. Cf. Fynes Moryson, *Shakespeare's England*, p. 460.

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154. 4. Cf. Evelyn's *Diary*, I, 201; Bromley, *Several Years' Travels*, etc., p. 101; etc.
5. Ray, *Travels through the State of Venice*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages*, II, 687.

155. 1. *Grand Tour*, III, 117; cf. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, I, 193.
2. Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy*, etc., I, 111. "The curate and the doctor (without seeing the patient) declare that X Y is unable through his infirmity to abstain from eating meat."
3. *Ibid.*, I, 389.
4. References to this matter are very numerous. The following is one of the more quotable: "The entering within the palace is exceedingly offensive to the sight and smell, for the people leave here great tokens of their liberty." Northall, *Travels through Italy*, I, 437.
5. Very early in the nineteenth century Eustace remarks that the "want of cleanliness is applicable to most of the palaces on the Continent as well as to those in Italy." *Classical Tour in Italy*, I, 23. See also *The Gentleman's Guide*, pp. 188, 189.

156. 1. Keysler, *Travels*, II, 133; Starke, *Letters from Italy*, 203.
2. *Shakespeare's England*, p. 350. Coryate cites more than one instance of the same sort of thing. *Crudities*, I, 255; II, 205.
3. In France, under the ministry of Turgot, diligences began to travel at night; and of course had to be admitted after sunset into the cities along the route. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 12.
4. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, III, 215.
5. *Tour on the Continent*, I, 5.

157. 1. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 369.
2. Berchtold, *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, p. 50.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 72.

158. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 73.
2. *Ibid.*, I, 74.

159. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 19–21.
2. *Letters concerning the Present State of the French Nation* (1767), p. 87.
3. The inspectors at the gates of Paris were so strict that they even stopped and examined promenaders returning from the Bois de Boulogne. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 285.

160. 1. *Journal of a Tour through Part of Flanders and France*, p. 5.
2. *Travels*, II, 226.
3. *Tour on the Continent*, I, 147.
4. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 285.
5. Duclos comments sharply on the inconvenience of the frequent custom-houses, and on the diversity of money, which must be constantly exchanged. *Œuvres Complètes*, IX, 176.
6. *Grand Tour*, III, 38, 39.
7. Cf. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, III, 23; Muirhead, *Journals of Travels in Parts of the Late Austrian Low Countries, etc.*, p. 13.
8. This was an ancient right. Note the exasperating particularity

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160. 8. with which every traveler was searched in Fynes Moryson's time at the gates of Ferrara. *Shakespeare's Europe* (ed. Hughes), pp. 127, 128.
9. *Travels through Italy*, p. 33.

161. 1. *Travels*, I, 383. For Milan, compare Evelyn's *Diary*, I, 231, 237.
2. Smith, *Tour of the Continent*, I, 356.
3. Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 133.
4. *A Short Account of a Late Journey to Tuscany, Rome, etc.*, p. 2. Duclos says that he was careful not to have among his books the *Voyage* of Misson, which would have been confiscated, since it was in the *Index* of prohibited books. *Œuvres Complètes*, IX, 175.
5. *Tour on the Continent*, II, 76, 77.
6. Cf. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 547; Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 363, 364.
7. *Several Years' Travels, etc.*, p. 141.
8. A mule's.

162. 1. *Travels* (ed. 1737), p. 134.
2. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 521.
3. *Ibid.*, I², 521.
4. A tourist's note in Misson adds: "There has been some alteration about that in Holland."
5. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 362.

163. 1. *Travels through Germany*, p. 61.
2. *Letters from Italy*, II, 208.
3. In Coryate's time there were eleven towns between Mainz and Cologne where boats were detained until the master had "paid custome for his passage." *Crudities*, II, 295.
4. Cogan, *The Rhine*, II, 343.

164. 1. *Ibid.*, II, 343.
2. *Ibid.*, II, 343.
3. *Tour through Germany*, p. 347.
4. *Journal of a Tour through Part of Flanders and France*, p. 6.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 10.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 24.
7. Muirhead, *Journals of Travels in Parts of the Late Austrian Low Countries, etc.*, p. 13.

165. 1. *Letters*, VI, 272.
2. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, I, 319.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 337, 339.

167. 1. *Ibid.*, IV., 323.
2. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 195.
3. Coghlan, *Hand-Book for Italy*, Introduction.

168. 1. *Italy*, I, 452, note.
2. Walpole, *Letters*, IX, 292.
3. *Encyclopædia Britannica* (11th ed.) VI, 406.
4. A letter to her husband in 1740 remarks that all letters sent from Rome are opened there. *Letters*, II, 63.

169. 1. *Ibid*, II, 67.
2. *Ibid*, II, 184.

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CHAPTER IX

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172. 1. Page 78 *f.*

2. Berchtold, *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, I, 62. Cf. also Thierry, *Almanach du Voyageur* (1785), p. 78.

In the *Oxford Dictionary* the earliest mention of a bill of exchange is under the year 1579. Pepys uses the term in 1661, Steele in 1713, etc. See also Coryate's *Crudities*, I, 423.

3. *Memoirs* (1857), I, 191. Evelyn's, by the way, is the earliest mention of an English letter of credit in the *Oxford Dictionary*.

4. Cross, *Life of Sterne*, p. 294.

173. 1. Peale, *Notes on Italy*, p. 14.

174. 1. *Tour on the Continent*, II, 73.

2. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 497.

3. *Grand Tour*, II, 59.

175. 1. *Ibid.*, II, 60.

2. Mariana Starke, in 1798, says: "The best money for travellers to take from Tuscany into Germany is *sovranes*, which may usually be purchased in a German shop near the Post-office at Florence, and in many other shops, for sixty-two or sixty-three pauls each, and sometimes for less." *Letters from Italy*, II, 349, 350.

3. *Grand Tour*, III, 30.

4. Twenty-eight lire.

5. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 35.

176. 1. *Ibid.*, III, 34, 35.

2. It is not uninteresting to add, by way of comparison, a statement of the variety of monetary systems in Italy even as late as the middle of the nineteenth century. I quote from a well-known guide-book published in 1847: "The moneys most current in Italy, and upon which there is the least loss, are napoleons and Spanish dollars; the last are current for 9½ to 10 pauls. On the whole napoleons are the best, but for families posting on the road Spanish dollars, or the largest silver coins of the country through which they happen to be passing at the time, are most convenient. All over Italy the money is reckoned by livres and hundredths, or centimes, exactly corresponding to the French francs. The accounts are generally in pauls, particularly in the Papal and Tuscan states. . . There being three currencies, the lira Italiana, the lira Milanese, the lira Austriaca, or Zwanziger, it causes considerable confusion to strangers. In shopping always inquire which is meant." Coghlan, *Hand-Book for Italy*, p. xxi.

3. *Grand Tour*, IV, 307.

4. *Ibid.*, I, 51.

5. *Ibid.*, I, 53.

177. 1. Cf. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 574.

2. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 15.

3. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 256.

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177. 4. *Ibid.*, II, 255, 256.

178. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 19.
2. Cross, *Life of Sterne*, p. 302.
3. *Travels*, I, 140.
4. *Ibid.*, II, 247.
5. *Tour on the Continent*, I, 193.

179. 1. Smollett, *Travels*, I, 287.
2. *Autobiography*, (ed. Ingpen), II, 180.
3. *Letters*, II, 79.
4. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 166.
5. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 40.
6. *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 95.

180. 1. *Grand Tour*, IV, 113, 114.
2. De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 210.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 153. For the price of post-horses in Piedmont and Savoy, see Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 346. For the established prices for the passage of Mont Cenis, see *ibid.*, II, 346–48.
4. *Voyage en Italie*, VII, 465.
5. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 312.
6. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, I, 436.
7. *Travels*, II, 73.

181. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 41, 42.
2. *Letters from Italy*, I, 1, 2.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 374.
4. *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 197.
5. *Ibid.*, IX, 227. In 1847, we are told, "The usual cost for four persons en vetturini from Bologna to Florence or Padua is 5 Napoleons, meals, beds, etc., included, occupying two days each way." Coghlan, *Hand-Book for Italy*, p. 150.

182. 1. About $40.50.
2. *Tour on the Continent*, II, 316.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 68.
4. *Ibid.*, II, 153–54.
5. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 69.
6. *Tour in Germany*, pp. 2, 3. For the price of post-horses in Germany, see also Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 348, 349.

183. 1. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 486, 487.
2. *The Rhine*, I, 13.
3. Yet the fare from London to Brighton in a coach that went three times a week was sixteen shillings for sixty miles. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 38.
4. *The Rhine*, I, 13.
5. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 487, says, "The carriage of baggage must be paid apart when a passenger has more than a single portmantle. 'Tis in vain to contend with the Dutch boat-men."
6. Essex, *Journal of a Tour, etc.*, p. 10.
7. *Ibid.*
8. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 3.

184. 1. *Letters*, II, 80. One could live at one of the best inns of Toulouse as late as 1770 for three livres a day. *The Gentleman's Guide*,

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184. 1. p. 182. The best inn at Avignon for board and lodging asked but "three livres five sols a day." *Ibid.*, p. 146.
2. Quoted in *Dictionary of National Biography, s.v.* Sterne.
3. *Letters*, II, 70. Dr. Moore, in *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 77, says that strangers find everything dear at Geneva.
4. *Letters*, II, 82.
5. *Letters*, p. 19.
6. *Travels*, I, 61.

185. 1. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, I, 152, 153.
2. Smollett, *Travels*, I, 129.
3. In Hazlitt's day charges appear to have decidedly advanced. "The common charges at the inns are much the same as in England; we paid twenty pence for breakfast, and half a crown, or three shillings, for dinner." Hazlitt, *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 97. It is instructive to note the prices paid by Bayard Taylor at French inns about the middle of the nineteenth century, remembering, of course, that he was obliged to economize and to go to unpretending hostelries. "We could always procure beds for five sous, and as in the country inns one is only charged for what one chooses to order, our frugal suppers cost us but little." *Views Afoot*, p. 447.
4. *Journal of a Tour*, p. 8.
5. *Tour of Holland*, pp. 131, 132.

186. 1. *Travels*, II, 235.
2. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 539, 540.

187. 1. "It is not certainly in money matters the French can pretend to make a figure equal to that of the English; we are incomparably a much wealthier people." Andrews, *Letters to a Young Gentleman*, p. 546. "England is the only country in Europe whose inhabitants never leave it in search of fortune." Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 220.
2. *Shakespeare's Europe*, p. 478.
3. *Letters*, V, 236.
4. Foote's *Works*, IV, 101.

188. 1. *Letters*, II, 295.
2. Baretti, *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 311, 312.
3. Cf. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 77.
4. De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 155.

189. 1. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 4. The advice is given that "One should never offer more than half the price demanded" (p. 5).
2. *Letters*, p. 41. Cf. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 77. Compare the more guarded statement of Smollett concerning Nice: "I have mentioned the prices of almost all the articles in house-keeping, as they are paid by the English; but exclusive of butcher's meat, I am certain the natives do not pay so much by thirty per cent." *Travels*, I, 311.
3. *Tour in Italy*, p. 256. By an American.
4. "The Valet-de-place who hires your carriage receives his monthly fee from the Jobman, while you pay dearer in conse-

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189. 4. quence; nay, every Artist or Mechanic you employ, and every article you purchase, is, generally speaking, taxed by these people or by your Courier." Starke, *Letters from Italy*, Appendix, II, 266–67. De Brosses complains bitterly of the extortion practiced by Italian coachmen, etc. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 94–96.
5. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 16.

190. 1. *Ibid.*, p. 174.
2. *Travels*, I, 168, 169.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 236.

191. 1. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 11.
2. *Travels in France*, p. 122.
3. The signature gave neither the name of the hotel, nor his own name. *Ibid.*, p. 287.

192. 1. L. Hunt, *Autobiography* (ed. Ingpen), II, 176. Cf. also Hazlitt's remarks, *Works*, IX, 265.

193. 1. *Tour on the Continent*, III, 80.
2. *Ibid.*, III, 67.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 382.
4. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 40.
5. *Travels*, II, 168.
6. *Shakespeare's Europe*, p. 414.

194. 1. Harris, *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, II, 684.
2. *Travels*, p. 330.
3. *Tour on the Continent*, I, 275–76.
4. *Ibid.*, III, 40.
5. *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, 50.

195. 1. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 210.
2. *Voyage en Italie*, II, 146.
3. *Letters from Italy*, II, 272, 273.
4. The julio was worth a little less than 6*d*.
5. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 542.
6. *Lady Knight's Letters*, p. 53.

196. 1. *Ibid.*, p. 104.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 105.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 116.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 160.
5. *Letters from Italy*, II, 310.
6. *Ibid.*, II, 316, 317. For other details of cost of carriages, wages of servants, fuel, food, clothing, etc., with suggestion of places to shop, see *ibid.*, II, 317–23.
7. "The price of food is less at Naples than at Paris or London, because there is more frugality, less commerce, and less money." De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VI, 390.
8. At Naples the general readiness, even in our day, to cheat friend or foe is only too painfully evident. Very significant is Mariana Starke's advice at the end of the eighteenth century: "Foreigners should not pay their own bills at Naples, if they amount to a large sum: for a receipt given in the common way is invalid; and the only means of being certain not to pay twice over, is to discharge every debt in bank-policies, writing upon

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196. 8. the back of each policy (in Italian) the amount of the sum paid, and for why." *Letters from Italy*, II, 328, 329.

197. 1. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 330, 331. With these prices it is interesting to compare those of half a century later: "The charges at the best hotels (of Naples) are generally as follows: — Breakfast of tea or coffee, with bread and butter, 3 pauls; with eggs, 5 pauls; with meat, 8 pauls. As there is no table d'hote at any of the hotels, a dinner in a private apartment will cost from 10 to 12 pauls; tea, 3 pauls." Coghlan, *Hand-Book for Italy* (1847), p. 340.

2. Relatively low prices prevailed in general, even after the Napoleonic wars. "Our supper [at Parma] the first night, our breakfast, dinner, and coffee the next day, and coffee the following morning, with lodging and fire, came to twenty-three francs. It would have cost more than double in England in the same circumstances." Hazlitt, *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 201.

3. *Views Afoot*, pp. 351, 352.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 397.

5. *Ibid.*, p. 326.

6. We should notice, however, the remark of Samuel Jackson Pratt: "I must lay it down as a first general principle that a Prussian and German landlord, if he possibly can, will overreach you, not so much, I believe, from dishonesty, as from an almost innate idea of considering the word 'Englishman' synonymous with the word 'riches.'" *Gleanings through Wales, Holland, and Westphalia*, III, 65.

198. 1. *Journal*, quoted in *Diary*, I, 58–59.

2. Taylor, *Views Afoot*, p. 505.

3. Riesbeck, *Travels in Germany*, p. 100.

4. Cogan, *The Rhine*, I, 65, 66. For Cleves such prices were high!

5. *Letters from Italy*, II, 362.

199. 1. Essex, *Journal of a Tour, etc.*, pp. 22, 23.

2. *A Description of Holland*, pp. 206, 207.

3. *Gleanings through Wales, Holland, and Westphalia*, III, 77.

4. *A Description of Holland*, p. 210.

201. 1. See Stanley, *Life of Dr. Thomas Arnold*, II, 318.

2. *Travels*, I, 382.

3. *Ibid.*, II, 147.

202. 1. "The usual gratuity to the servant who shews a palace is a Testone." Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 198.

2. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, V, 176, 177. Cf. also De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 353.

3. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, II, 303.

4. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 63.

203. 1. *Letters*, V, 226.

204. 1. *The Gentleman's Guide*, pp. 63, 64.

2. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 616.

3. Trevelyan, *Early Life of Charles James Fox*, p. 273.

205. 1. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 61.

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205. 2. *Travels*, I, 99.
3. Birkbeck, *Notes on a Journey through France*, p. 36.
4. *Ibid.*, Appendix, p. 3.

CHAPTER X

210. 1. Stephen, *Studies of a Biographer*, IV, 275.
2. *Tour on the Continent*, III, 217, 218.
3. Page 84.
4. *Studies of a Biographer*, IV, 275.
5. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, II, 336.

211. 1. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, IV, 72, 106, 107; 158–61.
2. *Letters*, II, 53.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 78.

212. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 333.
2. *Tour of Holland, etc.*, p. 228.
3. *Letters*, V, 319.

213. 1. *Travels in France*, p. 234.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 58.
3. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 52.
4. *Letters concerning the Present State of the French Nation*, p. 149.
5. *Travels*, III, 323.

214. 1. *Grand Tour*, I, 289.

215. 1. In 1770 one could obtain board there for six hundred livres (twenty-five guineas) a year. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 25.
2. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 5.
3. Cf. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 27.
4. *Ibid.*, IV, 28.
5. *Ibid.*, IV, 28.

216. 1. Pierre Clerget estimates the population in 1675 at 540,000, and in 1788, at 599,000. *Annual Report of Smithsonian Institution*, 1912, p. 657.
2. Page 534.
3. Walpole, *Letters*, IV, 433; V, 323; IX, 511.

217. 1. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 66; Cross, *Life of Sterne*, p. 371; Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 64.
2. (Jones) *Journey to Paris* (1776), I, 98.
3. *Letters*, V, 34.
4. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 33.

218. 1. *Letters*, IV, 407.
2. See the list of descriptions of Paris in Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 94. Very convenient was the *Almanach Parisien*, "in two little pocket volumes," giving in alphabetical order a description of "all the public places, spectacles, amusements, together with all the trade and business of Paris." Trustworthy shops with their prices were also enumerated. One could get pocket maps of the city and of the environs. Cf. (Jones) *Journey to Paris*, I, 99–101.
3. Nugent suggests similar assignments for several days. *Grand Tour*, IV, 37.

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218. 4. See Coryate, *Crudities*, I, 171.
5. Evelyn thought it smelt "as if sulphur were mixed with the mud." *Diary*, I, 50.
6. St. John, *Letters from France*, I, 36.
7. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, pp. 249, 250.
8. Young, *Travels in France*, p. 92; Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, III, 210.

219. 1. *Travels in France*, pp. 103, 104. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, III, 210, makes the same complaints.
2. "There will also be great impositions attempted upon you in the article of carriage, in your excursions to Versailles, and other places within the environs of Paris. The first unnecessary piece of expence they will want to put you to is an additional pair of horses. . . . You pay six livres to the King's coach office, for a permission to go to Versailles in your own carriage, which permit is good for twelve months." *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 64.
3. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 383. Yet Moore thought Paris poorly and partially lighted. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 17.
4. Fitzgerald, *Life of Sterne*, I, 339.
5. Thierry, *Almanach du Voyageur*, p. 304.

220. 1. *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 300.
2. *Letters*, IV, 435.
3. *Ibid.* (1766), IV, 489.
4. *Ibid.* (June 20, 1771), V, 307.
5. *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 155.

221. 1. Carr, *The Stranger in France*, p. 114.
2. Cf. Walpole, *Letters*, VI, 260.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 84, 85.
4. *Ibid.*, IV, 91, 97; Thierry, *Almanach du Voyageur*, pp. 122–26.
5. Tovey, *Gray and his Friends*, p. 40.

222. 1. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 210.
2. *A View of Paris* (1701), p. 16.
3. *Letters to a Young Gentleman*, p. 529.
4. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 109.
5. *The Gentleman's Guide*, (1770) p. 52.

223. 1. *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 158.
2. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 14.
3. Thierry, *Almanach du Voyageur*, pp. 139–41.
4. *Grand Tour*, IV, 14.
5. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 67.

224. 1. *Letters to a Young Gentleman*, pp. 547–48.
2. *New Letters from an English Traveller*, pp. 38, 39.

225. 1. Smollett is in this instance guilty of no exaggeration: The guide-book reminds the tourist: "Having settled now the article of eating and drinking, you are to equip yourself for your excursions about the town; for which purpose, we need not mention that a French tailor and barber are absolutely requisite." Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 36.
2. *Travels*, I, 97, 98.

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225. 3. *Ibid.*, I, 99.

226. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 110.
2. Eustace, *Classical Tour in Italy*, IV, p. iii.
3. *The Gentleman's Guide*, pp. 9, 10.

227. 1. *Letters*, VI, 48.
2. *Letters*, V, 205.
3. The imitation of English fashions continued in the early nineteenth century. Lady Morgan comments on the practice of keeping a "stationary table in a corner of the saloon. This table universally exhibits an English tea equipage, designed equally for ornament and for use; and the silver tea urn and tea caddy are rarely omitted." *France*, I, 188.

228. 1. *Letters*, IV, 410.
2. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, I, 290.
3. *Letters*, VIII, 390.
4. *Ibid.*, V, 160.
5. Vol. III, 107. Cited by Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, VI, 368, note. Lecky refers also to Walpole's letter to Mann, April 30, 1763.
6. Babeau names Lalande, Grosley, La Condamine. *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 212.

229. 1. *Letters*, IV, 396.
2. Lady Morgan comments on the amazing unfamiliarity of the French *émigrés* with the English language and literature after a residence of twenty-five years in England. *France*, I, 152.
3. Cf. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 199.
4. *A Tour in France and Italy*, p. 39.
5. *Lady Knight's Letters*, p. 181.
6. *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 99.

230. 1. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, I, 67, 68.
2. *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 105.
3. Page 172.
4. See also Walpole's comments on the filthiness of French conversation in high life. *Letters*, IV, 435, 441.
5. *Travels*, I, 63. He gives (p. 64) some specimens of decidedly *haut gout*.
6. Note, for example, this matter-of-fact, seventeenth-century comment: "Swearing and cursing, with the addition of obscene words, are customary in both sexes." Ray and Skippon, *Travels through France*, Harris's *Collection of Voyages*, II, 724.
7. Young, married, with a young family.
8. *Notes on a Journey through France*, p. 49.
9. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 188. Tourists in France very commonly remark upon the primitive *cabinets d'aisance* ("temples of abomination," Young calls them, *Travels in France*, p. 307), and even the entire lack of them.

231. 1. Birkbeck, *Notes on a Journey through France*, p. 104.
2. *Travels in France*, p. 307.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 307.
4. De la Force, *Description de la France*, I, 306, 307; see also I, 298, 299.

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231. 5. *Letters*, IV, 286.

232. 1. *Letters concerning the Present State of the French Nation*, p. 148.
2. *France*, I, 185.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 186.
4. Carr, *The Stranger in France*, p. 257.

233. 1. *Letters*, I, 334.
2. St. John, *Letters from France*, I, 1.
3. (Jones) *Journey to Paris*, I, 125.
4. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 13.
5. *Letters* (1765), IV, 423.
6. Smollett observes the same thing in Provence. "Strangers are . . . made very welcome if they will engage in play, which is the sole occupation of the whole company." *Travels*, II, 240.
7. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 13.

234. 1. *Travels*, I, 107.
2. *A View of Paris, by a Gentleman* (1701), p. 35.
3. *Travels*, II, 336.
4. *The Stranger in France*, p. 252.
5. *Grand Tour*, IV, 13.

235. 1. *Letters*, IV, 414.
2. St. John, *Letters from France*, II, 167.
3. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 34.
4. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, pp. 35–37.
5. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 15. Cf. Hazlitt, *Journey, Works*, IX, 93.
6. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 175.

236. 1. *Ibid.*, p. 15.
2. *Travels in France*, p. 51.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 113.

237. 1. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 309, 310.
2. *Letters*, I, 18.
3. *Letters concerning the Present State of the French Nation*, p. 156.
4. *Tour of Holland, etc.*, p. 188.
5. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 38.
6. *Grand Tour*, IV, 36, 37.
7. *Introduction à la Description de la France*, I, 278, 279.

239. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 144, 145.
2. *Ibid.*, IV, 179.
3. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 26.
4. Page 135.

240. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 157, 158.
2. *Letters* (ed. Gosse), II, 35.
3. *Diary*, I, 82.
4. *Travels*, I, 28.
5. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 141.

241. 1. De la Force, *Nouvelle Description de la France*, IV, 305.
2. Clenche, *A Tour in France and Italy*, p. 20.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 183.

242. 1. *A Tour in France and Italy*, p. 19.
2. *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 143.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 136.

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242. 4. *The Gentleman's Guide* (1770), p. 147.
5. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, IV, 125.
6. All through the eighteenth century till 1789 the Maison Carrée was used as a church. Cf. Cook, *Old Provence*, I, 217.

243. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 249.
2. *Travels in France*, p. 50.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 250.
4. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 192.
5. *Travels*, I, 159.
6. *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 178, 179.

244. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 186.
2. Page 151.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, IV, 190.
4. *The Gentleman's Guide*, p. 162.
5. *Travels in France*, p. 265.

245. 1. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 14.
2. *Tour on the Continent*, I, 212.
3. *Travels in France*, p. 272.
4. Dupaty, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 18.

246. 1. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 239.
2. *Ibid.*, pp. 92, 93.

247. 1. *A Tour in France and Italy*, pp. 10, 11.
2. *Ibid.*
3. *Diary*, I, 76.
4. *Grand Tour*, IV, 224, 225.

248. 1. *Grand Tour*, IV, 223.
2. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 232.
3. Clenche, *A Tour in France and Italy*, p. 16.
4. *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, II, 118.

249. 1. Cross, *Life of Sterne*, p. 300.
2. Page 184.
3. *Letters*, p. 10.
4. Birkbeck, *Notes on a Journey through France*, p. 74.

250. 1. *Grand Tour*, IV, 252, 253.
2. *Travels*, I, 170.
3. Cross, *Life of Sterne*, p. 318.
4. Page 170.
5. Tovey, *Gray and his Friends*, p. 42.

251. 1. *Grand Tour*, IV, 219.
2. *Ibid.*, IV, 220, 221.
3. *Ibid.*, IV, 221, 222.
4. *Ibid.*, IV, 233–36.
5. *Ibid.*, IV, 228.

252. 1. Such a case is cited by Walpole in a letter to Mann (1760): "Young Mr. Pitt, nephew of *the* Pitt, is setting out for Lisbon with Lord Kinnoul, and will proceed through Granada to Italy, with his friend Lord Strathmore." *Letters*, III, 286. See also the end of Chapter II, *ante*.
2. *Letters from an English Traveller*, p. 153, 154.

253. 1. Chevalier de Bourgoanne, *Travels in Spain*, p. 302; in Pinkerton's *Voyages and Travels*, Vol. v.

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253. 2. Wyndham, *Travels through Europe*, IV, 325.

254. 1. *Ibid.*, IV, 325, 326.

2. See his *Journey through Spain in the Years 1786, 1787*, London, 1791.

3. Chevalier de Bourgoanne, *Travels in Spain*, pp. 300, 301.

CHAPTER XI

255. 1. Voisenon compares Cauterets, with its magnificent mountains, to hell — except that one dies of cold there. Cf. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 311.

2. The poet Wordsworth and his friend Jones were perhaps the first English university students to make a vacation walking tour in Switzerland (1790) for pleasure.

3. On the eighteenth-century dislike of mountains, see Reynolds, *Nature in English Poetry*, pp. 7–15.

256. 1. *New Voyage to Italy*, I^1, 158.

2. *Ibid.*, II^2, 480.

3. Northleigh, *Travels through France*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages*, II, 736.

257. 1. St. John, *Letters from France* (1787), II, 217, 218.

2. *Travels*, I, 507.

3. *Several Years' Travels, etc.* (1702), p. 99.

4. *Landscape in Poetry*, p. 180.

5. Coxe was at Bormio in 1779 and paid "several visits to the principal families of the town, who consider an Englishman in their country as a kind of phaenomenon, and showed me every attention and civility in their power." *Travels in Switzerland*, p. 916.

6. We find it hard to realize how late is the fashion of climbing mountains as a pastime. The English Alpine Club was not founded until 1858. With very rare exceptions the men who did difficult mountain climbing were not Englishmen, although in 1741 Richard Pococke and William Windham were pioneers in exploring the Mer de Glace at Chamonix. See *Dictionary of National Biography, s.v.*

258. 1. "I have not been able to find any account of a visit to Zermatt or its immediate neighborhood by a traveller between the English party of 1800 and another of 1821." Coolidge, *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-books*, p. 273.

2. *Travels in Switzerland*, p. 756.

3. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, I, 6.

4. A veiled allusion to Murray's *Hand-Book*.

5. Coghlan, *Hand-Book for Italy*, p. 5.

6. It is only just to add that in the other parts of the country the Swiss inns had an excellent reputation, even in the eighteenth century. "A traveller cannot but be pleased with the inns on the road throughout all Switzerland, meeting everywhere with trout, carp, beef, veal, fowls, pigeons, butter, cheese, apples, peaches, turnips, sugar, bisket, together with good wine, and all at a very reasonable price, especially if compared to the

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258. 6. reckonings in Swabia, Tirol, and Bavaria." Keysler, *Travels*, I, 179.

On the other hand, Burnet's praise of the mountain inns is probably to be taken with some hesitation — at least in the eighteenth century. "The inns upon the mountains are very good, and there is always to be had, besides good bread and wine, great quantity of game and venison, according to the season of the year; good trouts, very good chambers, and beds after the manner of the country." *Travels*, p. 252 (ed. 1737).

7. Sharp, *Letters from Italy* (1766), p. 296.

8. *Travels*, I, 221.

259. 1. Burnet's comparison of France with Switzerland, to the disadvantage of the former, is worth noting: "Every where in France, even in the best cities, there are swarms of beggars, and yet scarce any to be seen throughout all Switzerland. The houses of the peasants, or country-people, in France are extremely mean, and in them no other furniture to be found besides poor nasty beds, straw chairs, and plates and dishes of wood and earth. In Switzerland, the peasants have their houses furnished with good feather-beds, good chairs, and other household stuff for their convenience as well as their necessity; their windows are all of glass, always kept mended and whole, and their linen very neat and white as well for their bedding as their tables." *Travels*, p. 251 (ed. 1737).

2. *Travels in Switzerland*, p. 749.

260. 1. *Ibid.*, p. 645.

2. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 125.

3. *Ibid.*, p. 154.

4. See the account in his *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, pp. 96 *ff.*

5. "The great rush of English tourists came when the Continent was reopened after the battle of Waterloo." Coolidge, *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books*, p. 60.

261. 1. For details concerning books on Switzerland I must refer the reader to Coolidge's invaluable *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books*, and Peyer's *Geschichte des Reisens in der Schweiz*, Basel, 1885.

2. In striking contrast with these places was Constance. Note Coxe's remarks in July, 1776: "A dead stillness reigns throughout; grass grows in the principal streets; in a word, it wears the melancholy aspect of being almost totally deserted, and scarcely contains three thousand inhabitants." *Travels in Switzerland*, p. 645.

3. Coxe, *Travels in Switzerland*, p. 848.

4. *Ibid.*, p. 666.

5. Wyndham, *Travels*, I, 483.

6. Burnet found enough English there to give him a congregation of twelve or fourteen persons.

7. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I^2, 576.

262. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 182.

2. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 79.

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262. 2. Some Englishmen objected to Geneva that young men picked up skepticism along with their French. Cf. Eustace, *Classical Tour in Italy*, IV, 90.

3. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 81.

4. "Save the mule tracks through the Via Mala (1473, bridges built 1738–39), and the Urner Loch near Andermatt (pierced 1707), as well as that over the Gemmi (constructed by Tyrolese workmen 1736–41), all the great Alpine roads in Switzerland have been constructed since 1800." Coolidge, *Swiss Travel and Swiss Guide-Books*, p. 113.

263. 1. *Travels*, I, 221.

264. 1. *Diary*, I, 239, 240.

2. *Travels*, II, 215, 216.

265. 1. *Ibid.*, II, 220.

2. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, I, 29.

3. Gray, *Letters*, II, 39, 40.

4. The crossing of the Alps in winter was greatly dreaded. See Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, III, 212, 226. See also *ibid.*, II, 239 *ff.*

5. See, for example, Clenche, *A Tour in France and Italy*, p. 24; Keysler, *Travels*, I, 231 *ff.*; Earl of Cork and Orrery, *Letters from Italy*, pp. 38–41.

6. A seat, which is made of bark and ropes twisted together, is fastened to two poles, and carried like a sedan, with broad leather straps. Keysler, *Travels*, I, 234.

7. Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, pp. 290, 291. See the whole account, pp. 290–95. In the sixteenth century Montaigne crossed Mont Cenis, being conducted by eight porters, in relays of four. He descended on a sledge (*traineau*).

266. 1. Young, *Travels in France*, pp. 276, 277.

2. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 314. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, I, 26, says that the difficulties have been much exaggerated, but that the traveler must sometimes wait five or six days on account of snow or avalanches (I, 22); even Northleigh, *Travels through France* (Harris's *Collection of Voyages*, II, 736) admits: "The passage of Mount Cenis, notwithstanding its height, is not very unpleasant."

3. At all events, it was not looked upon as a pleasure trip. Writing to Selwyn from Nice in December of 1767, the Earl of Carlisle says: "The journey from hence to Turin will, I fear, be very bad: the Alps, I believe, in these parts, are inaccessible in a carriage. Riding upon a mule from hence to Genoa will not be attended with great pleasure, and the going in an open boat, with the prospect of being very cold and very sick at least for four and twenty hours, and perhaps for four days, promises little more comfort than your winter journey from Paris last Christmas. . . . I find I am to be carried in a sedan-chair two days' journey on my way to Turin, which will be rather tiresome." Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, II, 205, 206.

267. 1. *Grand Tour*, III, 431.

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267. 2. *Travels*, II, 4.
3. Gray, *Letters*, II, 51.
4. *Letters*, II, 36.

268. 1. Letter to Selwyn in Jesse's *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries* II, 283, 284.

CHAPTER XII

269. 1. In his famous *New Voyage to Italy*, I^2, 662, Misson remarks that "a thousand travellers have wrote of it," and asks: "What can these new relations tell us, that has not been already an hundred times repeated?" See also his comments on Rome, *ibid.*, II^2, 1.
2. Northall, *Travels through Italy*, p. ii.

270. 1. Einstein, *The Italian Renaissance in England*, pp. 276, 277.
2. *A Description of Holland*, pp. 201, 202.

271. 1. *New Voyage to Italy*, I^1, xxxv.
2. *Grand Tour*, III, 19, 36.
3. *Travels through Italy*, p. 1.

272. 1. *Classical Tour in Italy*, IV, 121.
2. *Grand Tour*, III, 17.

274. 1. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 329, 330.
2. *Letters*, I, 31.
3. *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 290.

275. 1. II^2, 589.
2. *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, Preface, p. iv.
3. It is interesting to note that Goethe on his Italian tour spent a few weeks in Sicily, visiting Palermo, Segesta, Alcamo, Castelvetrano, Girgenti, Castro Giovanni, Catania, Taormina, Messina, and some other places.

276. 1. In the first third of the century Breval protests against the neglect of Volterra by English tourists: "Volterra . . . deserves a Visit much better than Mr. Addison's S. Marino; and it is surprising that so few of our Countrymen will be at the Pains of a Journey, which as I have been assured by two or three of my Acquaintance, who undertook it, would requite the Trouble abundantly." *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, 132. Nugent, we may note, gives a page or more to Volterra. *Grand Tour*, III, 356, 357.
2. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 270, 271.
3. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VII, 326.
4. *Travels*, II, 172.

277. 1. *Grand Tour*, III, 356–62.
2. *Ibid.*, III, 226–30.
3. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, I, 126.
4. Of Como he says only: "Le lac de Come tire son nom d'une petite ville située a 8 lieues au nord de Milan, que fut la patrie de Pline, le jeune neveu maternel de Pline le naturaliste." *Voyage en Italie*, I, 402.
5. *Ibid.*, I, 401, 402.

278. 1. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 363–405, gives a list of routes and

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278. 1. posts, with running comments on the inns, etc., etc. See also Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, Table of Contents, and Index.
2. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 584.
3. Nugent outlines four routes between Venice and Genoa (*Grand Tour*, III, 120–22). I omit minor details: —
I. Venice, Padua, Este, Mantua, Parma, Varese, Rapallo, Genoa, a distance of 211 miles.
II. Venice, Padua, Este, Mantua, Cremona, Milan, Pavia, Tortona, Genoa, 308 miles.
III. Venice, Padua, Vicenza, Verona, Desenzano, Peschiera, Brescia, Bergamo, Milan (197 miles). Thence by route II to Genoa.
IV. Same as III to Brescia. Thence by Lodi, Pavia, Tortona to Genoa.
4. The route from Leghorn to Florence ran through Pisa, Lucca, and Pistoia, a distance of sixty-four miles. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 365.

279. 1. One who went from Venice to Rome by this route passed through Padua, Rovigo, Ferrara, Bologna, Pietra Mala, Giogo, Florence, — a journey of one hundred and seventy-one miles additional. *Ibid.*, III, 303, 304.
2. "From Ancona to Loretto the country is as fine as any in Italy, but the road is exceedingly bad." *Ibid.*, III, 208.
3. See *Ibid.*, III, 186, 187.
4. "From Perugia you may go to Rome by the way of Todi . . . [and] Castel Todino, and returning into the Via Flaminia, you arrive at Narni. But this road is not much frequented." *Ibid.*, III, 229.
5. Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 149–89.

281. 1. Nugent's route between Turin and Rome is very similar to Keysler's. With minor omissions, it includes Turin, Asti, Alessandria, Genoa, Rapallo, Sestri, Massa di Carrara, Pisa, Siena, Viterbo. Nugent gives the distance from Turin to Rome as three hundred and sixty-eight miles. *Grand Tour*, III, 416, 417.
2. Keysler, *Travels*, III, 250.
3. *Ibid.*, III, 206.
4. Nugent outlines a good number of other routes in Italy, but he adds comparatively little of importance for our purpose.

283. 1. *Classical Tour in Italy*, I, 37–41.

284. 1. *Letters from Italy*, p. 31.
2. *Letters*, I, 30.
3. *Letters from Italy*, p. 279.
4. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, I, 179.

285. 1. *New Voyage to Italy*, II², 384.
2. *Grand Tour*, III, 170.
3. But the streets were not lighted at night. "Every coach and every chair is obliged to appear with a white flambeau," says the Earl of Cork and Orrery in his *Letters from Italy*, p. 55.

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285. 4. *Grand Tour*, III, 172.
5. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, II, 280.
6. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, V, 162, says of the Italian women of rank, that as a rule they dressed in the French fashion, but that their faces were unrouged.
7. *Tour on the Continent*, III, 131.
8. Nugent remarks upon the route from Viareggio: "Here you may take a felucca for Genoa, if the weather happens to be favorable, by which means you avoid the wretched roads through the mountains of Genoa." *Grand Tour*, III, 418.

286. 1. *Ibid.*, III, 140.
2. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 189.
3. *Lettres sur l'Italie* (1785), p. 51.
4. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 198.
5. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 24.
6. *Journey through France, Italy, and Germany*, I, 60.
7. Cf. De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 73.

287. 1. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 188.
2. Lady Knight's *Letters*, pp. 144, 149.
3. *Voyage en Italie*, I, 376.
4. *Ibid.*, I, 392.
5. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 566.
6. *Baretti, Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 132.

288. 1. *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 127.
2. Especially famous were the excellent carriages made there, far lighter than the cumbrous vehicles of France and England; and at Milan many strangers procured an outfit for traveling in Italy. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, I, 390.

289. 1. *Travels*, pp. 86, 88.
2. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, III, 380, 381.

290. 1. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, 205, 206.
2. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, III, 310.
3. *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 271.

291. 1. De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 217.
2. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 1.
3. Tivaroni notes that in the public accounts of 1773 military expenses amount to more than a million ducats, but the expenses for education do not appear at all, those for public works are scarcely hinted at. *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 37.
4. *Ibid.*, I, 28–30.
5. *Ibid.*, I, 60.
6. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 187.
7. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 85.
8. Keysler, *Travels*, IV, 27.
9. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 171.

292. 1. *Letters from Italy*, p. 26.
2. *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 172, 179.
3. Keysler, *Travels*, IV, 27.
4. *Ibid.*, IV, 12.
5. Breval, *Remarks upon Several Parts of Europe*, I, 237; De

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292. 5. Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 223, 242; Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 477.
6. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 171. Venetians, he adds, rarely entertain at meals, but when they do strangers are received as well as natives (174).
7. Cf. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 49.
8. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 55.
9. "My Lord Carlisle told me that next to Rome the best place to stay in Italy is, without contradiction, Venice." Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, *Letters*, II, 54.

293. 1. *Ibid.*, II, 34.
2. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, II, 445.
3. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 149, 155.
4. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 207.
5. Keysler, *Travels*, IV, 31.
6. Even Baretti calls this "a custom no less nasty than infamous." *Manners and Customs of Italy*, I, 58. See also some moving comments by Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, pp. 95, 96.

294. 1. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 28.
2. "No stranger to this place can conceive the torments we suffered every day and night from these insects." Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, p. 30.
3. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 31; Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, II, 385.
4. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, III, 317, 318.
5. *Grand Tour*, III, 48.
6. *Travels*, I, 81. See also Mrs. Piozzi, *Journey, etc.*, I, 173.
7. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 90.
8. The general reputation of the city is sufficiently indicated by the proverb: "Venezia è il paradiso de' frati e delle putane."

295. 1. *Grand Tour*, III, 87, 88.
2. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, I, 90.
3. *Travels through Italy*, p. 444.
4. De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 223.
5. *Crudities*, I, 314; cf. also I, 3.

296. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 347.
2. *Diary*, I, 207.
3. *Travels*, p. 107.
4. Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 50.
5. *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 15.
6. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 247.
7. *Ibid.*, I, 249.

297. 1. *Tour on the Continent*, II, 386.
2. *Ibid.*, II, 388.
3. *Classical Tour in Italy*, I, 169.
4. *Travels through Italy*, pp. 433, 434.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 434.
6. Vol. II, 196, 199.
7. Eustace, *Classical Tour in Italy*, I, 168.

298. 1. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 41, 42.

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298. 2. The carnival began always the day after Christmas, but the spectacles of all sorts opened on the first Sunday in October. To these one always went masked. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VIII, 192–94.

299. 1. Goethe remarks in his *Italienische Reise* (October 16, 1786): "Zum erstenmal Überfällt mich eine Art von Unlust in dieser grossen und schönen, flachgelegenen, entvölkerten Stadt."

2. *New Voyage to Italy*, I[1], 315.
3. *Travels*, I, 236.
4. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, I, 193.
5. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VII, 454.
6. Keysler, *Travels*, III, 247.
7. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 220.
8. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 4.
9. *Letters from Italy*, II, 191, 192.

300. 1. Northall, *Travels through Italy*, p. 412.
2. De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, I, 343.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 346.
4. Bayard Taylor, as late as 1845, speaks of "the air of poetry which still lingers in its silent streets." *Views Afoot*, p. 381.
5. More than double that number lived in the suburbs. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 231. Burnet, *Travels*, p. 144, estimated the population at fifty thousand in the seventeenth century.

301. 1. Evelyn comments upon the "wicker bottles dangling even over the chief entrance" into the Pitti Palace, and "serving for a vintner's bush." *Diary*, I, 97.
2. *Travels*, II, 75.
3. "The people complain much of being oppressed with taxes; for everything bought in the town, even a book, is taxed going out as well as coming in: and it is said the grand duke draws from this city about 30,000 ducats a month." Northall, *Travels through Italy*, p. 38.
4. Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, p. 257.
5. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 296.
6. *Ibid.*, II, 294.
7. *Ibid.*, II, 297. She says that the water of Florence was "unwholesome," except that "from Fiesole, supplying fountains by Sa. Croce and Palazzo Pitti." *Ibid.*, II, 300.

302. 1. *Ibid.*, II, 299.
2. Horace Walpole in a letter to Mann (1745) incidentally remarks that Lady O. has "taken a house at Florence for three years." *Letters*, I, 365.
3. *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, 142.
4. *Letters*, I, 39.
5. *Ibid.*, V, 141.
6. *Letters from Italy*, p. 247.
7. In 1767, says Tivaroni, the streets were not yet lighted at night. *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 251.

303. 1. Catchpenny tricks were not unknown in those days. Keysler mentions a loadstone in the Pitti Palace weighing about five

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303. 1. thousand pounds, which served as an excuse for a gratuity: "The Swiss guards here, upon seeing any foreigners approaching, immediately rub their halbards on this loadstone, and afterwards hold them up with a range of keys hanging to them by magnetism. This artifice for getting a little money is excessively mean." *Travels*, II, 31.
2. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, II, 208.
3. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, III, 147.
4. Cf. also Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 226.
5. *Travels through Italy*, p. 103.

304. 1. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, II, 361.
2. Wyndham, *Travels*, I, 207.
3. *New Voyage to Italy*, II[1], 293.
4. Keysler, *Travels*, II, 78.
5. Dupaty in 1785 says that the leisure of the nobility at Florence is taken up with the opera, devotion, and cicisbeism. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 131.
6. De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 53.

305. 1. Wright, *Some Observations made in travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, II, 428.
2. *Letters*, II, 17.
3. "The musical opera at Florence is very good, though the admission price is so low as three pauls, not quite eighteen pence." Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, I, 334.

306. 1. In Walpole's *Letters*, I, 56.
2. *Ibid.*, I, 59.
3. *Ibid.*, IX, 324.
4. Gray's *Letters*, II, 103.
5. *Letters*, IX, 348.
6. *Ibid.*, IX, 348.

307. 1. *Travels through Italy*, p. 22.
2. Keysler, *Travels*, I, 479.

308. 1. *Letters from Italy*, p. 91.
2. *Diary*, I, 93.
3. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 75.
4. *A Tour in France and Italy*, p. 40.
5. *Letters from Italy*, p. 94.
6. *Letters from Italy*, I, 198.

309. 1. *New Voyage to Italy*, I[2], 554.
2. *Travels*, I, 503.
3. "It is deemed unwholesome to travel from Florence, through Siena, to Rome, from the time when the great heats commence till after the autumnal rains have fallen." Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 379.
4. Here was a characteristic city regulation. "On entering Siena you leave the keys of your trunk at the gate, and pay one livre, for which they are brought to the opposite gate, and delivered up when you pass through." *Ibid.*, II, 377.
5. *Ibid.*, I, 319.
6. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, II, 609.
7. *Grand Tour*, III, 348. Elsewhere Nugent says: "At Rome

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309. 7. they are confounded by the multitude of strangers, with whom they are daily obliged to converse." *Ibid.*, III, 26.
8. *Voyage en Italie*, II, 571.

310. 1. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, 130.
2. Bromley, *Several Years' Travels, etc.*, p. 119.
3. *Travels*, II, 81.
4. De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 88.
5. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 379, 382.
6. *Ibid.*, II, 378.
7. Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 27, 28.

311. 1. *Letters from Italy*, p. 49.
2. *Letters*, II, 224.
3. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 361, 364.
4. *Letters*, p. 46.
5. *Ibid.*, p. 53.
6. *Ibid.*, p. 171.
7. *Travels*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, II, 680.
8. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, I, 357.

312. 1. *Letters from Italy*, p. 218.
2. "You will see here noblemen of the first rank, both secular and ecclesiastic, who, upon hearing a traveller at their gate desirous of seeing the curiosities of their palaces will take pleasure in showing them themselves; and, if they happen to be busy, order their domestics to do it for them, leaving their cabinets to give strangers liberty to satisfy their curiosity." Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 289, 290.
3. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, V, 147.
4. *Letters from Italy*, p. 132.
5. *Tour on the Continent*, II, 290.
6. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, III, 68.
7. Keysler, *Travels*, II, 147; De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, V, 132.
8. Eustace, *Classical Tour in Italy*, III, 469 *f.*

313. 1. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, V, 171.
2. *Ibid.*, V, 175.
3. *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 299.
4. For a sweeping denunciation, in Ruskin's fashion, of nearly everything at Rome, see his letter to Charles Eliot Norton, December 28, 1856. Cook's *Life of Ruskin*, I, 470.
5. "I suppose, upon the whole, Rome is the chastest city in Europe, there being very few public women (none for a gentleman), hardly any kept mistresses, and in comparison of all other Italian towns, even their cicisbeos are said, by some, to be innocent." Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, p. 211.
6. *Travels through Italy*, pp. 126, 127.
7. The poet Keats naturally took lodgings here in 1820 during his stay in Rome. Lord Byron occupied a house in the Piazza di Spagna facing Keats's house.
8. In the Via de' Condotti, which leads into the Piazza di Spagna, were several *hôtels garnis* where, as De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, IV, 18, tells us, strangers lodged.

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313. 9. "Hitherto the quarters about the Quirinal and Trinità del Monte have been accounted the most healthy parts of Rome, and foreigners generally choose to lodge there on that account; as also because most of the coffee-houses and taverns are about the Piazza di Spagna, near this part of the city." Keysler, *Travels*, II, 131.

314. 1. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 295.
2. Smollett writes *Colla*.
3. *Travels*, II, 88.
4. *Travels through Italy*, p. 126.
5. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie* (1765), III, 3; Dupaty, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 282.
6. *Travels*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, II, 679.

315. 1. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, III, 67.
2. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, II, 89.

316. 1. *Autobiography*, II, 403 (Bohn).
2. *Letters from Italy*, I, 335.
3. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, V, 220.
4. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 296.
5. See the author's paper on "Italy in English Poetry," in *Publications of Modern Language Association*, XXIII, 421–70.

317. 1. *Letters from Italy*, pp. 50, 51.
2. *Journey*, *Works*, IX, 256–57.
3. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 245.

318. 1. *Travels*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, II, 684.
2. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, II, 277.
3. Keysler, *Travels*, II, 140.
4. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, II, 38.
5. "As it is necessary in Venice to avoid discoursing of policy, so in Rome one must forbear disputes about religion, and then all is safe enough." Northall, *Travels through Italy*, p. 364.
6. The sort of comment that might have given offense if uttered aloud is illustrated in the following: "We might have seen many other raree shews of this kind at Rome, where there are thousands of absurd Miracles, and other fopperies." *A Short Account of a Late Journey to Tuscany, Rome, etc.* (1741), p. 84.
7. *Travels through Italy*, p. 376.
8. *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, p. 234.

319. 1. Keysler, *Travels*, II, 139. See also Burnet's *Travels*, p. 201.
2. *Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic*, p. 57.
3. *Diary*, I, 185.
4. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, II, 162, 163.
5. *Ibid.*, II, 158.
6. For a description of the brilliancy of the Papal pomp in the eighteenth century, see Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 278–81, and especially, I, 304–09.
7. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, V, 9.
8. *Ibid.*, V, 194.

320. 1. Cf. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, II, 51.
2. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, II, 182 *f.*
3. Tivaroni, *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, I, 281.

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320. 4. *Voyage en Italie*, v, 130.
5. *Ibid.*, v, 164.

321. 1. Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, p. 53.
2. *Voyage en Italie*, iv, 314, 315.

322. 1. Harris, *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, ii, 693.
2. *Voyage en Italie*, v, 222.
3. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, ii, 23.
4. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, II^2, 401.
5. Dupaty, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 306.
6. *Travels*, ii, 162.
7. Keysler, *Travels*, ii, 350.
8. *New Voyage to Italy*, I^2, 535.
9. Keysler gives a list of two hundred and twenty-five buildings, monuments, villas, gardens, etc., to be seen at Rome. *Travels*, ii, 467–74.
10. *New Voyage to Italy*, I^2, 567–82. See also Moore, *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, ii, 108.
11. *New Voyage to Italy*, II^2, 535. See also Nugent, *Grand Tour*, iii, 42.
12. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, ii, 105.

323. 1. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, ii, 307, 308.
2. Cf. Misson, *New Voyage to Italy*, I^2, 534.
3. Northall, *Travels through Italy*, pp. 127, 128.

324. 1. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, i, 95. Cf. *ibid.*, p. 91.
2. Duclos, *Voyage en Italie*, in *Œuvres Complètes*, ix, 190, 191.
3. Smith found such a book useful. "Magnagni's guide-book," says he, "easily directed us to any particular object which we might be disposed to examine." *Tour on the Continent*, i, 359.
4. *Travels through Italy*, p. 128.
5. *Grand Tour*, iii, 42.

325. 1. The road was not always entirely secure. In commenting on Torre, between Rome and Albano, Mariana Starke advises the tourist: "Take especial care that nothing be stolen from without-side of your carriage at this place." *Letters from Italy*, ii, 388.
2. Concerning Capua Mariana Starke observes: "If you have a servant on horseback, let him go before to get your passport examined and signed, otherwise you may be kept here an hour." *Ibid.*, ii, 391.

326. 1. Tivaroni says that foreigners brought to Naples eight million ducats a year. *Storia Critica del Risorgimento Italiano*, i, 338.
2. *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, i, 149.
3. *Grand Tour*, i, 406.
4. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, ii, 214.
5. *Letters from Italy*, ii, 68.

327. 1. *Diary* i, 157.
2. *Ibid.*, i, 168.
3. *Travels through Italy*, p. 219.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 196.

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327. 5. *Ibid.*, p. 191.
6. For example, Bromley, *Several Years' Travels, etc.*, p. 140; Wright, *Some Observations, made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, I, 149.
7. De La Lande prefers the Corso at Rome, but Dr. Moore does not.
8. De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 134, 145.
9. *Autobiography*, II, 433 (Bohn).

328. 1. Keysler, *Travels*, III, 40; De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VI, 332.
2. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 395.
3. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, II, 77.
4. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, III, 113.
5. Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, p. 106.
6. *Diary*, I, 156.
7. Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, p. 145.
8. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 92.

329. 1. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, II, 299.
2. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 372.
3. Smith, *Tour on the Continent*, II, 97.
4. "We hired a carriage for the whole day, took a cold dinner, bread, wine, knives, forks, and glasses, and set out at seven in the morning for Pompeii, bargaining, however, with our Voiturin to stop two or three hours at Portici on our return." *Letters from Italy*, II, 97.
5. *Ibid.*, II, 109.

330. 1. *Letters from Italy*, p. 109.
2. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VI, 339.
3. *Letters from Italy*, p. 110.
4. *Ibid.*, p. 132.
5. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VI, 373.

331. 1. *Letters from Italy*, p. 76.
2. *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 391.
3. The tariff was about nine cents an hour. But those who did not bargain beforehand often paid several times as much.
4. De La Lande, *Voyage en Italie*, VI, 338.
5. Dupaty, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, p. 391.
6. Trevelyan, *Early Life of Charles James Fox*, p. 269.

332. 1. *New Voyage to Italy*, I², 618.
2. *Travels*, III, 205.
3. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 335.

333. 1. *Manners and Customs of Italy*, I, 16. See also Mrs. Piozzi, *Travels*, II, 171.
2. *Travels*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, II, 683.
3. *Grand Tour*, III, 192.
4. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, 184.

334. 1. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, I, 223.

CHAPTER XIII

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335. 1. For the meaning of the term "Germany" in the eighteenth century, see Chapter II, *ante*.

336. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, III, 423.
2. *Ibid.*, III, 43, 44, 97.
3. *Ibid.*, III, 114.
4. Keysler, *Travels*, IV, 117.
5. *Grand Tour*, III, 114, 115. Needless to say, the German names that offer any difficulty are rarely spelled with accuracy in Nugent's book. We find "Judenberg" for "Judenburg," "Knittelfield" for "Knittelfeld," "Laubach" for "Laibach," and so on.

337. 1. *Letters*, I, 202.

338. 1. *Travels through Austria, Bohemia, etc.*, in Harris's *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, II, 759.
2. *Grand Tour*, II, 48.
3. "The apparel of the Germans in general, particularly their caps, coats, gloves and boots, is lined with fur." *Ibid.*, II, 43. "All orders and degrees of persons in Augusburg are distinguished by their proper habit. The women's dresses are many, very odd and uncommon, but some of them extremely pretty." *Ibid.*, II, 335.

340. 1. A brilliant specimen is the following: "I went to the Sheime Brune, [Schönbrunn] so called in the German tongue, or in the Italian *la bella Fontana*." Bromley, *Several Years' Travels, etc.*, p. 230.
2. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, pp. 205, 206.

341. 1. *Travels through Germany*, p. 17.
2. Cf. Cogan, *The Rhine*, II, 265.
3. Russell, *Tour in Germany*, I, 207.

342. 1. *Grand Tour*, II, 49.

343. 1. *Travels through Germany*, p. 211. Crabb Robinson in his day observes: "Everywhere in Germany English travelers are treated as if they were noble, even at the small courts, where there is no ambassador. No inquiry is made about birth, title, or place. *Diary*, I, 64, 65.
2. *Grand Tour*, II, 46.

344. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 48.

345. 1. *Letters from an English Traveller*, pp. 51, 52.
2. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, pp. 368, 369.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 380.

346. 1. *Grand Tour*, II, 208.
2. *Travels through Germany*, p. 70.
3. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 367.

347. 1. *Travels through Germany*, p. 69.
2. *Grand Tour*, II, 204.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 204.
4. *Ibid.*, II, 211.

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347. 5. *Travels through Germany*, p. 67.
6. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 203.

348. 1. The Prater was thrown open to the inhabitants of Vienna by Kaiser Joseph in 1766.
2. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 360.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 357.
4. *Travels through Germany*, p. 41.

349. 1. *Grand Tour*, II, 351.
2. In point of morals, the reputation of Munich was far from spotless. Cf. Russell, *Tour in Germany*, II, 202, note.

350. 1. *Grand Tour*, II, 299.
2. *Travels*, IV, 393.

351. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 301.
2. *Crudities*, II, 291.

352. 1. Nugent localises the ancient and widespread myth of the ritual murder of a Christian boy by Jews at the neighboring Sachsenhausen in 1475.
2. *Grand Tour*, II, 376.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 336.

353. 1. Nugent regards the cathedral as "perhaps the finest building in Europe. The portal is quite magnificent," etc. With eighteenth-century inaccuracy he gives the height of the tower as five hundred and seventy-four feet! *Grand Tour*, IV, 207. It is hardly necessary to remark that, in the eighteenth century, Strassburg was a French possession, along with the whole of Alsace.
2. It is suggestive that Nugent takes no account of Freiburg in his *Grand Tour*.

354. 1. Cogan, *The Rhine*, II, 57.

355. 1. *New Voyage to Italy*, I, 88.
2. *Grand Tour*, II, 401.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 318.
4. *Crudities*, II, 314.
5. Cf. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 408.
6. Wright, *Some Observations made in Travelling through France, Italy, etc.*, II, 503.

356. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 323.
2. *Tour through Germany*, pp. 11, 12.
3. *Grand Tour*, II, 408.

357. 1. *Ibid.*, II, 15.
2. *Ibid.*, II, 256.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 428, 429.
4. "The cathedral," says Nugent, "is one of the most magnificent in the empire." *Ibid.*, II, 290.
5. *Letters from Italy*, II, 236.

358. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 262.
2. Baron Riesbeck, *Travels through Germany*, p. 145.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 263.
4. At the lowest, the fee would thus amount to several dollars.
5. Keysler, *Travels*, IV, 268.
6. Starke, *Letters from Italy*, II, 236, 237.

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359. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 225.
2. *Ibid.*, II, 230.
3. *Ibid.*, II, 226.

360. 1. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 299.
2. Unless there has been a marvelous change in building materials in Berlin since Moore's day, it is to be feared that brick was far more common than stone. *Ibid.*, p. 306.
3. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 187.
4. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc, etc.*, p. 317.

361. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 193.
2. Nugent makes Hamburg the point of departure for the tour through Germany. See *ibid.*, II, Table of Contents.

362. 1. *Tour through Germany*, p. 353.
2. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, II, 282.
3. "From Breslaw to Vienna there is no post wagon, nor in any of the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria, but travellers . . . must either buy a chaise or waggon of their own, or hire one at the post-house and take post-horses." *Ibid.*, II, 183.

363. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 273.
2. Moore, *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, p. 253.

CHAPTER XIV

364. 1. *A Description of Holland*, p. 346.

365. 1. Howell, *Familiar Letters*, p. 103.
2. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 51.
3. Speaking of Dutch toleration, even of Catholics, Nugent says: "Indeed there are no rites but the Dutch will tolerate, if they are paid for it." *Ibid.*, I, 46.
4. *Ibid.*, I, 128.
5. *Ibid.*, I, 128, 129.
6. *Ibid.*, I, 74.

366. 1. At this place, Bois-le-Duc, Nugent rightly calls attention to the cathedral, "One of the most magnificent in the Low Countries." *Grand Tour*, I, 233.
2. In Nugent's time one could see from the steeple of Gorcum church twenty-two walled towns. *Ibid.*, I, 230.
3. *Letters*, I, 193.
4. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 127.
5. *A Description of Holland.*
6. *Grand Tour*, I, 128.

367. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 125.
2. *A Description of Holland*, p. 304.
3. *Ibid.*, p. 206.
4. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 105.
5. *Ibid.*, I, 110.
6. *A Description of Holland*, p. 159.
7. *Ibid.*, p. 157.

368. 1. *Ibid.*, p. 203. Cf. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 106.

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368. 2. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 114.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 118, 119.
4. *Ibid.*, I, 119.
5. *Ibid.*, I, 149. Cf. Babeau, *Les Voyageurs en France*, p. 406.

369. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 95.
2. *Ibid.*, I, 68.
3. *Ibid.*, I, 89.
4. *Ibid.*, I, 69.
5. *Ibid.*, I, 71.

370. 1. *Ibid.*, I, 81, 82.
2. *Ibid.*, I, 83.
3. Cf. Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, II, 336, 337.
4. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 191.
5. *A Description of Holland*, p. 338.

371. 1. Nugent, *Grand Tour*, I, 42.
2. *Ibid.*, I, 58.

372. 1. *Tour on the Continent*, I, 51.
2. Chapters VI and IX.

373. 1. *Grand Tour*, I, 260.
2. Jesse, *George Selwyn and his Contemporaries*, II, 325.

CHAPTER XV

377. 1. Breval, *Remarks on Several Parts of Europe*, I, 119.

378. 1. That is, learning languages and the ways of the world.

380. 1. Locke, *Some Thoughts Concerning Education*, pp. 359–62.
2. *A View of Paris* (1701), by a Gentleman.
3. No. 364. Generally attributed to Steele, but, by Dr. Thomas Birch, to Philip Yorke.

381. 1. *Dunciad*, IV, 289–324.

382. 1. Dodsley's *Collection of Poems*, II, 88–112.

384. 1. *World*, No. 18, Chalmers, *British Essayists*, XXII, 95–101.
2. Quoted in *Dictionary of National Biography*, *s.v.*

385. 1. No. 205 (1756), Chalmers, *British Essayists*, XXIV, 362.

386. 1. Mackenzie in the *Mirror*, No. 4, February 6, 1776, Chalmers, *British Essayists*, XXVIII, 14–19.

389. 1. *Travels*, II, 90–92.

390. 1. *World*, No. 22, May 31, 1753, Chalmers, *British Essayists*, XXII, 121–24.
2. No. 29, July 19, 1753, Chalmers, *British Essayists*, XXII, 158–64.

395. 1. No. 205, Chalmers, *British Essayists*, XXIV, 358–60.

396. 1. *Looker-On*, No. 70, Chalmers, *British Essayists*, XXXVII, 57–62.
2. No. 97, February 23, 1760.
3. Chalmers, *British Essayists*, XXVII, 336.
4. Mr. Abercromby, in the *Mirror*, No. 57, August 10, 1779.

397. 1. Chalmers, *British Essayists*, XXVIII, 308–315.
2. *Letters*, IV, 178.
3. See Wright, *Caricature History of the Georges*, pp. 258–61.
4. W. Hunt, in *Dictionary of National Biography*, *s.v.*

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397. 5. Cited in *Oxford Dictionary*, *s.v.* Macaroni.

400. 1. *Letters*, III, 314, 315.

401. 1. De Brosses, *Lettres sur l'Italie*, II, 364.

402. 1. *View of Society and Manners in France, etc.*, pp. 138–40.
2. *Ibid.*, p. 143.

403. 1. "Until we are five-and-twenty, little or no benefit results to the far greater part of those who make what is called the grand tour." Andrews, *Letters to a Young Gentleman* (1784), p. 1.

And another tourist, with an eye to the temptations to immorality, says: "It were to be wished that senseless fathers did not expose their sons before the age of reason, to dangers from which they cannot escape but by a miracle." Sherlock, *New Letters from an English Traveller*, p. 146.

405. 1. *View of Society and Manners in Italy*, III, 239–49.
2. V. Knox, "On Foreign Travel," *Liberal Education*, II, 297, 302.

406. 1. *Letters from Italy*, p. 172.
2. *An Essay to Direct and Extend the Inquiries of Patriotic Travellers*, I, 84.

408. 1. Sharp, *Letters from Italy*, pp. 198–199.

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With comparatively few exceptions the contemporary materials used in the preparation of this book are listed in Pinkerton's great *Catalogue of Books of Voyages and Travels*, and included in vol. xvii of his *Collection of Voyages and Travels*, London, 1814, 4°, to which the student may be referred. The titles of the more important books not there catalogued, and also of those of which I have used an edition differing from that noted by Pinkerton, are presented in the following list. But well-known histories of the eighteenth century, such as Lecky's, Schlosser's, and many others that have proved useful, have been assumed to require no special mention. Further bibliographical references will be found in Bates's *Touring in 1600;* Babeau's *Les Voyageurs en France;* Einstein's *The Italian Renaissance in England;* Howard's *English Travellers of the Renaissance*, etc.

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